

**E.s.g.****"All American Gangsta"**Visit "[All American Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(\*talking\*)

Say, say yeah-yeah, come here for a minute  
(Listen to me everybody), huh it's a true story people  
(I got a story to tell), about a G-A-N-G-S-T-A

[E.S.G.]

Gangsta, never heard the word befo'  
Think the first time, I was like nine years old  
All my life been told, don't you curse or steal  
Do onto others as they do onto you, be for real  
Saw my first drug deal, while in the 8th grade  
So this the way, a lot of po' folks be getting paid  
I wasn't raised that way, I'm making A's and B's  
But I'm sick and tired, of having empty ass Christmas  
Trees  
Wasn't no mongoose for me, or sued Pumas for the  
Boss  
Couldn't get no bike, cause my mama laid off  
Santa Clause ain't coming, ain't chimneys in the  
Projects  
Just smoked out vents, begging for a long check  
Hanging on the wrong set, eating cookies and chips  
While other cats on the track, had cookies to flip  
Exposed me to a new way, to get me some pay  
Day by day, I'm turning to a

[Hook]

(All american gangsta), all my life I wanted to be  
A real (gangsta), not the kind on TV  
I mean a (gangsta), and I ain't talking bout prankstas  
(A gangsta), talking bout that (all american gangsta)  
That's the only life I know  
I mean a (gangsta), all about his cash flow  
I mean a (gangsta), one that just won't quit  
A real (gangsta), talking bout (that all american  
Gangsta)

[E.S.G.]

Coming home, from practice  
Throw my jersey in the washer, grab my work from  
under

My mattress

Be on the block, 5 to 9 going bout 10

The next day I wake up, same thang again

True sporting letterman, football or hoops

Ain't no telling what you'll find, stuffed in my Polo  
Boots

All-city athlete, two T.D's a game

Hop off the bus hit the cuts, three OZ's of caine

See a year came, all-state putting it down

20 points 10 rebounds, scoring six pounds

College scouts came down, even a few from the pro's

But little do they know, I'm a

[Hook]

(All american gangsta), all my life I wanted to be

A real (gangsta), not the kind on TV

I mean a (gangsta), not no studio pranksta

But a (gangsta), talking bout (that all american  
Gangsta)

One that, just won't snitch

I mean a (gangsta), keep it real with his click

A real (gangsta), who be putting it down

A real (gangsta), till they put me six feet underground

(\*talking\*)

I'm a gangsta, know I'm saying

But I ain't finished yet, come here (listen to me  
Everybody)

Ha true story, (I got a story to tell)

About a G-A-N-G-sta

[E.S.G.]

I got some scars to prove, I refuse to lose

You gotta pay some dues, wanna fill my shoes

Now which road should I choose, a gangsta or a jock

Which team should I choose, the field or the block

It's a good day, feel like grinding today

Cause tomorrow, gon be national signing day

Who should I choose, Florida State or LSU

Mean while this cat roll, I'm talking bout (hey you)

I'm like who me (yeah you, is your name Cedric Hill

You've been charged with conspiracy, to make a drug  
Deal)

Be real, two and a half years being locked away

Now I'm a ex-convict, can't get a job today

Instead of signing with the pros, and going big time

I spent my day locked away, and signing for my time

Let me put this on your mind, America thank ya

You're the reason, I turned into the

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

G'd up for real nigga, I don't care where you from  
East Coast, West Coast, Midwest, Dirty South  
Game recognize game, real G's click for real G's baby  
Blue wear blue, red wear red you're Vice Lord or G.D.  
We don't give a damn, long as you bout your money  
E.S.G., SES (all american gangsta)

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