

# We Gangbangin

Nipsey Hussle

I don't know,  
Wut u done heard,  
But were I'm from,  
U might get served,  
U might shoot back,  
U might get cracked,  
U might do life but,  
That's just that cause,  
We gang bangin  
It might be,  
The very last time u see ya family,  
That's why I pray every time I go to sleep,  
And every time I take a step up out the door,  
Don't forget to grab the strap off the dresser,  
Nigga Supreme u konw it's still a rap rock war,  
That's mix the cain right,  
That's wut the smokers fiend for,  
Lord forgive me for I have sin,  
I still chipped the nigga and walk off with a grin,  
My kids is thirsty they'll merk ya,  
They'll hurt ya,  
They'll dirt ya,  
They'll work ya,  
Over kill ya,  
And fill yo ass up with 100 muhfuckin shots,

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L.A. is were we bang,  
Niggas know wut it is,  
Disrespect a smith and wesson catch a whole to ya wig,  
Got love from blue rags,  
Ride with my red rags,  
If u got a problem with that u get yo toe tagged,  
Look I'm down for my turf,  
Steady puttin in work,  
Better watch what u say,  
Ge yo face on a shirt,  
Look I'm strapped when I ride,  
See the gats in my ride,  
Fully auto loaded if u don't bust back then u die,  
I react when I'm high,  
See the red from my eyes,  
All my goons is thirsty they kill for the piece of the pie,  
This is not a surprise,  
Nigga this how we live,  
Rivals poppin they lips,  
Then we pop in a clip

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I'm a mad ass eastside BG ridah,  
And fuck any trick who don't like it,  
Bet they faint when they see the heat I ride with,  
Guaranty ya leave these bitch niggas silenced,  
So who u side with,  
We better get along,  
If u don't get it right,  
I gotta do u wrong,  
That's the code of the streets shit they been the same,  
And I live by the code and we keep the gang,  
Can't pass the class of life unless u cheatin mane,  
And niggas ain't give me passes when they seen the range,  
They let the heaters aim ride up on the side of me,  
That type of shit bring the southern street up out of me,  
They try to leave yo nigga wetter than pastrami meat,  
So I pull triggas give these fakes lobotomies,  
Cause I'm a ridah babe,  
With a lot of change,  
And enough juice to turn u fuckas into rottamane