## Gangsta

## **Trick Daddy**

And the winner is, Trick Diesel Facemob My nigga Baby, ha ha Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta

You know me, 'T' double, you know I'm a G Cuz I keeps it gangsta, gangsta, gangsta gangsta, gangsta than a motherfucker But it was like you, you a pussy nigga But I keeps it gangsta, gangsta, gangsta gangsta, gangsta than a motherfucker

Went to a eight ball from a dime piece Ship dat, flip dat, bought a nine piece in five weeks Shit lookin' good but I think slammin' Me and my dawg passed up bought a block and a half Sellin' O's or betta clockin a fag Bout four, five slugs and we was bustin' they ass Gotta keep my bread in a safe place We up with my hitchens in undisclosed locations Hey yo I got the llello, you got the money Try nothin' funny and I don't buy dummies Every ounce betta bounce back And every brick that I break up It all betta flake up And when that shit hit the waters Shit go to ballin' That dope all betta fall in I bought coke back on 84 Back when wood used to get them bricks from the Birdo And when I hit him I want to hurt him And on cutlass I wanna hit it They ass gon' feel it

Ay, ay, ay, ay It's the kid wit the bricks taped up in the grill Mmmm Hmmmm Cadillac that is Wit that rag top bubbly E class burnin' rubber You the number 1 stunna ma show a lil somthin' Ay, ay roll a lil somethin' Mmmm Hmmmm blow a lil somethin' I got them thangs for a lil nothin' If you got a lil money I'ma throw a lil somethin' Bump this nigga Mmmm Hmmmm fuck you nigga We aint from 'round here dumpin' on niggas But ay Trick Daddy battle up for this nigga Well let me get to my hustle (hustle) I got bricks, grams, and bundles (bundles) I got ki's in the muffler Birdman daddy CMB motherfucker

Face mob, right back at ya With O's like cookies I flip like spatulas 99.9 of the time I'm on the grind Bricked up and breakin' em down I got to admit the dope game gravy 3 zippers balled up you bring back 80 You learn to swell you might see double Remember you can't sell bubble So here it is fool I play the game where its no rules Givin' you lessons from the old school You don't get high off your own supply And when a motherfucker cross you make sure he die Make the next man know he got to think about the payback This shit go deeper than me rapping or me say that Ask my nigga Trick Daddy, ask my nigga Baby Been like that since the early 80's