

Reasons

Philthy Rich

Give me hell a reason
I got a chopper in case I gotta squeeze one

Give me hell a reason
I got a chopper in case I gotta squeeze one
A gangster, everybody tryna be one
My niggas in the back, I gotta feed 'em

Everybody wanna be a gangster 'til gangster shit happen
But nigga only gangster shit you know is gangster rap
Salute to Obama, yeah Lil D back
These rat niggas slippin' through loopholes and cracks
Rest in peace to the jack, I was mobbin' on my rack
Did my time in San Larita, stayed solid and came back
Can't produce my name in no nigga's paperwork
Left them suckers on a shirt 'cause they was playin' with the turf
I been solid since birth, chopper silence out the work
Putting mileage on the skrt, fuck college it didn't work
I sip lean, don't fuck with percs
Believe in God but don't go to church
Ankle monitor with a curf'
Being a gangster can be a curse

Give me hell a reason
I got a chopper in case I gotta squeeze one
A gangster, everybody tryna be one
My niggas in the back, I gotta feed 'em

I be on that wish a nigga would shit
Hating to cop a serial, that's hood shit
It's down to fifty copper bullets and a wood stick
I love that lil nigga 'cause he wouldn't snitch
Beach boy, sandbox me for the wood chips
Fifty K in diamonds, that's a cooked brick
Hood riches, ballin' on 'em baby, all net
They praying on my downfall, we ain't fall yet
Lil hibachis on my lean, yeah and they all wet
We taggin' up your big toe and niggas talk whack
Shoot somethin', my shooters accepting all bets
Cook his ass well done, now it's raw flesh

Give me hell a reason
I got a chopper in case I gotta squeeze one
A gangster, everybody tryna be one
My niggas in the back, I gotta feed 'em

Rap sheet full of gun cases
Twenty-five, four hundred
Before I see the judge I'm bailing out with old money
Get my bitch on the line to come get me
That AMG kick skrt when I'm floating through the city
Don't ask why I do that, bitch I'm ganster
And dirty south central, where your own homies try to stank you
Niggas made me a beast, from the hundred side east
Kick door, gun spray all over my street
I'm just a ballin' ass, ghetto ass, gerry curl bag
Left side, blue rag, niggas get to politicking

Get out my way, I need a billion
Give me a reason, I got too many killers
It's G

Give me hell a reason
I got a chopper in case I gotta squeeze one
A gangster, everybody tryna be one
My niggas in the back, I gotta feed 'em