

Felice Brothers**"Gangsta"**

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[Talking:]

You already know what it is, from Harlem to Houston
Jae Millz, E.S.G. holla at me my nigga

[Hook:]

Cause you say you sold drugs, that don't make you a
Gangsta
Fighting in the club, that don't make you a gangsta
You say you been to jail, that don't make you a gangsta
Better listen to me man, that's his marketing plan
Cause you dropped out of school, that don't make you
a
Gangsta
O.G.'ing tattoos, that don't make you a gangsta
These boys got you fooled, no they ain't gangstas
Better listen to me man, that's his marketing plan

[E.S.G.:]

Now these cats get on T.V., like they animals homes
Throw on a white T, four or five bandanas on
Tony Montana in they songs, living like John Gotti
But you check they background, they never shot
nobody
They claim they from the trap, like T.I. or Jeezy
Claim to be a O.G., like Snoop Dogg or Eazy
Knowing you went to Cali, won't say no names
Had a pretty red fitted hat, he thought it was Game
Drove up the wrong street, looking for Mary Jane
Got popped close range, I guess he thought it was a
Game
Most gangstas in the Pen, the judge won't spare ya
Like Malcolm X, Mandela, Shae Gavera
Yeah my squad like Terror, aka a terror squad
Catch me sipping Remy Ma, in the back prison yard
Yep I had a murder charge, spent half my life on
Probation
I ain't saying do the same, homie get your education
Better keep your credit straight, and your mind on your
Mail
Live your life like mine, you might end up in jail yeah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.:]

Pac and B.I.G., no we ain't forgot them
Cops ain't arrested, no one who shot them
Mo' money mo' problems, suppose to get better
Feel for Afeni, like I feel for Violetta

[Jae Millz:]

Ay yo they call me Jae Millz, Tru Lenox and Banger
These niggaz talking crazy, but I know they ain't
Gangstas
Not even, but you lames won't be satisfied
Till you not breathing, something a box sleeping
Yeah where I'm from, they shooting out all weekend
It's Uptown nigga, lay your ass down nigga
Across the 'Stead, shooting them canons and spit crazy
Try to play me and I'm taking thirty shots, like I'm a
Great
I'm from the Apple, but I'm heavy from the H
To the H, that's Harlem to Houston more probs no
Solution
So what, you just came home off a bid
I heard you snitched it's worse, now you gotta switch
That ain't gangsta

[Hook]

[E.S.G.:]

For nearly three summers, I was known by a number
That's why I'm banging like Jennis, when I'm riding in
My Hummer
Will I live another year, the streets keep asking me
Will I wind up locked down, like Pimp C or Cassidy
Trying to avoid a tragedy, and stack this money
Is the industry ready, for a down South Tsunami
The new heir to the throne, the new Screw music king
Boys call me Bob Johnson, I control the team
Like I'm Pretty Boy Floyd, I control the ring
Two time convicted felon, use to control the fiends
I refuse to let a label, control my dream
Refuse to talk about just, cars and bling-bling
Y'all repeating the same thing, we can't have that
How many people you cats, plan to kill in your raps
Cause the ice and Maybach, your label rented that
When the video is over, you gotta give it back
Said the ice and Maybach, your label rented that
When the video is over, you gotta give it back g'eah

[Hook]

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