

## Same Block

### Gangsta Boo

If you buck then say so; push a nigga off  
With the quickness of my glock, fo' sheezy, blast a nigga off!  
Smoke you like you dro'; fuck a sissy ho, since you wanted to know,  
Gangsta Boo ain't scared of you; I'll walk up to yo' fucking do'.  
Na, na, na, na, na, you can't touch me, silly trick.  
What's the business, bitch? I'm the lady of this Memphis shit.  
Yes I got the hollow words, secret follow words, where-the-dollar words.  
Crazy lady, yeah, millionaires sporting Cartiers.  
Why don't you come around here? Let me put you on some fuckin' game.  
You bitches be lame, dope game, my game ho!  
Yes you; yes, you bought... fuck what you haters be thinking or saying.  
Yes you; yes, you bought my CD anyway.  
I'm a come on out, gold and diamonds in my fucking mouth.  
What you talking 'bout? So, so, scandalous; stay representin' the South.  
Riding on them thangs; tryna dodge you player haters, man.  
I'm a stay the same; fuck whoever talking 'bout I done changed.

[Chorus x 4]

I be at the same block, same hood,  
Same house, same sto', same folks;  
Looking good, bitch, I ain't changed ho!

Can I ask you something? What you bitches tryna prove?  
Acting like you buck when, really, you look like a damn fool.  
See me in the streets; you try to chief and smoke all your weed.  
I don't want that babby-jazzy shit; I don't speak seeds.  
Nigga, nigga, please; I'm Miss pimpin-villain, Gangsta Boo.  
Fuckin' with my niggas; paper chasing; tryna get this loot.  
I ain't tryna take no shit or be labeled as a duck.  
Never will I go out like that; you got me fucked up!  
You bitches be talking that shit; do you think that you can handle me?  
Raised in B.H.Z., slash, North Memphis Tennessee.  
I don't think so; go and call yo' mother fucking crew.  
I know where yo' mama stay; I'll send a bullet straight through.  
Staying high, oh, so... oh, so high; I'm quick to lose my temper.  
Bitch, smack you, stomp you down, bitch, it be that simple.  
You know that I be riding in fast cars, quick to hit the strip bar.  
Sippin' on some syrup, (sippin' on some si-zzurp.)

[Chorus]

Nigga, come and take a ride. What you bitches know about?  
Fuck you bitches; stick a mother fucking gun in yo' mouth.  
Hos be hating 'cause I made it rich, "oohhh... lucky bitch!"  
Been down, and for years, I still remain untouchable, bitch!  
Always be the one mean-mugging me, you groupie ho,  
Then, after the show you be the one on the flo'.  
Why you mad at me? 'Cause I chose to... chose to keep it real?  
Bitch, get 'bout yo' cheese; stay about yo' hustle only for real.  
Niggas want to fuck when they see me on the B.E.T.;  
Riding in my truck I pop a flick up in the DVD.  
Ballin' through Black Haven, deep as hell in that Suburban, man.  
You silly ass bitches; you wish you could see the shit that I be seeing, man  
.  
Still I stay the same; ghetto diva known as Gangsta Boo.  
Undergroundin', clownin', upside downin', bitch, I thought you knew.  
Catch me on my corner; burner undershirt; some heat.

If you got some questions, catch me in the mother-fucking streets, (bee-yotch!)

[Chorus]