

GANG

Lecrae

Kato on the track

Look, ay
I'm a go-getter, I'm a no-quitter with it
When I'm pitchin', I'm a no-hitter with it
Known figure, I'm a cold spitter, no liquor
See these blow snippers out here
Showin' off they gold diggers
See me slidin' from the Bay going down to Daygo
It's Tommy Zuko bumpin' in that Portofino
I'm on the block but got the Spirit with me, they know
The Mexicanos show me love, they say he bueno
And I ain't braggin', I'm as dirty as they come
Neck and wrists is full of diamonds
But I got them out that mud
I got homies steady Crippin'
But I'm covered in that blood
I tell them God love them, I ain't tryin' to be they judge
Sock him up and pop him up and put him in a blender
Mess around out here and get returned to sender
Optics on my bumper, got the devil on my fender
But if I take an L, I'm still gon' be a winner
Gang gang

Gang gang gang gang
Once you in, ain't no backin' out this thing
Gang gang
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All in till I pop up out that grave
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Christ, like, ain't no smut up on my name

Ay, I'ma slide with the gang
Forty-five people rollin' deep backstage
Tell Coachella I'ma need some more passes
Handful of ex-YN's and my pastor
Mr. Mainstream Minnick, boy I schooled y'all
The only one with eighty team members on a Zoom call
Thought I was a regular rapper, okay I fooled y'all
God only sent me here so I can introduce y'all
Are you livin' for the Lord? Man, of course
Got the whole game mad
When Lecrae gave me that torch
I've been stamped by the Lord, been endorsed
If you tryna get put on, better tap into that source
I've been tryna be God's gift to the earth
I just took a trip to the turf
Now I'm covered in the blood like I'm murked
Ask AD, we just brought the Crips to the church
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I found God and got right
It ain't no mystery, Yelo got stripes
I ain't gon' lie, I be sinnin' a lot of the time
But it's cool, I got Lecrae and Miles Minick on my side
Psalms fourteen, verse ten
You can't judge your friend
So if I slip and mess up, just give me a hand
Obey God, then I made a couple hundred bands
Two hundred, three hundred
Four hundred, you don't understand
Racin' in the whip, bumpin' Kirk Franklin
I ain't gonna lie and fabricate it, I'm still activated
What would you do if you was me
And you was frustrated?
Without a family and a home
I started gang-banging

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Ay, brought my cuddies to this church
Cause we live the Bible
Heard the gospel, shed his tear
When he was at the altar
My Crip partner love God, but still live by rivals
God workin' on his heart, for now he criptocostal
Really in the field, lovin' sinners, we ain't lovin' sin
Man, I hope you taste this pain like a bloody lip
You steady judging, must be feelin' like you the Savior
They just lookin' for the Father, Laura Croft Tomb Raider

Said the gang in this thing round here
Made new, not a stain in this thing round here
Ay, who would've thought from struggle bus
To how it's supposed to be
That bag come in like
Help your mom bring in them groceries
Homie, please, correct your step before I flex for real
Lord told me to speak thy life
Somehow I'm dressed to kill
Couple artists sold they soul for a record deal
Did all of that for us to never play your record still
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