

## World Class Wreckin Cru "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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