

B-Real

"Gangsta Music"

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[Intro: B-Real]

Yeah, gangsta music
Gangsta music
Yeah, gangsta music
Gangsta music

[B-Real]

Now in this world you got the pimps, ballers, hustlers
and thugs
And they all run the streets and carry heat for trouble
to come
There ain't no guarantees for you and me for wealth
and prosperity
See we comin up with hustles cause we don't like
charity
We only tryin to eat but there's no opportunity
Soon to be public enemy number one a menace of the
community
You're bottled up, there's nothin left to do but explode
Whether you self-destruct or win it all you're destined
to blow
You make a right or left, when you hit the fork in the
road
You take a straight path, or you roll in gangsta mode
There ain't no in-between unless you work for God or
the law
Either way, we gettin judged for all the shit that we
cause
But hey it's all we knew and all we had for hustlin paper
Figured I'd get it right eventually make amends with
my maker
I shift the blade inside the cementery too many times
Thrown in the penitentiary and locked for too many
crimes

[Chorus: Bo Roc]

It's that gangstahhh (this is gangsta music)
Gangsta music (that gangsta music)
It's that gangstahhh (uh-huh, uh-huh you heard me,
this is gangsta music)
Gangsta music (gangsta music)

[B-Real]

On feet I'm planted firm and for a few there ain't no
return

We try to rise up out the gutter, some of us never will
learn

We take the hard way and end up in those institutions
Sometimes it's in the blood and for those folks there
ain't no solution

My homey's momma told me you need to make a
change for the better

Because you'll never make it out of here, you'll be here
forever

Stuck in this poverty, there's gotta be another way out
of it

Found it in the music in spite of the people that
doubted it

Couldn't pull away so easy, seperation is ugly
How could I pull away just knowin that the streets still
love me

But the love can be so deadly we ain't talkin romance
Sometimes the streets they need to sacrifice, we takin
a chance

It doesn't matter where you're livin, every ghetto's the
same

The only thing that's different are these people's faces
and names

If I pray to God to give me strength to battle the devil
Maybe I'd hit another level so I could holster my metal

[Chorus]

[B-Real]

This one's dedicated to the soldiers that made it
through hell

Cause a bullet never knows about the homies that fell
I seen so many die right on the street from products we
sell

And when they smoke you all they leave behind's an
empty shell

It ain't worth it but I had to work it, no other choice
Until I heard the voice that told me go write songs with
your boys

Cause if you stay behind you might be takin a trip in a
hearse

Because somebody's thirst for blood might end up
droppin you first

Because we play for keeps so what it means we're
playin to win

And if you'd ever been where I've been then you'd
never pretend

You've got to be real with homey, no pun intended
And don't kid yourself, cause I don't care if you get
offended
If you're affiliated or solo, we all want the same thang
It would be amazing if we was all in the same gang
Might get persecuted at the time we movin to change
thangs
It's a brain game, if we never try it's a damn shame

[Chorus]

{*scratched: "What the fuck are they yellin?" - Ice
Cube*}

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