

Fat Joe

"Gangsta"

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Ollie ollie, oxen free
Like one, two, three
Red light, green light, one, two, three
Yo, I pop six boxes, play some scalezes, uh

Pitch the ball, I'ma smack that shit
Yeah, ohh, goin', goin'
Yeah, yeah, what up son?
Yo, I got this twenty two nigga play me like

Nah, I ain't got no bullets
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Top two for five, three for five, we rollin'

Now I'm in too deep
Only sixteen already hold a name in the street
Makin' the fifth scream, rockin' older niggas to sleep
Make a fiend strip naked, 'cuz he owed for a week

Now the Squad's gettin' recognized, supplyin' connects
with pies
Pumpin' pounds of weight, nigga like exercise
Joe been over quarter five with dope and homicide
Long before Charlie got knocked, until Madonna died

Young and not givin' a fuck
There ain't a nigga I ain't hit when I buck and left 'em
shit outta luck
I'ma gangsta like my daddy was, hittin' number spots
Sendin' me to my room while he was puffin' pot

Still I use to peak from the door, couldn't believe what I
saw
Stacks of money on the bed and the floor
It wasn't long til' I did what he did
I was an innocent kid and got exposed to the life that
he lived

I went from grams into O's, pounds to bricks
On the strip pimpin' hoes on some Goldie shit
I'ma gangsta by destiny, OG's selected me
I earned my spot, my whole team elected me

Gangsta, gangsta
I wanna be a gangsta
My daddy was a gangsta

Gangsta, gangsta
I wanna be a gangsta
My daddy was a gangsta
(Yeah, unh, yo, unh)

Here goes this chick doing ten in the bing
But 'less we rhyme time we see her do it again
She started out fuckin' dudes that resembled her
father
Mom knew shoulda schooled her, but the bitch didn't
bother

You couldn't blame her 'cuz she got it from her
She was a rider from jump, her pop's died in the hands
of a chump
Now she's mad at the world, no more daddy's little girl
Now she's rockin' bandanas, no more Shirley Temple
girl

Now she be runnin' wit some scramblers that be down
in Alabama
Packin' twin hammers, screamin', "Life doesn't matter"
It's a vicious cycle, her game is pretendin' to like you
Thinkin' you gettin' head, but she's just duckin' so they
can snipe you

Movin' from state to state, runnin' everythin' from guns
to trains
And pushin' packs from eight to eight
You know I can't say her name, but she was a looker
Pretty thin', such a shame how this life has took her

Now she's raisin' Hell in the cell, no more his are
hollerin'
You might suffer the same fate if you repeat the
followin'
Sell drugs, use drugs, get caught up in the mix
End up locked up or dead in a casket, that's it

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