

American Gangsta

Twista

American gangsta, U.S hustla
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Chi-town bred
Cuz I gotta rep my city to the death
Annialate them till I dont see nothin left
Remember I spit it for the bitches
Now im spittin for the thugs
Hat cocked to the right
Hat cocked to the left
Brotha its a formal
Its a focus on ya chest
I spit it for the lords, and the for the folks and for the crip
s and for the bloods
Im at the american dream
Role to the green, with the souls and the breeds and the cobras
a kings and the 2-16
Millimeter bullets from the niggas
Tryin to do opposite.
They dont really wanna see how syko I can get
I dont really see a mutha fucka stoppin this
Tryin to come at u and the apocalypse
.40 cal will have ya screamin, I dont wanna die
Im becomin nauseaus with the fake thugs
Show us love
To the real G's and to all of the boss's
To the niggas in the caller case
That got into it big
To get wut nobody gave us
We was born into this system, so dont be mad at wut u made us.
Pull the pistol and cock it and bust in the sky
1 time for the U.S, for turnin my niggas to gangstas cuz gettin
money is wut we do best.
Gangsta's is boss's,
K-town is the mutha fuckin hood, the Rock is the company, come
and step into my office.

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