

Lucky Luciano f/ Goldtoes

"I'm a Gangsta"

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Chorus: Goldtoes

I'm a playa
I'm a hustler
I'm a gangsta making paper
I'm a rider
I'm a hustler
I'm a playa making paper
I'm a gangsta
I'm a hustler
I'm a playa making paper
I'm a rider
I'm a gangsta
I'm a playa making paper

[Verse 1: Lucky Luciano]

I've been hustling all week, now I'm ready to spend
I walk up in the club about 12 AM
Bitches everywhere, sayin' "There Lucky go"
I'm a big time player, never loving no hoe
Slab in the front, and we ballin' inside
Ballers watch me and my dog pop bottles all night
Y'all get out of line, and I'm pullin' out a nine
They love to see me broke ass stop without my sign
But I'm cold in the game, and you know I'm a star
Doin' the hoes in the frame with ya photo car
If you looking too hard, what you talking to me for?
Boy, I'm 'bout to bread with the money, nothing more
I leave her out the club with the baddest bitches in this
Squares fall, black live, burn off my 20 inches
I roll a 'shroom and the chrome pistola
Young Houston, you gone off the damn doja

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2: Goldtoes]

It's the Goldtoes
Kickin' down doors
In the club, hoes recognize a C-E-O
Man, that's fa' sho
I'm from the 'Sco
Where they get they pimp on

And blowing the hydro
I pull over here in H-Town because of Lucky
In the club, every night
Poppin' bottles of the bubbly
What I'm saying is for certain
All night pervin'
My name is Goldtoes, and the money's what I'm earnin'

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Lucky Luciano]

Yeah, I got a gun
But that ain't really nothin'
With my partner Goldtoes, might stab you in the club
I'm a big bank flipper
Hustle from a nigga
Hand-cuffed ya bitch when a boss playa enter
Lined to get ya, that bitch is on zipper
Have her ass on the track and high heels off the pizzle
Aw, need a mob figure, got richer
I'm foretellin' y'all how I live my life, nigga
I put it down for the players and the hustlers
Broke boys hate me cause I stay away from busters
But I stay throwed til the day that I die
Do it big, spend money, drive drank and get high
Pass by somethin' new with a piston on the floor
Beans, steak and shrimp with my bitches on the poles
Man, it ain't nothin' to a boss named Lucky
Everyday, all day, I'm on a grind to make money

Repeat Chorus

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