

Gangsta

ScHoolboy Q

Hello... Hello? Fuck rap, my daddy a gangster
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-
gangsta, we
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, G
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, groove
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, QFigg Side! (They want that gangsta shit)
Knock, knock-knock, knock-knock, uhh (Gangsta shit, gangsta shit)
Knock, knock-knock, knock-knock, YAWK (Gangsta shit, gangsta shit)
Knock, knock-knock, knock-knock, YAWK (Gangsta shit, gangsta shit)
What it do, young niggas? What it do, young bitches?
I got my drink in my cup, I got my Backwood, no Swishers
And bitch, I'm faded, fucking faded, yeah, I'm famous
What? I'm famous, fucking famous, nigga I made it!
When I was broke, I got me that nine
With my nine, I hit me that lick
And then with that lick, it came with that yola
With that yola, it came with your bitch
And see now your bitch, she gon' work on that corner
I don't care if that ho got pneumonia
Give me racks and you won't get a quarter
She don't run game, I'm the only controller
So what's up now? Straight pimpin' over here
Put that shit on burst, nigga
I be checking ass all on the curb, nigga
You could tell that she fucking with a Figg nigga
What it is, nigga? Perrier Jouet Rosé, I might relocate
Out of my mind, this world, I'm hot, goddammit, I'm fly
(Yay-yay) My grandma showed me my first strap
My nigga Rat-Tone always had the fliest gats, I finally got mine dirt nap
Real niggas don't die homeboy, we multiply
Shit, come around my town you clown, that's suicide
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, weed
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be that, that little nigga that sold crack
Gangbanger that street jack, always trying to figure where the beef at
Knock-knock your brain on the doormat, bitch nigga, what you call that?
We on block patrol, nigga fuck your roll, got the gat on me
Nigga look, it's right here, bulldog bark, you could die right here

Real gangsta niggas don't have no fear, real niggas never tattoo their tears
Hopping out of vans, disturbing your plans, all hoodied up, no Wu-Tang Clan
Three J's letting off through that Aryan, call that bitch 3 for 10
I'm fucking up the streets again, tags on the toes all amongst your friends
Let the barrell spin, get blended in, embrace the funk
Groovy as I'm running through your system
Seem like you only target Hindu victim
Red dot, chicken pox type symptoms
Sad day, had his whole family sickened
Trying to state the facts, we don't care if he elect you black, we got a strap
Gangsta shit, shooting me if I'm broke or rich, I got a bitch
Ain't sober, kush odor, kush soda's, crip stoner
Real soldier, head off shoulders, makeoverGangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta,
weed
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>