

For the Gang

Smokepurpp & Murda Beatz

Lil Purpp

Murda bless yo trap

I ain't really finna' tell y'all how to get away with murda and shit
That is not my bitch, she for the gang (gang, gang)

So now when I fuck it's not the same

Me and Murda just jumped out the fuckin' Range, yeah (skrtrt)

And this .30 not for looks, it hit your brain, yeah (doot doot)

That is not my bitch, she for the gang (for the gang)

So now when I fuck it's not the same (not the same)

Me and Murda just jumped out the fuckin' Range, yeah (skrtrt)

And this .30 not for looks, it hit your brain, yeah (doot doot)

You ain't gang (gang)

Lil' boy keep lookin' at my chain (at my chain)

Tell that thottie give me brain (ayy, ooh)

That is not my bitch, she for the gang (Lil Purpp)

On gang (gang)

Everywhere I go I keep that thang on me

In the club I flex on niggas that are older than me (flash, flash)

Trap in a Volvo, real niggas don't lie and I don't fold

Don't want no smoke, birds 48 in the cage

That is not my bitch, she for the gang (gang, gang)

So now when I fuck it's not the same

Me and Murda just jumped out the fuckin' Range, yeah (skrtrt)

And this .30 not for looks, it hit your brain, yeah (doot doot)

That is not my bitch, she for the gang (for the gang)

So now when I fuck it's not the same (not the same)

Me and Murda just jumped out the fuckin' Range, yeah (skrtrt)

And this .30 not for looks, it hit your brain, yeah (doot doot)

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>