

## Bethzaida

### "Wanna Be Gangsta"

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[Verse 1]

As a kid, I thought I would grow up and get a gig  
And stay on a job for 40 years like my grandpa did  
Lord knows mama tried to keep me straight  
Come home from school and get ya homework done so  
you can graduate  
No stayin out late, we had to be in when the street  
lights came on  
That's when it seemed like everything was goin on  
It was, I fucked up and got my first buzz  
Then I remember, the first time a nigga said cuz  
I was in now, had dreams of goin to the pen now  
It was then, that life would never be the same again  
Momma used to say she wasn't raisin no thug  
Wit tears in her eyes and she gave me a hug  
No more lessons, I was introduced to smith & wessons  
Confession from a drug dealin gang bangin youth  
Influenced by the thangs that the big homies do  
Hittin up the hood doin drive-bys too and we steal

[Chorus: Souttre]

I don't know why, they wanna be gangstas  
So many drive-bys, they wanna be gangstas  
So many of em die, they wanna be gangstas  
Lord knows I try, they wanna be gangstas

[Verse 2]

A youngster amongs the wolves and thieves  
Taught if ya pull out a strap, then squeeze  
Go out like a hog, never go out on ya knees  
And if you get cracked, then why did you beef?  
Never leave ya house without ya heat  
Never leave ya spouse without some heat  
Never have ya house up in the street  
Never conduct ya business from ya home phone  
The volumes are home grown  
I'm serious, conspiracy'll hold ya  
They trippin off some shit I did 6 years ago in South  
Dakota  
10 years, damn, and didn't get caught with a gram  
Never use ya name on a credit card scam

Double check ya rear view, relocate ya livin quotas  
every year or two  
Keep ya workers fearin you, and you could be cosure  
wit them set rules  
Never let em know ya next move, smooth

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

When I think about it, I never did stand a fair chance  
Hangin on the corner wit them stones in my hand  
My uncle used to tell me ain't nothin wrong wit fast  
money  
Stackin chips and get ya paper, young nigga, don't be  
no dummy  
Choke the trigger if anybody ever try to trip  
If niggaz think you scary, then they don't take yo shit  
Never back down and no man  
And while ya makin money, save all that you can -  
understand?  
I'm in the hood wit my drink in a brown paper bag  
Had to raise up from mom's house cause I got her mad  
She was trippin bout employment and on gettin some  
schoolin  
My high school was rough enough, mom who ya foolin?  
I'm on foot patrol wit no heat  
I got a seat cruisin but it got a slow leak  
Stole some flicks and flaffin jeeps, at least now a nigga  
is mo  
Portrayed my G all stands for some dough though,  
ghetto portfolio

[Chorus] - repeat until fade

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