

Lil Wayne f/ Boyz N Da Hood, T.I.

"Gangsta Boys"

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[Intro: Lil Wayne]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Wizzle F. Baby bitch! Yeah
Boys in the motherfuckin' Hood guess who? yeah you
already
(Yeah ye ye ye-yeah) I save ya (haha) already yeah
I'm hearin' niggas nag me shorty (haha, yeah, yeah
boy) come on

[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

Big money heavyweight, it's what the streets call him
(yeah)
Young stunna in this bitch like she ridin' on me (yeah)
Hidin from nothin', runnin' from nobody (uh uh)
Boy I told somethin' about the size of your whole body
(yeah haha)
Niggas get confronted just as soon it's a no bottom
(yeah haha)
Stick 'em in the oven make cinnamon rolls out of 'em
(ow)
Sweet ass nigga, you smell like my girl pussy (haha)
I'm aimin' bitch nigga, I ain't lookin' (uh)
And I'm namin' bitch niggas like the cookie (come on)
I'll knock out your teeth, with the back of the heat (UH)
Meat, all over the street, how neat?
If I was starvin' motherfucker, i'll eat, (what) beef
(yeah)
Ya'll know me nigga show me to that treasure (yeah)
See that metal on your tongue, (yeah) better answer
every question
Wheres it at bitch niggas say somethin' and i'll kill ya
You never met a killa, til' he kill ya, ya dig shorty

[Chorus: T.I.]

Ha all that matters is what your doin' nigga not what
your say
Niggas bullshit everyday (alright) but it stop in the A
(yeah)
Catch me on the east side with a glock and some yay
(hay hay hay)
Niggas bullshit everyday but it stop in the A (oh)
I say its on in the inside man them choopers'll spray

Niggas bullshit everyday but it stop in the A
Cause me and Block on the block with a block of the K
(hay hay hay)
Niggas bullshit everyday but it stop in the A

[Verse 2: Duke]

Yeah

See I hit the blocks off the top within a minute
It dont take long for me to go private to lieutenant
If I said it I meant it and no offenses gettin' ended
(naw)
No east talk the beef ain't gettin' dead til' I end it
I set up rat traps for niggas that like to teel tap
Sunday mornin' get the word (yep) but I'm still strapped
Roll the dice with me please believe boy you will crap
Get folded up and tucked the way just like a road map
(road map)
Yeah life is hard just play your card
Thats why roll with god and disregard them broads
(disregard them broads)
Keep servin' that hard never spend a rod
This is real shit baby this is not a fesode (not a fesode)
Dont get it confused lot a niggas is fraud
Get a background check nigga that's why I'm pullin'
your card (pullin your card)
And I might play with that boy So sometimes I'm 'noyd
I might flip and bury you boys in the back of the yard

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jody Breeze]

Yeah well I was taught to do what I do
That's why I do what I do
And I ain't talkin' shit but shorty try me see what I do
(boys n da hood)
I'm from the bottom of the problem with niggas
It's too many y'all niggas got too many problems with
us niggas (problem with niggas)
I shoot first I not a follower nigga (follower nigga)
Smoke dro all day, I got a problem with memory
If you niggas got a problem then try me when you see
me (try me)
Cause I ain't hard to find you niggas see me (here I go)
Dumped off in the cut all to my lonesome (yep)
Went to one of you punks to front for a whosome (go
'head)
Actin' all tough like your nuts wanna brawl some (go
'head)
I'm a go get the pump and front like you owe me
somethin' (pow)
You niggas still rainchecks your ass can't cash yet (ah

ha)
Your bitch gave me head now you wanna ski mask sick
(nigga)
Crack rock bagged up pounds of seran wrapped (yep)
In zip lock bags fulla cash and then it's addin' up
I got gorillas gone mad wanna mass up (yep)
Askin' where the ice where the yay where the cash at
(yeah)
So y'all niggas better hush shut your ass up
The deuce deuce tray dont play shoot your ass up

[Chorus]

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