

Style Council

"A Gangster And A Gentleman"

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[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
Garf 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 garf
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
Got 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
My niggas I can't name, outta state (My 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 Blok)
And said life the deepest lesson is death
I'm determined and I'm disciplined and destined to rep
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)

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