

Gangsta

Fat Joe

Ollie ollie oxen free!
Like one, two, three
Red light, green light, one, two, three
Yo I pop six boxes, play some scalezes
Pitch the ball I'ma smack that shit
Yeah, ohhhhhh, going.. going
Yeah yeah what up son?
Yo I got this twenty two nigga play me like..
Nah, I ain't got no bullets
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Top two for five, three for five, we rollin!

Now I'm in too deep
Only sixteen already hold a name in the street
Makin the fifth scream, rockin older niggas to sleep
Make a fiend strip naked 'cause he owed for a week
Now the Squad's getting recognized, supplyin connects with pies
Pumpin pounds of weight, nigga like exercise
Joe been over quarter five dope and homicide
Long before Charlie got knocked, until Madonna died
Young and not givin a fuck
There ain't a nigga I ain't hit when I buck and left 'em shit outta luck
I'ma gangsta like my daddy was, hittin number spots
Sendin me to my room while he was puffin pot
Still I use to peak from the door, couldn't believe what I saw
Stacks of money on the bed and the floor
It wasn't long til I did what he did
I was an innocent kid and got exposed to the life that he lived
I went from grams into O's, pounds to bricks
On the strip pimpin hoes on some goldie shit
I'ma gangsta by destiny, OG's selected me
I earned my spot, my whole team elected me

Gangsta, gangsta
I wanna be a gangsta
My daddy was a gangsta
Gangsta, gangsta
I wanna be a gangsta
My daddy was a gangsta

Yeah, uh, yo, uh
Here goes this chick doing ten in the bing
But 'less we rhyme time we see her do it again
She started out fuckin dudes that resembled her father
Mom knew shoulda schooled her but the bitch didn't bother
You couldn't blame her 'cause she got it from her
She was a rider from jump, her pop's died in the hands of a chump
Now she's mad at the world, no more daddy's little girl
Now she's rockin bandanas, no more Shirley Temple girl
Now she be runnin wit some scramblers that be down in Alabama
Packin twin hammers, screamin "Life doesn't matter"
It's a vicious cycle, her game is pretending to like you
Thinkin you getting head but she's just duckin so they can snipe you
Movin from state to state, runnin everything from guns to trains
And pushing packs from eight to eight
You know I can't say her name but she was a looker
Pretty thing, such a shame how this life has took her

Now she's raising hell in the cell, no more his are hollering
You might suffer the same fate if you repeat the following..
Sell drugs, use drugs, get caught up in the mix
End up locked up or dead in a casket, that's it