

Styles P "Gangster and a gentleman"

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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 have me and crone their dreams

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
Bob 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

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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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 bangin' up, me and golf
Then shit start addin' up, we gettin' smart
Now we on Broadway, coppin' our own bench

Bring it home and put it in bottles, send us a rottle

Drink a old ease grem like it wasn't tomorrow
I'm gettin' kicked out of Junior High, thinkin' I'm grown
God 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
Bump me up worst when I went to the group home

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I'm leavin' out a lotta shit, nigga it's too real
My alcoholic back round, 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 block)
And said life the deepest lesson is death

I'm determined and I'm disciplined and destined to
rest
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

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