

The Dirtbombs

"Gangsta"

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F/ Lil' Burn One

* send corrections to the typist

Uh
Bitch I been a "G" all my life
A "G" down to ride
"G's" stay getting high
I'm a "G" 'til I die
A nigga known to bust gats
Take half a day to skeet crack
I represent the slum
Gangsta body dipped in all black
Don't act like you ain't know that
My clique is quick to go at
Any of y'all prankstas, y'all ain't gangstas
Y'all just throwbacks
Put slugs to yo brain
Thuggin blood's in my vein
The ghetto version of Norman Bates
Thug in the same
So ask about me
Porno with six stars
So don't doubt me
And niggaz who ain't gangsta
Stay the fuck away from round me
I got dope in every county
Fuckin bitches that's a ?
They call me that boy Nutty
Ain't no nigga finna clown me
Shit, I haul off and kidnap yo whole family
Strap up a bomb and kill every one for testing me
So when I go I'm taking all my folks
So when we hit hell, we still can go to war
That's gangsta!

Now if you catch me with a OZ
Ridin 4 deep in a Caprice
Hollin fuck the police motherfucker
You in the hood er'day
Same clothes tryin ta skeet a pound of dro'

motherfucker
You in the feds gotta do 5 years
Just because you would't squeal motherfucker
You got kids to feed
They gotta live even if you have to kill motherfucker

Now Lil Burn-One's the nigga hoe hoppin, dro' copin,
gun toter
Wool club loader, 4-5 in the holster
And it's the take over
I'm shaking these bitches from off my cock
And these haters up off my shoulder
Claiming gangsta but you so coward
Talking bout trepos
Sissy ass bitch then take yo ass to Chuck Wilder
Women's prison and you still probably won't last for a
hour
You a nigga scared to death you gon' get raped in the
shower
By 6 dikes slapping yo ass with towels
You'll probably move yo bowels
You'll probably piss on yourself and crumble like a ball
of powder
See we fo sho' folk, 9-7 four-door
Black Game claiming throwing signs out the window
We keep it all "G", since elementary
We represented from the block to penitentiary
Make em remember me, Burn one the O.G
I'm going out black clothes out, fro'd out, that's
Gangsta!

CHORUS

He just asked me "Pimp why you ? my trick?"
Hoes tell that nigga my name
Frank Dingaling bitch
I'm that fat daddy hall
Fifth of Hen, hydro, bull dagger and her friend
I'm a fat nasty dog
I make these hoes crawl
Plus I'm gangsta bought
Bust at my enemy
Plus I'm in they main girl draws
You ain't no kin to me
So nigga keep my name out yo mouth
You talkin shit I'll cock this trigga bitch and run in yo
house
And lay you down
Let me come into your house
So piss on the ground
Cock this pistol into your mouth

And don't make a sound
There's no way in and there's no way out
So bring me your ?
I'm bumping New Edition's "Candygirl"
When Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky, and Mike had a curl
That's gangsta
You heard gangstas make the world turn round
Well shit's gon' continue popping while fire burn on the
ground
Now that's gangsta!

CHORUS

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