

Baz Luhrmann**"A Gangster and a Gentleman"**

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[Styles talking]

Yes, pay full attention

This is for gangstas, this is for gentlemen

There's two kind of people out there

I happen to be the boss type

I'm a product of my environment

Blame the streets, I am what they made me

[Styles - Verse One]

My pops came from Bed-Stuy, my mom came from
Africa

I'm more a nigga if you know what I mean

They hooked up in the '70's when liquor and weed was
heavy

And had me in Corona, Queens

By the time I was seven my mom left my pop

Then we moved to the south side of Yonkers, New York

Then my mom remarried, had my little brother Gary

My sister a year later, let me gather my thoughts

By the time I was nine I was outta my mind

My step pops didn't like me beat me outta my mind

Ten and eleven the same I never would change

He still had to hit me, aggravate a little nigga

Still wearin' Skippys

Bob had Adidas and Pumas, I could a had a pair

My mommy said wait 'til Christmas but I needed 'em
sooner

If you heard I was broke dawg it wasn't a rumor

[Chorus (repeat 2x) - Styles]

I said Gangstas ride (Ride with me)

Gentlemen live your life (Live it up)

Cause Gangstas die (We all gon die)

It's only a matter of time (The clock tickin)

[Styles - Verse Two]

It was 1986 and I was twelve years old

That's right around the time when crack came out

It was the best thing that happened to me

I swear to God cause I was gettin everything that I was
askin about

First we started off baggin up, me and golf
Then shit start addin up, we gettin smart
Now we on Broadway, coppin our own base
Bring it home and put it in bottles, send us a rottle
Drink an OE and scramble like it wasn't tomorrow
I'm gettin kicked out of Junior High, thinkin I'm grown
God bust with the yellow rabbit
And I had every color dealt we was gettin it on
I was out robbin Mexicans six in the morn'
Mom said I'd had to ep again, rip it I'm gone
Nigga get a little loony and grown, soup in the dome
Fuck me up worst when I went to the group home

[Chorus (repeat 2x) - Styles]

I said Gangstas ride (Ride with me)
Gentlemen live your life (Live it up)
Cause Gangstas die (We all gon die)
It's only a matter of time (The clock tickin)

[Styles - Verse Three]

I'm leavin out a lotta shit, nigga it's too real
My alcoholic background, the welfare motels
Abuse that I had to take struggle at my mom's recruit
How the fuck I'm gon bomb wit you
And the cases I got up to date told you that I bust a
eight
Got niggas I can't name, outta state niggas fuck with
weight
Little brother gone but I got a baby angel
You fuckin with a dirty name, don't let these niggas
change you
The present's what you get
And the past is what make the man future
I can't tell you I ain't God or lil' Superman
No there ain't a 'S' on my chest, but it's a 'D' on my
block (D-Block)
And said life the deepest lesson is death
I'm determined and I'm disciplined and destined to
rest
I'm a Gangsta and a Gentleman, Panero the best
When I pass I'm like gas, motherfuckers
Cause I'm a leave a stain that you'll never forget

[Chorus (repeat 2x) - Styles]

I said Gangstas ride (Ride with me)
Gentlemen live your life (Live it up)
Cause Gangstas die (We all gon die)
It's only a matter of time (The clock tickin)

[Styles talking in car]

This gangsta and this gentleman shit, is about being

humble
But at the same time, let niggas know what's real
And when I say you real, I could flip
But at the same time, I could talk to a nigga at the
same time
If he don't respect that, then you gotta show 'em you're
gangsta
He respect that you show 'em you're gentleman
Cause you respect him as a man
That's what a gangsta and a gentleman is about

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