

The Rascals

"Gang Bang"

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Listen to the story as we rap to the beat
as we educate ya 'bout life in the street
coz gang bangin, dope slangin, (??baffle the hit)
If you do it too long, you'll end up dead
If you don't end up dead, you'll end up in jail
Livin your life in a concrete hell

[CHORUS:]

Gang bang ! You're dead and lyin in the street
Gang bang ! Fifteen years old and a cold piece o' meat
Gang bang ! Now tell me brotha watcha gonna do
Gang bang ! When the coroner puts the bag on you

Ooh you're standin on the corner, selling weed
tryin to earn money for the things you need
You look like a waitress, who works in a bar
but you don't wait on tables, you wait on cars
You don't carry a tray, you carry a bag
A car passes by, you start to blast
A car pulls over then you make the drop
and out jumps a badge and a narco cop
Up against the wall, and down to jail
You can't go home coz you can't make bail
Your mother's at home, constantly cryin
for fear that her baby could be dyin

[CHORUS]

You wear red rag, blue rag, and big shoelaces
You drink 40 ounce brew by the cases
You dress so tacky 'til you look like a slob
and you wonder why you can't get a job
You wear barrets and you call yourself a man
and you never wear the right size pants
Your clothes are never fresh, they're always stale
Who's your designer, the county jail ?
You got secret words and finger signs
twisted egos and warped minds
Your grammar is bad and you think you're cool
But if you listen to yourself, you sound like a fool

[CHORUS]

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