

# Gangsta Shit

DJ Kay Slay

Kay Slay I got you baby Juiceman in this mu'fucker! Pimps roll shortly  
AYE! DAMN! AYE! OK! DAMN! JUICE!  
Awww man what it do cause? We rockin like cut off stockin fronts  
From the A to the N-Y man that's how we do now, check it out

See I pull up in that club then my car say AYE!  
And I pull off from that club, with my car like OK!  
And I step off in that thang, everybody sayin DAMN!  
Young Ju man yes indeed is the man  
Lookin in my trap, and my cookin right hand  
And my diamond is recruited with the fate of Uncle Sam  
WHAM! BAM! There go instant gram  
I do muscle, break it down and then get to the plan  
Break so many racks, I can make you a fan  
Then pull up in my Hummer sittin on them ceilin fans  
Then get it out the hood then make myself some extra then  
On a solo mission while I distributin grams  
We be GPS make your girl brains scram  
Sign barely finest and I'm on a platinum band  
Put me in yo' hood and I'll steal all the grams  
Young Ju man Thirty two yes I am!

I'm on that gangsta shit! I'm on that gangsta shit!  
(Aye! Damn! Aye! Ok!)  
I'm on that gangsta shit! I'm on that gangsta shit!  
(Aye! Damn! Aye! Ok!) {Papoose, Pa-poose}

Man I must floss word to me, young boss courtesy  
Southern hospitality and Up North courtesy  
Japanese, chnky eyes, suck dog certainly  
Fish, rice, soy sauce, duck sauce, servin me  
Trust your security I'll crush your authority  
Son call emergency they rushed off nervously  
Run for affirmery, cut it off surgery  
Shootin at the top window bust off vertically  
Clutch more burners bleed it tucks all burgundy  
Bang like the Russians when they dust off Germany  
Did it by accident your tough talk irkin me  
I did it on purpose man I touched yours purposely  
Walk to the whip with the drunk walk swirvin these  
Puff, cough, burn the trees, of course burn the cheese  
Catch you goin in your crib, tough lost turn the key  
Said they wanna murder me, fuck off murder these!

I'm on that gangsta shit! I'm on that gangsta shit! (Yo! Gotti!)  
{Aye! Damn! Aye! Ok!}  
I'm on that gangsta shit! I'm on that gangsta shit! (Yo! Gotti!)  
{Aye! Damn! Aye! Ok!}

That A to the K! Will slay one of you bitch niggas  
How you a D-boy and never seen a brick nigga?!  
And I'm with Papoose (Poose!) We on that Grey Goose (Goose!)  
Goons on deck (Deck!) Whenever I say shoot (Shoot!)  
And I'm a thug nigga (Yeah!) I got love nigga (Yeah!)  
In the N-Y but I'm from the south you know what I'm talkin 'bout?  
Where the Kush price at? (Ha!) The white a little cheaper (Cheaper)  
And I don't want no phone I'm about to cop a beeper (Yeah man!)

This here for all my people hustlin out their on the grind (Grind)  
Hey get your money my nigga, you supposed to shine  
But my homey just died, I see my people them cryin  
You hear that pain in my voice? Your life ain't nothin like mine  
I saw them dyin at the line, I told them time after time  
I been on grind after grind, it still me clips in my nine  
You just a industry nigga, that's why your beef ain't all sowed  
But when it's beef in the hood, nigga our life will be gone  
I use my pen as my mic, so I can talk through my songs  
I'm one of the realest niggas out now correct me if I'm wrong  
If you had done what I done, or you did seen what I seen  
Then you can understand why I am Yo Gotti the king, Yeah!

I'm on that gangsta shit! I'm on that gangsta shit! (Yo! Gotti!)  
{Aye! Damn! Aye! Ok!}  
I'm on that gangsta shit! I'm on that gangsta shit! (Yo! Gotti!)  
{Aye! Damn! Aye! Ok!}