

# Gangsta Sh\*t!!

B.G.

Uh-oh, uh-oh  
You know how we do it  
Weezy and Petey, baby  
Ya'know  
This here is 500 Degreez  
Holla at 'em dogg

'cause I know I ain't dreaming  
I swear to God it sound like Petey Pablo on that track with Lil Weezy  
Switching it up  
Fuck it put them things on the truck  
What's the name of y'all jeweler tell 'em freeze me up  
Hating me kinky licks talking so much  
Lemme give these sons of bitches a reason to keep it talking  
You want to  
You ain't built to squabble with us  
I come to your show with heat homes and run on your bus  
I drink your water up  
Cool off I'm leaving with something  
They leaving you something crop stolen  
An asshole heard it  
Hip on purpose  
Dre I did what you told me  
I been acting like I don't hear ya but that shit been working  
Keep me a burner  
Poison that I grab in the morning  
'cause I know that that's what's gon hold me down on this earth  
A real nigga trill nigga pull out and get debated  
I keep waiting  
I hear your name in the papers

They call me young as Weezy  
I'm gon round up the whole uptown  
We gon burn this bitch down to the ground  
People understand that you're fucking with some motherfucking soldiers  
Crazy-ass Petey  
I'ma tell a nigga just like this  
If you want it boy you sure can get it  
You ain't heard  
It's Cash Money and that Carolina nigga

They call me gangsta gangsta  
Weezy, Weezy  
Lil Birdman junior  
Holla at ya nigga  
I fuck around and throw a bottle at you nigga  
I'ma big pimp I throw a model at you nigga  
Squad-ad squad up throw up the motto at you niggaz  
You can mind up I throw a hollow at you nigga  
And I'm so high  
No I'm too high  
But a little work on a few blocks  
And I put a few skirts on a few blocks  
If you dirt you feel the burst from my fuse box  
Oh lordy there nobody like me shortie  
I hold Cash Money myself it's me money  
Old cats wants to test come see shortie

I got it all hot it in the pocket I'll pop it  
I riding in a 'Rarri where the top is in my pocket  
That's young Weezy baby

You see it's young Wayne  
Game is ashamed and they say he's a pain  
He is crazy deranged  
Put them blades on his thing  
Just like 80 to summer  
So, when the sun hit it look like Baby or something  
So, when I come through the ladies praise me or something  
Like, Weezy's the man  
If you be's where he be's then you leaves with a tan  
'cause he's 500 Degreez  
I need a fan, whew  
Cool me off wipe me down  
Daddy is back in town  
With the back of my Caddy slanted down  
And the mack goes +black+ if you ask around  
Put some hash in that grass that you pass around  
Then I stash a pound by my ave with rounds  
I'm a gangsta until they put my casket down  
You can ask around  
And they tell you like me  
There ain't nobody like me  
It's Weezy baby

Aiiyo see this is right here is Young Weezy nigga  
Don't get it tangled and twisted  
I'm in the studio right now nigga  
With my boy  
My nigga Boo in this bitch  
My nigga hot boy album ya'know what I mean  
500 Degreez  
They all riding with ya boy  
Fi-Fi  
They gotta feel me  
Birdman junior, number one stunna my partner  
You know the name, bitch