

I'm A Gangsta

Master P

Why you lean when you walk, look mean when you talk
Keep that green in the vault -- we some gangsters nigga
White tees on the block, 23's on the drop
And you keep them thangs cocked -- cause we some gangsters nigga

My lifestyle gangster, I'm from the gutter, the bottom nigga
I learned the game but it wasn't from Godfather

Pop'll slide up beside ya nigga, take ya block nice
My neighborhood like I'm Mr. Rogers, nigga

Nigga here to "Lean Back," but you know I'm not Joey nigga
I give you work, better pay me what you owe me nigga

Befo' a nigga expose the trigger
And have you mobbin it like you gone off of 'dro and liquor

I'm a bonafide hustler, certified gangster
Wile E. Coyote keep one up in the chamber

To bang your frame up, hot thang rearranger
My pistol pointin at niggaz like Mystikal, "DANGER!"
And momma told me not to talk to strangers
So I let the heat speak out and bark to strangers
I got that Doublemint heat, how I pack two thangs
And red hot, now let the Black Sopranos spend knot

It ain't hard to tell, you know I get cake
The sound system in my six-fo' sound like I kidnapped a earthquake
The Jakes want me off the road
Cause I got enough bricks to land me in jail without parole
Don't fold under pressure, I don't even do my own dirt
I got connects with the mob out in Russia
I'll rush ya, blast the 8, fuck bein grimy
I'm too cute to get a scar on my face
I spend cake like a fashionable dude
Catch me, G'd up, in a P. Miller khaki suit
It's No Limit how I'm movin these pies
The Chuck Taylor patent leather, with a pic of Eazy-E on the side
I'ma ride, fuck tuckin my jewels and the chain
Got a cross, that's brighter than a Harvard student
I'm improvin, gettin better
Took off the chinchilla I'm in mink like a smooth guerilla

Okay, the definition of a GANGSTER, mouth closed
Guns out, clip loaded, aim lock shots bang ya
Never serve shit to a stranger
Undercovers comin in for arrangers, watch for the danger
Watch for them haters they filled with anger
They try to steal your shine if they can't steal your paper
Niggaz mad cause the kid doin it major
I'm gunnin for the top, gun cocked with the laser

They call me young Rug', yeah that's my name
I do work for P. Miller, No Limit the game
You C-Murder on the block, it's the Soldiers mayne
Black Sopranos leave you slumped in the car of your dreams

And my location, I'm in the Cali breeze
Smokin on that good, no stems no seeds
I lay low with the baddest brawl
I got a record deal but the hood still breakin me off

[Chorus]