

Ideal [r&b]

"Strictly Business"

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(Guce talking)

Uh, highly anticipated, long awaited.
(Oh, what's up baby?)
You know, this lavishly coordinated.
Figgaro an Guce in this... BIATCH!
(Fa sheezel, stackin up these chips.)
Bout to do our thizzle
(Thizzle, thiz-ang)
Big thangs.
(Ya got it.)

Verse 1 *(JT Tha Bigga Figga)*

Guaranteed to hold ya (guaranteed to)
you niggas know about the hustle
smoke ya weed an know ya (smoke ya weed)
the Pelle, Pelle double decker
conversation colder
cuz all this game been purified
this Filthy-Mo hustle, movin packages world wide
me an cousin Guce mass produce slugs fa ya heaters
ya ain't gon' cheat us on our paper cuz we quicker than
Cheetas
for all the non-believers
who said it couldn't go down
from Fillmoe to Hunter's Point
represent for your town
we got young San
in every cut of the city
strapped up wit burned gloves
coked out like Mitty
tear a bo like them red nosed bitch, when glocks spit
up in bullet proof vests
strikin them suckas wit full clips
shift this (shift this)
in Chevy Novas for them run-aways
now-a-days hustlas stay over to bring 'em phatter pay
all Niner's wit no sleep
sleepin wit they Nike's on waitin for creeps.
We Strictly Business.

Chorus 2x *(Guce and JT)*

Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
JT, I'm a gangsta
(And when it's time to get wicked we still handles
business.)
Bitch!

Verse 2 *(Guce)*

It's the San Francisco, Giant gangsta
49'er
nation wider
my niggas from the Mobb straight ridas
highly anticipated
long awaited hit
if you didn't know
it's yo nigga named young Guce gettin down wit the
Figgaro
from the Hunter's Point to the Mo nigga
get paid right in Get Low
packin 9's an Str8 Lace on mine
fuck it the Mobb's soldiers fine
there ain't a nigga that get down like me
there ain't a killa-gangsta that represent the town like
me
I'm not finna head-butt nobody for the title gangsta
it got took
I represent the Sucka Free killa
for the dirty crooks
nigga the Figgaro an Giggity
bitches faint when this funk season be come stoppin
through the town
regularly.
Nigga.

(Chorus) 1x

Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
JT, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
(And when it's time to get wicked we still handles
business.)
Bitch!

Verse 3 *(JT Tha Bigga Figga)*

No matter discussion
my niggas be bustin poppin collas
drop Impalas
wit chrome rally's
Ain't it sumpthin?
Beenie caps an burner gloves
is the gangsta apparel
mucho dinero
two-door Camaro
wit 4-barrells
an I tear those
Ain't this rental car?
Spare those
for my quiero's
told 'em never not to pair those
two cats together young Guce an Figger-ally
we smashed out on west coast beats in Killa Kali.

Verse 4 *(Guce)*

We keep stompin in our quarter ounces, right to the top
while you hate me
process of elimination
bringin home grits an bacon
sounds like a situation 3-hundred-sixty-five days
most get burned out that's why we gets paid
ever since they killed my brotha, I don't give a fuck
ever since they killed my nigga, young Guce became a
nut
a cold piece of work
yeah, bout it fuck wit mine
off that bitch-killer, Tech's an choppas, glock 9's
teflan vest nigga
wrapped tight to the fuckin spine
for the fishy raw, dubb rock, H-Mobb, I gets mine
for the mean mug
no love
burner glove stuck to my pocket
it's JT an Guce platinum bound you can't stop it.

(Chorus)

Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
JT, I'm a gangsta
(And when it's time to get wicked we still handles

business.)
Bitch!
(Guce, I'm a playa)
Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
JT, I'm a gangsta
(And when it's time to get wicked we still handles
business.)
Bitch!
(Guce, I'm a playa)
Figga, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
JT, I'm a gangsta
(Guce, I'm a playa)
Figgaro, I'm a gangsta
(And when it's time to get wicked the Mobb an the Low
handles business.)
Biatch!
(Biatch!)

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