

Gangsta

Jacquees

Gangsta nigga, gangsta nigga

Saw you at the fourway, know that shit from far away
That ass got a round shape
Won't you bring that ass around, ay?
I'm still here with Stunna
Got these fuckers hunnids
We did that shit in '99
That Maybach 249, 99
I'm in these motherfuckers feelin' fine
This Hennessy, it's finally feelin' right
You know we never gave a fuck about it
Got Birdman in this bitch and he 'bout it, 'bout it
I'm Master P
Y'all know the Stunna, my name is Jacquees
I throw the Rollie off into my sleaze
I took the top and doors off the Jeep
I got my hand on her ass, not her feet
She call me, "dad" when I'm givin' her D
Wantin' a shoulder, not wantin' her feet
Stealin' my swag while she jackin' my D

Cause I'm gangsta, nigga
It's too gangsta, nigga
We're too gangsta, nigga
I'm too gangsta, nigga
She rollin' all my weed in Backwoods
I'm a make this girl my scroller
Put you on some new shit, but I know you miss the old us
Since you got my back, you know I be right there to hold ya
It's too gangsta, nigga
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I'm in this motherfucker feelin' fly
Bugatti, Maybach - which one I'm a drive?
You know my slime caught a hundred lives
You fuck with me we bust a hundred times
Them Stunner blunts full of Moonrock
Smoke with your bitch and make her Bed Rock
High life, I'm from them hard knocks
Big timin' on my old block
I took my niggas out the 'nolia
And now the whole world know the 'nolia
You know I'm 'bout mine and I live it
And this gansta shit, I pimp it
My paper strong and we with it

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