

## Mariska Verses

### "Hittem Wit Some Gangsta"

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[SAD]

Execution style bitch, SAD's in this bitch  
With Beyond E-N-T and we love to load clips  
It's that Southside rider, baller, gangster, player, mack  
Fuck it, pass me the strap  
So what's real, we do this strictly for the skill  
Eyes on dollar bills and we all flash for deals  
Ain't no pity, Nitty, Young Sicc and S-A-D  
Sureno all day, you can't fuck with a G  
Ain't no big mystery, motherfucker enemies  
Break you down to your knees, when I dump feel the breeze  
So please, nobody move I'm on a come up  
Speaking up hoes when these putos get done up  
So run up or shut up, if not twist the bud up  
And smoke up them lungs till you feel like you rung bitch  
I ain't the one bitch, I ain't the one trick  
I'll slap a bitch and do a hoe just for fun trick

[Chorus x2: Young Sicc]

Front, back, side to side  
Hit em with some gangsta  
South to East to Westside  
Hit em with some gangsta  
Knowing that we're the best right  
Hit em with some gangsta  
Hit em with some what what  
Hit em with some gangsta

[Young Sicc]

Ah damn, who could it be  
The S-I-double C with the jersey reading SD  
Bumping them JL Patios  
Four deep hitting switches in your patios  
Hitting corners on Daytonas, I'm three wheeling  
Ain't too many wanna bang with these villans  
Don't fight the feeling cuz the feeling is real  
Riders in the Coupe Deville dog and looking to kill  
Little homies hitting fools up, getting bruised up  
You get used up and abused up

Your crews up, hit em with some gangsta  
Your crews up, spitting at my gangstas  
From shoes up is you a gangsta gangsta or a pranksta  
pranksta  
Nickname Nitty, Franksta  
Cuz I'm that one Mexican known to be hated  
But still can't be faded

[Chorus x2]

[SAD]

So let us ball through the halls, bitches all pause  
Back to back flows and I still bring it raw  
I need my feria, ain't no alarming me  
Bitches screaming out my name but they ain't  
charming me  
From state to state, Killer Kali my state  
Holding down like the pound till I'm straight, ain't no  
wait  
Ain't no stop, make that low hop, smoke that doja  
I keep it gangsta, so you'll never see me rolled up

[Young Sicc]

See, this is for my hoes, this is for my hoes  
Fingers in the air screaming "fuck the po-po's"  
You know, ain't no mistaking we're the best on the list  
Competition deleted, nobody's getting with this  
Dismiss them like class after I'm whooping that ass  
Nobody's getting a pass without their head getting  
bashed, fool  
G's up hoes down when we step in your town  
Get ready for the showdown

[Chorus x2]

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