

Gangsta Gangsta

Lil Rob

Hey homey
I'm talking to you (That's right)
I know you think it's cool (Shit)
I used to think it was cool to be

Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, living wild and crazy
Running in these streets
I know you, homey, cause that used to be me
Yeah, I know you homeboy, yeah, I know you, homey
I know your pain, I know your mind, friend, I used to be me
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, living wild and crazy
Running in these streets
I know you, homey, cause that used to be me
Yeah, I know you homeboy, yeah, I know you, homey
I know the truth, we'll make it through and say you used to be you

Now homeboy, he was just a youngster, barely coming of age
Taking flickas with his homeboys, holding up a twelve gauge
His homeboys throwin' up the town, simon, they're proud of where they're from
Vatos from the other town, they were to come if they want some
His older homeboys drive in, and he's riding shotgun
Bumpin' "Shotgun," hanging out the window with the shotgun
They ain't got funds, but they got guns
Yeah
They might be young, but they don't run
Fuck no
They walk, with their chins up, they do chin ups
Push ups and sit ups, roll a joint and go get lit up
And go gang-bang and beat them fools til they don't get up
And they don't stop, fuck no, homeboy, they don't let up
They're from the west, and they duel to the death
And there gonna be gang-banging til there's nobody left

Sound familiar
Well then I'm talking to you
I know about the crazy life and things I used to do, when I was

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Bandanas and hairnets, T-shirts, Cortezes
Maybe whinos, huaraches, zarapes, or a cascade
Pennotens, or a big ben chaqueta
With a cueta in his front right pocket, homeboy, neta
Always creased up whether in Dickies or in Davises
Smoking the good shit, the kind that makes you forget what day it is
Not only is he on the calles, but he's claiming it
Taggin' up the walls, scrap and scrapin' down the pavement

Ain't got no jale, but he's looking for the payment
There's other ways to make it, if not it, he just takes it
La vida loca, women, liquor and drogas
Smokin' juras, runnin' from la jura
It's crazy, look around
They can throw, one-on-one, from the chest so they can all get down

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