

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 reflection 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 ev
ery, 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 b
e claimin' that

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Haha