

All American Gangsta

E.S.G.

(*talking*)

Say, say yeah-yeah, come here for a minute
(listen to me everybody), huh it's a true story people
(I got a story to tell), about a G-A-N-G-S-T-A

[E.S.G.]

Gangsta, never heard the word befo'
Think the first time, I was like nine years old
All my life been told, don't you curse or steal
Do onto others as they do onto you, be for real
Saw my first drug deal, while in the 8th grade
So this the way, a lot of po' folks be getting paid
I wasn't raised that way, I'm making A's and B's
But I'm sick and tired, of having empty ass Christmas
trees
Wasn't no mongoose for me, or sued Pumas for the Boss
Couldn't get no bike, cause my mama laid off
Santa Clause ain't coming, ain't chimneys in the
projects
Just smoked out vents, begging for a long check
Hanging on the wrong set, eating cookies and chips
While other cats on the track, had cookies to flip
Exposed me to a new way, to get me some pay
Day by day, I'm turning to a

[Hook]

(all american gangsta), all my life I wanted to be
A real (gangsta), not the kind on TV
I mean a (gangsta), and I ain't talking bout prankstas
(a gangsta), talking bout that (all american gangsta)
That's the only life I know
I mean a (gangsta), all about his cash flow
I mean a (gangsta), one that just won't quit
A real (gangsta), talking bout (that all american
gangsta)

[E.S.G.]

Coming home, from practice
Throw my jersey in the washer, grab my work from under
my mattress
Be on the block, 5 to 9 going bout 10
The next day I wake up, same thang again
True sporting letterman, football or hoops
Ain't no telling what you'll find, stuffed in my Polo
boots
All-city athlete, two T.D's a game
Hop off the bus hit the cuts, three OZ's of caine
See a year came, all-state putting it down
20 points 10 rebounds, scoring six pounds
College scouts came down, even a few from the pro's
But little do they know, I'm a

[Hook]

(all american gangsta), all my life I wanted to be
A real (gangsta), not the kind on TV
I mean a (gangsta), not no studio pranksta
But a (gangsta), talking bout (that all american

gangsta)
One that, just won't snitch
I mean a (gangsta), keep it real with his click
A real (gangsta), who be putting it down
A real (gangsta), till they put me six feet underground

(*talking*)
I'm a gangsta, know I'm saying
But I ain't finished yet, come here (listen to me
everybody)
Ha true story, (I got a story to tell)
About a G-A-N-G-sta

[E.S.G.]
I got some scars to prove, I refuse to lose
You gotta pay some dues, wanna fill my shoes
Now which road should I choose, a gangsta or a jock
Which team should I choose, the field or the block
It's a good day, feel like grinding today
Cause tomorrow, gon be national signing day
Who should I choose, Florida State or LSU
Mean while this cat roll, I'm talking bout (hey you)
I'm like who me (yeah you, is your name Cedric Hill
You've been charged with conspiracy, to make a drug
deal)
Be real, two and a half years being locked away
Now I'm a ex-convict, can't get a job today
Instead of signing with the pros, and going big time
I spent my day locked away, and signing for my time
Let me put this on your mind, America thank ya
You're the reason, I turned into the

[Hook]

(*talking*)
G'd up for real nigga, I don't care where you from
East Coast, West Coast, Midwest, Dirty South
Game recognize game, real G's click for real G's baby
Blue wear blue, red wear red you're Vice Lord or G.D.
We don't give a damn, long as you bout your money
E.S.G., SES (all american gangsta)