

GANG GANG

JACKBOYS & Sheck Wes

[Intro: Sheck Wes]

What the fuck is we doin'?

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1: Sheck Wes & Travis Scott]

Gang back in the stu' (Gang, gang, gang, ?gang, ?gang, gang, gang)

Uh, ?yeah, gang back in the stu'?(Gang)

Young nigga win, win, win, win (Bitch), how can I lose? (How, bitch?)

Uh, how can I lose? (How, bitch?), uh, how can I lose? (Yeah)

I ain't with the gang, gang, gang, gang (Bitch), fifty gon' shoot, uh (Squad)

Me and Trav' in a coupe (Scoop), paparazzi, we switch the route (Yeah)

Yeah, see your bitch gettin' loose, huh

I'm in LA with the views, huh (Yeah), I'm in LA with your boo (Yeah, it's lit)

[Verse 2: Travis Scott & Sheck Wes]

We on the quest with the tribe (I bought it)

It's way too late, pick a side (Feng shui)

Jack make them boys come alive (They what?)

Better not fuck up the vibe (It's Travis)

Runnin' this shit with a stride

You know my gang the flyest

[Chorus: Don Toliver, Sheck Wes & Travis Scott]

I'm with the gang, gang, gang, gang, BOYS hoppin' out of coupes (Gang)

I'm switching' lanes tryna maintain, duckin' boys in the blue (Zoo)

I see you holdin' out on my change, I'm needin' all of the loot (Ching-ching)

When I'm ridin' off on my side, best believe I got the scoop (Scoop)

I could make a hundred right now, give it all to the troops (Troops)

Whole squad got the juice (Yeah), send a stain like a flute (Yeah)

Whole squad goin' up, JACKBOYS on the loose (Yeah, yeah, bitch)

[Verse 3: Sheck Wes & Travis Scott]

In the H, reppin' Screw (Screw)

Flamin' Harlem with the goons (It's lit, yeah)

We was wildin', skippin' school (Wildin')

Now we can go make the (Ching ching)

Now we can go make the millions, Trinidad my crew

Cactus Jack on my shoe

And this shit
I came from the mud, straight to the top (Yeah)
Shooters outside double parked
I'm from New York, she like how I talk
She need an ass, it's bought
Came to my chambers, we went wild
Drove the bitch crazy, gave 'em all miles
I'm with young Jacques, know it's goin' down
Smokin' that Jack, get it by the pound (Straight up)
Don't need the pussy, I'm in and I'm out (I'm out)
But I'm still smokin' that loud
Hit my hoes when I'm in town (Yeah)
They know who got the Scouts (Bitch)

[Chorus: Don Toliver, Sheck Wes & Travis Scott]
I'm with the gang, gang, gang, gang, BOYS hoppin' out of coupes (Gang)
I'm switching' lanes tryna maintain, duckin' boys in the blue (Bitch)
I see you holdin' out on my change, I'm needin' all of the loot (Ching-ching)
When I'm ridin' off on my side, best believe I got the scoop (My side)
I could make a hundred right now, give it all to the troops
Whole squad got the juice, send a stain like a flute (Ooh)
Whole squad goin' up, JACKBOYS on the loose

[Verse 4: Luxury Tax & Don Toliver]
Yeah, I'm from the North where they robbin' and killin' (Woo, woo)
Young nigga rich, but I'm still from the trenches (Woo)
Luxury Tax, my water by G
P-I-R-U, bitch, I bang what I bleed
I'm passin' out pills, I'ma geek up the VIP (Yeah)
One shot to the head and make sure he don't miss
I fuck on the bitch, have her stalkin' on Fifth
Still pourin' up Act', they say it don't exist (At all)
Fifth got some vibes at the crib
Like, "I wanna fuck right now"
Keep hundred on hundreds for real
Bitch, I'm goin' up right now
Bitch rollin' some weed, you know gang in the stu'
Bottles on bottles, 1942
Models on models, this shit nothin' new
You might catch some shots takin' shots at the crew
I like my hoes by the two
Blew 800K on a coupe (Uh-huh, racks)
We fucked, it wasn't nothin' else to do (Ooh)
You play with La Flame, I'ma shoot (Racks)
This a hundred round drum, I got mob ties
This a double M truck, ain't no broke vibes
Now we only take jets for the hard times
Know I call up them killers, they gon' slide

Bitch, I'm with the gang

[Chorus: Don Toliver, Sheck Wes & Luxury Tax]

I'm with the gang, gang, gang, gang, BOYS hoppin' out of coupes (Gang)
I'm switching' lanes tryna maintain, duckin' boys in the blue (Bitch)
I see you holdin' out on my change, I'm needin' all of the loot (Ching-ching)
When I'm ridin' off on my side, best believe I got the scoop (My side)
I could make a hundred right now, give it all to the troops
Whole squad got the juice (Ooh), send a stain like a flute (Ooh)
Whole squad goin' up, JACKBOYS on the loose (Yeah)

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