

Lil Scrappy f/ B.G., Young Buck

"Gangsta Gangsta Remix"

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[Intro]

Zone 3, Aye!!

We finna crunkin' bitch up (BME!)

Show yall what some real gangstas is at

Some of yall niggaz just dunno (G-Unit!)

[Chorus w/ Lil Jon ad-libs]

I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), 2-4-5

Gotta charga on the boost, baby girl you wann' ride?

Wit a (Gangsta gangsta), Aye!

Yea dat's me, tinted out ridin' durty - comin' down ya street

I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), Git triggas squeez'd up!

Got fitty killas with me, Strap'd down - G's up!!

Cuz I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), Yea top of the list

BME motherfucker - Git cha mind right bitch!

[Verse 1 - Lil Scrappy]

So many ways, you can spray, git hit

With tha' K, anyday, ain't gon' motherfuckin' say (Aye, Aye!!)

Dat you might git touched

Cuz 'em gangsta ass niggaz, they don't talk too much

Come around, fuck with me, and then you might git rushed

Nawh, I ain't with the yappin', but I make the gat go bust

Keep fuckin' with us, we off the danger-ous

Show you the meanin' of Ash 2 Ash, is just a Dust

If you laid back in the 'Lac

I dunno if them hatas gon' handle dat

Keep my motherfuckin' hand on my fuckin' gat

Aye, yall motherfuckers betta git back

Yea, all the young ladies call me +Get It Mayn'+

I don't know if yall lames gon' undastand

You can see the phat stacks off, in my pants

Tried to keep it like a lame, you ain't got a chance bwoi, cuz

[Chorus w/ Lil Jon ad-libs]

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Guerilla Unit motherfucker - Git cha mind right bitch!

[Verse 2 - Young Buck]

You thank you a killa, but we gon' just pay 'em a visit
Put the potato on the barrel, so no body hear it
I keep a holsta on my shoulda like I'm John Wayne
Shootin' these niggaz lights out like Lebron James
Holla my name, gimme a reason to see you bleedin'
Afta you feel these hollo' tips, nigga - then we eatin'
Full of anger until there's no mo' bullets in the chamber
Ain't nohang like when you git popped and don't know
who to blame-a
Nigga told me, "Do ya durrt all by your lonely"
So I go hit 'em niggaz 'fore 50 couldn't even hold me
I'm waitin', anticipatin' to put a nigga unda
Smokin' like we some Jamaicans fuckin' with this ganja
Ride with no hesitation, retaliation is a must
Bad as I want to, some shit I just don't discuss
So point 'em out and watch how I knock him off
Err'where you bitches go - I got a nigga watchin' yall,
motherfuckers!

[Chorus w/ Lil Jon ad-libs]

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[Verse 3 - B.G.]

It ain't easy livin' where the young die fast (Fast)
It's eitha rap, or take a penitentiary chance (Chance)
This rap shit too easy fo' me to go back
Ten fo' a piece of crack, fifty to rap on a track
But I ain't lyin', the streets call sometime
I could go to Detroit, sell 'em a thousand a pound
And git 'em fo' bout two-hunned in H-Town
Fo'git it, I ain't even goin' dat route (Fuck it)
I just do it like I do it, cuz the streets love it (Love it)
I hold it down, neva bow, gotta stay thuggin'

I don't be trippin' when the hatas go to mean-muggin'
(Muggin')
I keep a strap in the hand so I keep stuntin' (Stuntin')
Now it's known by the whole world who a joke (Joke)
He ain't a man - got dreads, you already know (Wayne)
All my gangstas, gon' put ya hands up (Put 'em up)
And all my hott gurls, back dat azz up

[Chorus w/ Lil Jon ad-libs]

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