

# 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