

Gangsta

YG

Uh-oh

You say you affiliated but you never caught one
It's body counts around this bitch and you ain't got one
On the sucker's side with this fully ridin' shotgun
And I been prayin' for a long time, it beat that hot one
They be like "Damn, homie," yeah
They took your chain and you ain't blam, homie?
What the fuck wrong with you dudes?
I got this stick in my sweater
Play with glicky, no jammin'
Throw on my hoodie, no cameras
I poured a brick in this Fanta, then pour it out for the dead ones
I get your big dawg beheaded
Ayy, that's on Jesus we steppin'
Landlord on the necklace
I put on for the section, it ain't no second guessing
Could've lost my life in these trenches, was given second chances, yeah

Nigga, I'm a gangster, I done got my rank up
Lamborghini, 'Raris, when we poppin' out, we paid up
Fuck I look like laid up?
How you think we came up?
All that gangster shit that nigga's poppin', mostly made up
My bitch, she a A-plus, make her hold the banger
That's lil' bae, she gon' take the case and keep it gangster

Cherry clan, we flamed up
Fully when I yank somethin'
Nigga play with anything I love, get yellow-taped up

I got milli's on milli's
Haha to the bank like it's silly
This P-hat don't stand for Philly
This shit Piru, do you feel me?
This shit forever, it's with me
Slime business, it's sticky
My life a movie, need Emmy's
I slide with it on me, don't tempt me
I got a problem, I know it
And I ain't 'fraid to show it
I sip the drank like it's water
I fucked her raw, I be hoin'
My true colors be showin'
That shit red, it be glowin'
You hardly hood, you ain't gangster, bitch, your hood disown you (Uh-oh)
You hop on the 'Gram and talk that shit
My niggas in the street, they spark that shit
The loudest man in the room get off
When you grew up in the streets, you was taught that shit
You ain't from the streets, never walked that shit
Or the P or the B, you know fall for it
The game don't know you, you soft as shit
Take his chain, fuck his bitch
The Lamborghini, yeah, I bought that bitch
Nine with a thirty on it and I brought this bitch
Spit on the dick, toot it up from the back

Beat your ass-crack, yeah, I taught that bitch
I buy her bags so often, her look can't be real, man, I bought this bitch
Pop-pop-pop-pop you for a nigga chain, I'ma have to spark this bitch

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