

Gangsta Music

B-Real

Yeah, gangsta music
Gangsta music
Yeah, gangsta music
Gangsta music

Now in this world you got the pimps, ballers, hustlers and thugs
And they all run the streets and carry heat for trouble to come
There ain't no guarantees for you and me for wealth and prosperity
See we comin up with hustles cause we don't like charity
We only tryin to eat but there's no opportunity
Soon to be public enemy number one a menace of the community
You're bottled up, there's nothin left to do but explode
Whether you self-destruct or win it all you're destined to blow
You make a right or left, when you hit the fork in the road
You take a straight path, or you roll in gangsta mode
There ain't no in-between unless you work for God or the law
Either way, we gettin judged for all the shit that we cause
But hey it's all we knew and all we had for hustlin paper
Figured I'd get it right eventually make amends with my maker
I shift the blade inside the cementery too many times
Thrown in the penitentiary and locked for too many crimes

It's that gangstahhh (this is gangsta music)
Gangsta music (that gangsta music)
It's that gangstahhh (uh-huh, uh-huh you heard me, this is gangsta music)
Gangsta music (gangsta music)

On feet I'm planted firm and for a few there ain't no return
We try to rise up out the gutter, some of us never will learn
We take the hard way and end up in those institutions
Sometimes it's in the blood and for those folks there ain't no solution
My homey's momma told me you need to make a change for the better
Because you'll never make it out of here, you'll be here forever
Stuck in this poverty, there's gotta be another way out of it
Found it in the music in spite of the people that doubted it
Couldn't pull away so easy, seperation is ugly
How could I pull away just knowin that the streets still love me
But the love can be so deadly we ain't talkin romance
Sometimes the streets they need to sacrifice, we takin a chance
It doesn't matter where you're livin, every ghetto's the same
The only thing that's different are these people's faces and names
If I pray to God to give me strength to battle the devil
Maybe I'd hit another level so I could holster my metal

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This one's dedicated to the soldiers that made it through hell
Cause a bullet never knows about the homies that fell
I seen so many die right on the street from products we sell
And when they smoke you all they leave behind's an empty shell
It ain't worth it but I had to work it, no other choice
Until I heard the voice that told me go write songs with your boys
Cause if you stay behind you might be takin a trip in a hearse
Because somebody's thirst for blood might end up droppin you first

Because we play for keeps so what it means we're playin to win
And if you'd ever been where I've been then you'd never pretend
You've got to be real with homey, no pun intended
And don't kid yourself, cause I don't care if you get offended
If you're affiliated or solo, we all want the same thang
It would be amazing if we was all in the same gang
Might get persecuted at the time we movin to change thangs
It's a brain game, if we never try it's a damn shame

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