

## Trae

### "Gangsta"

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(\*talking\*)

SK, Sha, bout time you let these niggas know  
What you really bout, know I'm saying  
It's Slow Loud And Bangin', all these mark ass niggas  
We bringing the real back, street shit  
Gangsta shit, fin to put you hoes in your place

[Lil Boss Hogg]

A pair of fresh pressed Khakis, and Chucks will do me  
fine  
I provide promethazyne, so please pour out that whine  
But don't waste it on my new shoestrings, bitch I bang  
My bold laces, match the same color of my flag that  
hangs (damn)  
I stay G to the T, E to the B  
H to the C, the streets raised me properly  
Block monopoly, always some shit in the block  
Cali building got naughty, knocked off Big Glock  
Had to call up Reese's, got guns to dock  
He done called his connect, and picked up a new stock  
These broke ass niggas, ain't nothing but peasants  
Wrap a nigga ass up, like Christmas presents  
These niggas ain't G's, these niggas is wussies  
Get your lips off my dick, and go eat you some pussy  
I ain't worried bout a bitch, she can kiss my ass  
The only time I come to fuck, is when I can't get cash  
Keep your mind off mines, and build up your stash  
All blunts rolled up, endo in hash  
Out of a bitch ass nigga, I'll make a believer  
Have these niggas catching bullets, like wide receivers  
Bitch I hit a lick, bought a Lac hit a switch  
You can ask these niggas trick, S.L.A.B. the shit  
Just because playas get chose, you wan' grab your  
bitch  
I bet nine out of ten, we can have the bitch

[Trae]

I never been a thug, till I graduated to one  
And never shot a slug, till I got my hands on a gun  
These niggas be fraud and fake, and ain't never been  
worthy

Got me feeling like Jordan, dumping 23 in they jersey  
I'm sick and I'm slick, I run with gang bangers and  
jackers  
Frame plackers and bad actors, being watched by  
them crackers  
I'm running through plex with plex, like I'm Randy Moss  
You run in my house, your head I'm fin to be knocking it  
off  
And fucking your spouse, with nuts running all in her  
mouth  
That bitch'll get tossed, like a drop top slab in the South  
God damn cause here I go again, cooking and flipping  
dope again  
Ten bricks in the do' again, ready to hit the road again  
Trae done just wrecked the flow again, lyrically I'm a  
ass  
I'm sick of these roaching niggas, trying to get inside  
of my stash  
Bitch it ain't gon happen, fuck rapping cause I'ma get  
you  
And have your mama in church, word for word reading  
scriptures

[Yung Redd]

Don't let me grab the chrome, and break up a happy  
home  
Long as I'm getting my hustle on, ain't nothing wrong  
Now all my music, ain't just good wordplay  
Listen real close, niggas feel ery'thing I say  
Play it smart, you can get your days dark  
Them K's spark and break you apart, nigga so don't  
start  
You don't wanna end your life, on a bad note  
Get lost in gun smoke, niggas better take notes  
From neopackno!, you ain't getting nothing back  
Plus the new Cadillac, 22's under that  
7-1-3, niggas better move out  
Walk a straight line, Yung Redd keep his tool out

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, it's not a game know I'm saying  
The world is crooked, my niggas is straight

[J-Doe]

My nigga, it's time to make this shit known  
S Dub, V is finally in the Screw zone  
It took a minute, but you know we had to find home  
Too many funny niggas, acting like they wasn't wrong  
Jump fly with a vulture, get your brains blown  
You Donny Brasco, me my nigga I'm Al Kapone  
We take private flights, you niggas never leave home

Fifteen hundred, plus I gotta get some thoed dome  
I fuck's, with the S.U.Cizzy  
Moving these tapes, with the B.U.Dizzy  
Vulture piece spin, until I O-Dizzy  
A thoed mouthpiece, make pimping so easy  
Bat a hoe up, like my nigga named Geezy  
Repping the Dub, with S.L.A.Beezie

[Z-Ro]

Joseph rain, I'm here to put black eyes in the game  
Wouldn't give a fuck about rapping, I'm a gangsta you  
know my name  
Some people call me the crooked, some people call me  
the Don  
Some people call me heartless, cause if it's beef I'll  
smoke your mom's  
And your papa and your uncle Eddy, nigga this war for  
real  
I suggest you go get your people ready, cause I'ma  
slide by and fuck a driveby  
I'ma throw my shit in park, and straight up hopping out  
Sound like applause in the streets, all these Uzi shells  
dropping out  
Fuck with Mr. McVey, and diiiiie  
Repping it like Southsive for live, fo' liiife  
I pistol grip, with motherfuckers at all times  
Navy blue up in the Regal, leaning to the left side  
2-wheeling down South McGregor, bending corners in  
the Tre  
No license or insurance, but I ain't legal anyway  
Gon jump on the bun, cause my warrant got a color  
One love to Yukmouth, in uniting the ghettos we all  
gutter

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