

Uh  
Look, uh  
Look  
Dawg, uh

They say you thugged out, gangsta, gangsta  
Everybody bugged out, armed and dangerous  
Drained and drugged out, anxious, ain't you?  
Banged up, banger (Look at this)  
Tell them bitches stop playin' with us (Uh, look)

I feel the anger, all way down to my ankles (Yeah)  
Tryna keep ahead, so yeah, I keep one in the chamber (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Puttin' shit to bed, we all blessed, fed and thankful (Yeah)  
Puttin' shit to bed, he bled tears, shed, painful  
It's goin' to my head, don't let that picture that they paint you in reflect  
ion turn deception in your brain  
You want respect? Then give the same (Uh)  
Dealin' with some real shit, they fakin' beef, we creating  
Call it competition, feel more like it's class participation  
Get the gloves out, banger, banger  
It ain't no love down south, memories painful  
My patna got the plug down south, Cartagena  
Flew to Colombia, work muchos buenos  
Shawty, you too thugged out (Gangsta, gangsta)  
Nah, fuck it, they say you too tough  
Exterior black, ugly and rough (Yeah)  
Inferior to shirt and ties, suit with the tux (Uh)  
Tempered, you fuckity, sick and tired, he turned shit up  
Bear wires, but not a bad guy  
You know how black lives (Don't) matter  
We see the data and the pattern applied  
Don't feel pity, throw a party, nigga, pass me the mic  
I be thinkin' maybe Martin was wrong, Malcolm was right

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Gangsta, gangsta (Gangsta)  
Gangsta, gangsta  
Uh, look, yeah

I left the flame, they hit that game but had to park on the dick  
Took everything from out the whip besides the change and the stick  
It's hella dark, you can't see shit behind this ten percent tint  
I should get five percent tint, I been on all kinds of mischief  
Probably when I'm ridin' through the city  
Cops think I'm ridin' 'round to get it  
Like I'm Tity, tryna get money, 'cause the economy is shitty  
Mind your business, write up the ticket while I'm windin' up the window  
Saints and Falcons, robbery weekend and this time we gotta win it  
You know I'm all about the business  
Back then took Martha out to Kensington  
Then got my Jordan's out the flea market, just got started reminiscin'

'Bout all them cards we tried to crack  
Smash it, them doors we used to kick  
Jack shit, we was sleepin' on the floors, way more important to the script  
In another series of events, lot of shit, it be very unfortunate  
Like I mentioned, we at the game finna go, and I'm feelin' a sudden suspense  
I get in my car, see some glass by the door, and I'm like, "What the fuck is this?"

I knew what it was, the stadium right in the hood and my window was busted  
Now I feel all the blood, it's rushin'  
Take a second, a minute, adjustment  
Had a couple things, but if they ain't found my bang, they ain't really get nothin' (Come on, bruh)  
Man, God damn, you little niggas took everything  
From the spare tires, to the spare change  
The insurance papers, and some blunt spray  
What the fuck would they want with that anyway?  
But we in Atlanta, you could see the channels, man, that shit gon' happen every, any day  
Might not see bandanas, but he squeeze the hammer like John Henry tryna beat the train  
Havin' fun with it, bunch of young nigga, tryna feel numb to the pain  
I ain't trippin' 'cause I know who responsible, it's the motherfuckas that be claimin' that

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Gangsta, gangsta (Gangsta)  
Gangsta, gangsta  
Haha