

Chorus x2

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
40-40 cal, watch a nigga hurt a
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
40 fuckin' cal, watch a nigga hurta

(Gangsta Boo)

On the other side of town
Blake Haven bound
Where I'm found
Ain't nobody bloody
Angels sayin', must be hell bound
Everybody on that liquor
Bangsta Boo is right up with ya
Can't you see your picked a picture perfect
Now it's time to get you
Come with me
So you can see the side
Of the dark niggas
Claimin' hard
Be left with body parts in the yard
Bitch I got you scared
Unless you prepared to take the test
Hope you study hard
When this go fly through your fuckin' vest
Never be as clever as I
I'm on the level come high
High till the day that I die
Or will you kiss me good bye
I'm bout it, whatever bitch
You wanna get some of this
You be the one that get your ass kicked
Quick in the dick
I'll put your ass inn a trunk
In the city of bump
I might not lock up the door
Blaze a crystal blunt
I'm in the studio loot
Doin' a race on this track
Some with me (??)
I got it locked like that

Chorus x2

I got this shit locked tight
Ain't no keepin' me out
You cannot see is
So when I tell you somethin' bitch
You best believe it
I swear you shouldn't battle with me
I'm like a pimple
I pop up out of no where
On your ass so simple
I'm laid back on this track
I figure you feelin' nigga
Throw your setts in the air (throw your setts in the air)
Scrip your killas and killas
About your dealas on the block
Makin' money that's right
About the ladies on the real lookin' for a late night
Don't be surprised when you see me
Cause I (??) at the world
To all you top notch niggas
Or material girls
They call me lady maybe baby
I gets jiggy with mine
I'm feelin' fine on the rise
Prophet Posse behind
I'm '88 98 flowin' all of my flows
So bitch imagine how I sound
When I'm 20 years old
We so so def like Jermaine
But bitch we tearin' it up
The number one hit song
Of the banned and closed

Chorus