

# Paul Wall, She Gansta

(\*humming\*)

[Chamillionaire]

Now she's mo-ving through the club, in her gangsta strut  
Her weapon's loaded up, and now she's aiming to bust ow-ow  
So gangsta, the way she shoots  
You found a thug, I'm down with you  
Instead of filling him up with lead, with gun shots to the head  
She's at the bar she's getting him drunk, and he taking shots to the head  
Now he's laying stiff off in the bed, but no he's not really dead  
See that punk drunk and he passed out, while she dash out with his bread  
You bum a clot see you done forgot, nigga you dumb you not  
Suppose to go buy a mall for a hoe, cause she wanna shop  
See ya not suppose to buy a car lot, cause she want a drop  
Maybe not go buy a mountain, just cause that hoe wanted a rock  
Niggaz better stick to the G-code, speaking to hoes with my teeth froze  
I peep hoes like a peephole, cause I'm sneaky I sneak hoes  
Like a thief out of the clothes, and they don't even expect it  
One minute she's telling her friend I'm cute, until poof she's naked  
Yes it's the thick hips and the big tits, and her lipstick and her cleavage  
And her weave is weaponry, and security didn't see this  
She is dressed to kill, you blind if you think she ain't a  
Visual Soprano can't handle her, cause she's gangsta

(\*humming\*)

[Chamillionaire]

She cocks it back and pull and shoot, cause she can see I'm pulling roofs  
Off the top of the new drop, but she forgot I'm bulletproof  
My chest is a permanent vest, I guess I'm not who you thought  
No matter how fine or smart, a girl can not damage my heart  
Think you've guessed it right, she's trying to get you for your cream  
But it's alright tonight, I've also got a scheme  
To hear nice things, like I wan' get between them jeans  
And then I'ma send you home, ain't nothing but wedding dreams  
See every cent is equivalent to a bullet, so it ain't no  
Damn hoe, giving me the shooter run out of my ammo  
I'm like Rambo in the cruiser, I maneuver with a Ruger  
Cause I'm sitting propped up on the non-stoppers, any jacker with a prover  
Excuse her who you talking to sir, nigga I'm talking to you  
See that hoe came in the club with me, how could she walk in with you  
Nigga I don't know I ain't certain, you ain't gotta be no brain surgeon  
If you got game then it ain't working, nigga getting two to the brain curtains  
You seen that show t.v. Bachelor, how them ladies react  
Well everyday Chamillionaire's life is like, a episode of that  
Ha-ha her car break down on a hill, I bet she make you get out and push  
Taking that chick to Foot Locker, she never leave without a Swoosh and that's gangsta

(\*talking\*)

[Chamillionaire]

Million tempted by female, them smelling so good  
She get in bed he swelling, she tell him he sho' should  
Sex and sweat and yelling, them can tell I'm so hood  
So I think I'm bout to claim her, I'm bout to tame her  
Danger, damage you better believe she ain't ya  
Average type of gangsta, excuse me what is your name girl  
Danger, she's dressed to kill she's gangsta  
Looking like a model, while she's kissing trying to bang ya  
Smoking holes in dead bodies, just pulling hoes with their bodies  
Full of tattoos matter fact who, running with boo and nails prbably  
A drug dealer or a thug nigga, with a couple rocks in his left shoe  
Chopping up rocks till he get through, but he trying to get a knot to impress you  
Tell me what the hell is his purpose, putting diamonds all on her fist

The reason you doing dirt kiss, money could buy that guy he's worthless  
Game tighter than her skirt is, as she leaves him in pieces  
Till she eases her cleavage out, and sees it's his weakness  
Think, your body's tight the mood is right and if it seems  
That you're not in love with my money, more than me  
I'll be the king on the throne, you can be my queen  
Baby let's get it on, come be on my dream team

(\*humming\*)

[Chamillionaire]

See I'm telling you fellas, she more gangsta than you'll ever be  
She get cheddar can get a G, without cocking the desert E'  
Never shot been on lock a lot, but it wasn't for felonies  
Man fussing and handcuffing, he doesn't wanna let her free  
Hispanic, Asian, Caucasian, even my Black queens  
Not all of them are after do', though  
Eighty percent of them, are only after that green  
She wanna slam candy do's, and ride 4's  
But, no-no-no-no  
Baby I don't think so, I don't think sooo  
She wanna slam, candy do's  
Tell her I don't think so, I don't think sooo