

B-Real f/ Bo Roc

"Gangsta Music"

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[Intro: B-Real] Yeah, gangsta music Gangsta music
Yeah, gangsta music Gangsta music [B-Real] Now in
this world you got the pimps, ballers, hustlers and
thugs And they all run the streets and carry heat for
trouble to come There ain't no guarantees for you and
me for wealth and prosperity See we comin up with
hustles cause we don't like charity We only tryin to eat
but there's no opportunity Soon to be public enemy
number one a menace of the community You're bottled
up, there's nothin left to do but explode Whether you
self-destruct or win it all you're destined to blow You
make a right or left, when you hit the fork in the road
You take a straight path, or you roll in gangsta mode
There ain't no in-between unless you work for God or
the law Either way, we gettin judged for all the shit that
we cause But hey it's all we knew and all we had for
hustlin paper Figured I'd get it right eventually make
amends with my maker I shift the blade inside the
cemetery too many times Thrown in the penitentiary
and locked for too many crimes [Chorus: Bo Roc] It's
that gangstahhh (this is gangsta music) Gangsta music
(that gangsta music) It's that gangstahhh (uh-huh, uh-
huh you heard me, this is gangsta music) Gangsta
music (gangsta music) [B-Real] On feet I'm planted
firm and for a few there ain't no return We try to rise up
out the gutter, some of us never will learn We take the
hard way and end up in those institutions Sometimes
it's in the blood and for those folks there ain't no
solution My homey's momma told me you need to
make a change for the better Because you'll never
make it out of here, you'll be here forever Stuck in this
poverty, there's gotta be another way out of it Found it
in the music in spite of the people that doubted it
Couldn't pull away so easy, seperation is ugly How
could I pull away just knowin that the streets still love
me But the love can be so deadly we ain't talkin
romance Sometimes the streets they need to sacrifice,
we takin a chance It doesn't matter where you're livin,
every ghetto's the same The only thing that's different
are these people's faces and names If I pray to God to
give me strength to battle the devil Maybe I'd hit

another level so I could holster my metal [Chorus] [B-Real] This one's dedicated to the soldiers that made it through hell Cause a bullet never knows about the homies that fell I seen so many die right on the street from products we sell And when they smoke you all they leave behind's an empty shell It ain't worth it but I had to work it, no other choice Until I heard the voice that told me go write songs with your boys Cause if you stay behind you might be takin a trip in a hearse Because somebody's thirst for blood might end up droppin you first Because we play for keeps so what it means we're playin to win And if you'd ever been where I've been then you'd never pretend You've got to be real with homey, no pun intended And don't kid yourself, cause I don't care if you get offended If you're affiliated or solo, we all want the same thang It would be amazing if we was all in the same gang Might get persecuted at the time we movin to change thangs It's a brain game, if we never try it's a damn shame [Chorus] {*scratched: "What the fuck are they yellin?" - Ice Cube*}

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