

Brian McKnight & Vanessa Williams

"Wouldn't You Like to be a Gangsta Too?"

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Okay
I'm sure you heard

He's back in the building
It's official ticial
Hell Rell DipSet all day nigga let's do it
Talk to me I talk back
Yea
Yea

Now I'm a hustla he's a hustla we some motherfuckin
hustlaz wouldn't you love you be a hustla too? Talk to
me
I'm a gangsta he's a gangsta we some motherfuckin
gangstaz wouldn't you love to be a gangsta too?

[Hell Rell]
Yo, from a lonely jail cell back to the bricks
Its Hell Rell motherfucker from the the the Dips!
See I got to put work back on the street again
Bounce back on my feet again
Gators back on my feet again
Bought some guns these haters back with the beef
again
Red-dot them infared lasers back on the heat again
And they wanna lock me up throw away the key
Cuz I'm sitting on enough coke to throw away a key
Fuck em you wanna kill me come and do it I don't give
a fuck
Diplomats live it up
Clack Clack give it up
Hard dick have money what I give a slut
Chocolate Escalade call that this nigga truck
My gun bust need I say more
Now I've got my moms telling me I should pray more
Mami please I don't get on my knees that shit ain't for
geez
I'm bout to take my ass to hell for all the triggers I
squeeze (Let's go)

[Chorus]

Now I'm a hustla he's a hustla we some motherfuckin
hustlaz wouldn't you love you be a hustla too? Now talk
to me

I'm a gangsta he's a gangsta we some motherfuckin
gangstaz wouldn't you love to be a gangsta too? Holla
at me

I'm a ridah he's a rider we some motherfuckin ridaz
wouldn't you love to be a rider too? Holla at me
Hell Rell, Dipset, Bird gang, what's good
Wouldn't you like to be a gangsta too? Talk to me!

[Hell Rell]

Yea I'm still gettin out

So what the judge boost the bail

Niggaz run around saying what they gonna do to
Rell(Nothin)

Two P-89's on me call me Ruger Rell

Y'all niggaz talk about your bodies I don't shoot and tell

And you still playing you ain't even close to culture

First you up then you down what you rollercoaster?

Tre pound rubber grip what my holster holding

And there's a baby being born a fiend overdoser

Must have been my dope that did em man

I party on the yacht with some hoes or her pigeon
friends

You tell a slut you love her and miss her hug her and
kiss her

I fuck her and diss her probably was your cousin or
sister

I got mami sucking dick, put product on the strip

Spray a nigga pay a nigga just to bottle up a brick

But I'm trying to make sure that my dust move

A young nigga what I was laid I hamma dosage

[Chorus]

[Hell Rell]

For that paper snatch you daughter up

Cruise pulling Porches up

Cam I'm hungry now go head and kick your Air Jordans
up

Put your hand on me your moms'll get it in the mail

I was buzzing more than you when I was sitting in a cell

All the streets wanted to know was where's Hell Rell

There go Jim there go Killa but where's Hell Rell

There go Freaky Santana but where's Hell Rell

I'm here now everybody thanks for all the fan mail

But fuck a bitch I don't love them either (Naw)

The powder black the coke is white so when I cook it's
like jungle fever

A couple niggaz going to be shot in their face

Robbed for every dollar that they got in their safe
See I'm something like a phe-no-me-non (Yea)
I kidnap your kids with their pajamas on (Yea)
And I still slap a nigga just for stepping on my white on
whites
I'm in the hood like peeling cheese and Mike and Ikes

[Chorus]

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