

Lil' Keke f/ Z-Ro, Thug Dirt

"Gangsta's"

Visit "[Gangsta's](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

We gon get em ready to rock (let's let em rock)
Give it up for your city, your sets, hoods and your
blocks
We gon get em, ready to roll (go on roll)
All our people that be hustling, and trying to make a
knot

[Thug Dirt]

We gon get em ready to rock, behind tint
With a strawberry filly, in the Expo getting bent
Got a eight, of that Oh-No
Tell Ro to bring some Sprite, tell Ke to bring a ounce of
that do-do
Fa sho keep it real, represent your town
Your cities your states your sets, hoods where you
clown
Gangstas get your thug on, pimps get your hoes on
Or riding big 20's, like a school zone
I'm Thug Dirt, and I'm repping Heavy Ro'
Heavy dump trucks and throwed cars, a marble flo'
On the Southside of Houston, you can find me off of
Scott
Delivered with heat, that keep the whole hood hot

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Keke]

Represent for your city your block, get you a glock
Get a prop, try to set up shop and then cop
Gotta hustle and maintain, spit lyrics that bring flames
Refocus your brain frame, this life in the fast lane
Travel the game as a soldier, plus I'm a rich man
Keke the Don barring none, yes I'm a hit man
Pound for pound, built this shit from the ground
Any city any town, staying ten toes down
Cause the area code, I explode for 7-1-3
Paper or change out of range, these niggas know me
Hotter than fish grease, a slice of the big piece
We mobbing in this game, so these haters gon feel me
Pressure don't fade us, these rap hits made us

Spit cheese and G's, until these DJ's play us
Fronting and stunting, better take that mask off
Crush rocks down is the market, a glass house

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Got soldiers block to block, worldwide connected
Don't mess with the young and the restless, that'll be
your exit
Rain down on plexers, I can't stand you hoes
When a nigga be tongue flipping, they say we can't
understand you Ro
You niggas listening too slow, cause I ain't gon lie I go
off
And I go so hard I see my depth, before I ever go soft
I'm like a walking talking X pill, I rise boys up
But if boys cross me I kidnap boys, and I tie boys up
I'm about my P-A-P-E-R, pulling them C-A-P-E-R's
Still running off in them houses, coming out with TV
VCR
Gotta go get it and come back with it, if I can't get it
where I'm at
Ery'body everywhere be doing that there, just to keep
they pockets fat
In break-yourself Texas, rappers run and receive they
do'
Cause niggas with short arms and deep pockets, be
CEO
Yeah that's a slug and if you catch it, then you hearing
Ro verse
Fuck around and duck when you should of jumped,
then you can be in your hearse

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [Lil' Keke f/ Z-Ro, Thug Dirt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.