

# What Gangstas Do

Silkk The Shocker

Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler  
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What gangstas do for money  
One-eight-seven, two-eleven,  
I'm 'bout it 'bout it see yo I'm down to do whatever

I wants money the powers the s\*\*\* n\*\*\*\*  
I need dollar s\*\*\*  
Til I win the lotto b\*\*\*\*  
My motto is to get rich  
Hustler make things all right  
Connected on our flight  
You need the Gs and keys over in the car  
Drove back all night  
Won't do nothing for some a\*\*  
While I will do anything for some cash  
F\*\*\* the police  
now I from city fresh off a copper's a\*\*  
What you gon' do when the bills don't come  
And what you gon' do when it's time ta lay it down  
Dis n\*\*\*\* don't give a f\*\*\* bout nothing but  
Dollar dollar bills why'all  
The real why'all  
I'm tryin' ta get a mil why'all  
I cost these things that I can afford that I want  
You calls for the Cadillac wit the fifth wheel  
And, I'm up in the trunk  
So don't get mad when you see me with a ski mask  
I be blastin'  
I'm gonna get the cash by any means  
The stash  
Plus a n\*\*\*\* gotta survive and a n\*\*\*\* gotta eat  
You're gon' be surprised when I'm over your eyes  
when you see me on the creep

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Dem n\*\*\*\*z that feel us  
Be the killas and dealers  
Witness my s\*\*\* n\*\*\*\*  
Strong arm for skrilla  
Top yo mama for a dollar  
Gangstas do what we gotta  
Back da coke sell the powder  
For the money and power  
No Limit rider  
B\*\*\*\* don't make me sayin' no lotta  
If it's over my loot  
I shoot and never miss  
But's it's burned from my clip like a pot of hot grits

Down for gangsta s\*\*\* for the chips and grip

N\*\*\*\* down to do some work  
Put in work make it hurt  
Take my hollow chips  
Wipe em wit my T-Shirt  
Charge it to Da Game  
Chasin' fortune and fame  
Never snitchin', ears itchin'  
Feds mention my name  
Mr. Abel Mr. Kane stay true to the game  
If it ain't about the paper we just can't understand

If you ain't scared  
Better get somewhere when I pull dis trigger  
We some seven figure military minded n\*\*\*\*z

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Show me money  
I'm smooth I'm street smart  
But I don't play by the rules, n\*\*\*\* move til we get caught  
You know I'm bout my mail n\*\*\*\* can't you tell  
P gon' get me out of jail n\*\*\*\* he goin' for the bail  
But I'm a sleep in my cell til they call my name  
And n\*\*\*\*z rappin' to me all night 'cause of all this fame  
Now I ain't gonna let anyone get near me  
He was hella tight  
I'm told em someone get out they came for a light  
They suggested I wanted to be rich and I was like mad as f\*\*\*  
But I'm bout ta bail ya out so why'all n\*\*\*\*z stay up escape  
Bos, Big V, Pokey, Mann, Mama 'cause we freakin' man  
N\*\*\*\* just waitin' for the champagne  
And 'cause that's me  
(What ya gonna do when ya get outta jail)  
I rather be sayin' dumb s\*\*\* den sit here  
(What do you consider that)  
Smokin' green wit my n\*\*\*\*z and cleanin' my strap

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