

Scarface

"Gotta Be A G"

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gotta be a g
gotta be a g till the day that i die

southside of this city i was born and raised,
so i rep my neighborhood on or off the stage
H town bound proud of the scene i set,
im a product of these mothafuckin streets i guess.
born hustla so that's the only life i know, late night
dope slangin up and
down my row. true story aint no fakin on these blocks i
hung,
live fast, touch money, got rich, and died young.
yea.. that's the mentality we had back then.
nowadays we put them kobe's on that maybach benz.
long way from the corner yet and still i get my stuff
cross the hood
where i from nigga's dont give up. so i dont give a fuck
like them,
self made, demandin my respect out here, yea went
from a soldier
to a don like he, rest in peace Pimp C yousa straight up
G.

(Chorus)
gotta be a g till the day that i die x4
gotta be a g
real homies stand up
gotta be a g
OG's stand up
gotta be a g
that's right H town we still here
gotta be a g til the day that i die

when ur raised in the streets it leave a hell of a scar
cuz in the gansta battle field you losin soldiers at war.
if yousa hustle with a heart that keep scratchin for mo
even
though the game bad and the sales are slow.
last week i wrote a song and tears fell on the pad.
Rest in peace the big mo and that boy pimp jab.
Where im from everyday homies rise and fall so when

they
call for the deeds imma stand up tall. Come together
life's just to short
for livin it wrong. respect the code and never break it
till im dead n gone.
aint no food on the table then my night aint right God
forgive me
have mercy cuz i chose this life.
imma G 100 proof not some made up hype im out the
gutter
understand you cant clone my type,
face marv and thug G forever we rock solid we
legendary G's like Pac
and Chris Wallace. Know what im sayin?

(Chorus)

when a g spread love it's a large amount,
im on my knees everyday cuz i got blessins to count.
all these rats comin forward, dawg my game is sad,
he wasnt talkin to them folks and lost the pride he had.
gettin money on the highway goin state to state,
when them sirens pull you over you gotta stand up
straight,
imma GF to the O and never crossed that line,
fallin off atlanta dyin never crossed my mind.
i lost time on the block that i cant get back,
and when you listenin to my album that's my life on
tracks.
you see the hustla in the door out there wavin his
hands?
representing like a G till they covered in sand. Jumpin
gates,
and runnin corners, tryin to shuffle the story,
till some acres full a land fillin moma a home.
you get a fresh new start at the top of the year if yousa
G then
this the time to stand up in here. yea.. know wat im
sayin?

Chorus)

gotta be a g till the day that i die x4
gotta be a g
real homies stand up
gotta be a g
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