

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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