

# Nigga Yeah Know

Gangsta Boo

[Intro - Gangsta Boo]

Yo, yo... What the fuck's goin' on  
With all you undercover-ass playa haters  
All motha-fuckin' snitch  
My nigga T. Rock shit  
What the fuck y'all tryin' to do?  
Y'all tryin' to hold us down or somethin'?  
Ya know what I'm sayin', you niggas can't do that  
'Cause we 'bout it baby  
Ya know what I'm sayin', it's all good  
We can see you, but you can't see us nigga  
Me and the Rockafella, T Rock baby  
ATL, Memphis, the whole motha-fuckin' south  
And you know that nigga

[T. Rock]

Can I begin the story of a nigga  
Tryin' to make a million for eternity  
In the city of Atlanta  
Reapin', wreck an angel from a grandma  
But it ain't no way for me to make green  
'Til my nigga T-Low introduced me  
To Mac and The Kaze  
Then no one could stop me  
All that juice to her, I swear ?  
? Prophet P and recruited me  
Nigga I turned to Prophet Posse  
Not a gangsta, but a getter, intellect, nationwide  
Spittin' fury out my Range and ride  
Burnin' rappers like bacon fried  
Won't you tell me who'll stop a playa 50 rollin' nationwide  
Provin' high niggas that you anxious  
Replace his thang on busterous trains and camps  
Watch us from gauges, we snatchin' your soul  
And vote it Heaven or hell, you lames can vamp it  
And you's a nigga tryna spread a story  
'Bout some shit that didn't happen in my lifetime  
All you fakers and phonies are on the edge  
Like a superstar man walkin' tightlines  
Ever want a nigga on the white grind  
Nationwide niggas on the rise  
Sportin' a disguise, creep up on ya  
And it don't matter what ??  
Triple 6 kill like clan and T. Rock  
Rockafella stretch a million other papers  
Won't you realize  
A nigga finally came up in the game  
All you freaks who used to dis know what you can kiss  
Act like I don't know, you got to deal it straight  
Now you burnin' niggas down to a crisp  
And I don't risk 'cause I'm T. R-O-C-K  
Tryna reap pay, other tricks sleeze ways  
Runnin' hoochies with gold in their mouths  
And take all of their goods, and not leave with no leave-way

[T. Rock]

1 - Nigga yeah know

Nigga, yeah know  
We rollin' clean rides  
And we blowin' hella dope, nigga

Repeat 1

[Gangsta Boo]  
Do a motha-fuckin' S.O.S.  
Step on sight, what the fuck you gonna do when you bleed?  
I'll be comin' with the Prophet Posse  
Know that Gangsta Boo  
I'm 'bout the baddest bitch that you ever seen  
How many times you wanna hold me down  
But like that named Puffy, bitch, I would not go  
All the other stupid shit that you be kickin'  
When I'm pimpin', when you slip, run into my front door  
I be rollin' with them niggas that's out the projects  
You wanna bet  
?W-L? dub your whole motha-fuckin' chest  
Bet you bottom dolla, make you holla, wanna come and hit me  
It's money over bitches, yeah  
I'm the type of bitch that be kickin' shit  
The type of bitch that be takin' other bitches' dick  
The type of bitch that be all about a paper chip  
The type of bitch that ride with the Triple 6

[T. Rock]  
Miss steady and the Rockafella crew can load clips  
With lyrical ???? the whole slip  
Gangsta Boo got ????? take and slap a trick down to the floor  
And give her swole lips

[Gangsta Boo]  
It's all good, I think I got her to a 5  
Got you finally realizin' you be hypnotized  
Me and my nigga T. Rock ???  
We smoked out straight to Atlanta, live

Repeat 1 to fade