

Yelowolf

"Gangster"

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[Verse 1: Yelowolf]

There must've been something about my careless
upbringing
That got me into so much trouble at school and shit
Could've been the drugs at home, maybe I was just a
foolish kid
I soaked up everything I could from the people that
stayed at my house
Biker gangs, lookin' up to people I didn't know crashed
on my couch
Really didn't know at the time, that I didn't have a
normal life
And when I took that attitude to a new neighborhood
I had to learn how to fight
And respect from the kids like me was immediately a
minority
I guess it must've been that
"I don't give a fuck about y'all" shit that sorted me
Out from the rest of the halves, and the have-nots took
me in as kin
Outcast, poor white trash
And that's where I learned to make my friends
But I've always been a weirdo to my homie
'Cause I wanted to go be an entertainer
He was sellin' rock out his window
I was the rapper, and my best friend was aâ€¦

[Hook]

Gangsterâ€¦
Gangsterâ€¦
Gangsterâ€¦
Aye, what we gettin' into tonight?
Step into the ride, lookin' through the eyes of a
motherfuckin'
Gangsterâ€¦
Gangsterâ€¦
So Alabama rich, my life to ride, your motherfuckin'
ride
My best friend is a gangster

[Verse 2: A\$AP Rocky]

Danger, we pistol bang, another homicide
Rollin' in the Chevy, motherfucker, ride or die
Ridin' in the scraper low, it shakes from side to side
If the paper low, his burner on his side, murder on his
mind
Only 21 and still he striving to survive
Feelin' paranoia, too much pride to stay inside
Ain't no time to wait around, find the safest place to
hide
Drop a chopper, lay you down, it's the fastest way to
God
Grandmama tell him "son, you gotta pray to God"
Gamble with your life and then you gotta pay the price
Place your bet and roll the die, thank the lord and pray
to Christ
'Cause you almost spent your life livin' as a young
motherfuckin'â€¦

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Big Henry]

Ever look in the eyes of a G?
Cold, cold world that's what you gon' see
What the cash slow up, masks go on
Chevy slow up, that's what it's gon' be
Game so hot that a nigga might melt
OG stripes up under my belt
Do it by myself, I don't need no help
5-9 Hoover, nigga, hat to the left
Big Henry, bitch - nobody else
Ten toes down, march nigga, step!
If I pop that trunk I'mma pop me a chump
Leave a nigga slumped with his chin in his chest
Bang, bang, bang, nigga, real G shit
Half of these rappers ain't live like this
On behalf of the streets I live like this
Nobody really knows why it is like this
When it comes to a buck, I'm a mathematician
Go and hit the block like a car collision
Niggas talkin' money, you ain't starvin', is ya?
You startin' to lose weight like that poison in ya
So go and idle down, my nigga, pardon a nigga
Fuck around, I'mma pull apart the nigga
Applaud a nigga, straight from the block
Lord, my nigga, you know the game don't stop,
that'sâ€¦

[Hook]

