

## Beenie Man F/ Ghost, Devonte, The Pembroke Hall Ch "Jack U. Back"

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(So you wanna be a gangsta) --> Too \$hort

Nah like no gangsta, nah like no gangsta, come again  
Nah like no gangsta, nah like no gangsta, follow me  
Nah like no gangsta, nah like no gangsta, because  
When I was a youth, just a little youngster  
Gangsta killed mi mother and killed mi father  
They kill my sister and kill mi brother  
Bo! bo! and them get shot down  
Bo! bo! and them get shot down

Never given a chance to enhance  
And advance to the mic stand  
Because of the craft and the path of a state pen  
The thought of if white being black is a syllable  
Beginning at birth, yeah, I begin at the physical  
The scenery's grim, fakes float like phlegm  
I keep the G to myself, made a vow, no friends  
Cause people you trust, all lies and propaganda  
Slick man slander, talk like Sandra

( \*to the beat of Kris Kross' 'Jump'\* )  
Fake one, wanna-be, clocked, your dead ass knocked  
Shell-shocked, two shots, heart'll be your next stop  
Weak mouth leak out, smack what you breathe out  
Now whose fault when it's hard, get your knees down  
You cheat, got a new trick cause that's what you do  
When you're in jail zero got more stuff than you do  
You wail like a ( ? ) and echo the vicinity  
Can't handle the time cause the judge gave you infinity  
Life, that's what you get for your everyday hustle  
Ropes and a handyman couldn't pull your luck up  
Wanna be the trigger figure, critter with the Tec  
Banned for tryin to ( ? ) your mom's neck  
You couldn't get a ( ? ) for that stuff you yell out  
Killin your own just to make bones, now that's a sell out  
But who's the bigger pussy, just like a panther  
I'm just lettin you know - so you wanna be a gangsta

( \*to the beat of Cypress Hill's 'Hand on the Pump'\* )  
Wanna-be gees try to be what they can't be

Cause what you can't be you try to be cause you're the  
wanna-be  
So play the back like a fallback, in the back  
But way back before I break your muthafuckin back  
And my foot off in your ass if you don't step off  
Cause when I go off I sound like a sawed-off  
So stop actin like you're packin a Mac ( ? )  
And gangsta rap ain't what's happenin  
And that means you and you, know what you can do  
If you don't like what I'm sayin, but in the meanwhile  
fuck you  
I'm ( ? ) so save the killer talk and just walk  
Before I walk all over your ass just like a sidewalk  
You ain't got nothin comin but a bad break  
So why try, you fry, that's a big mistake  
On your behalf I told you you couldn't last  
But the thought that I was trickin, now guess who gets  
the last laugh

( \*to the beat of Ice Cube's 'My Summer Vacation'\* )  
8 down brothers on a prison tip  
You wanna be a gangsta just swingin the clip  
You come to Rahway, you be suckin my dick  
After a little while I make you my bitch  
I'm not a [edited] and I don't like ( ? )  
While you're sittin in a leather chair gettin your ass  
fired  
There goes the prison, there goes the prison

( \*to the beat of ( ? ) \* )  
Niggas that life to riff but don't really have the gift  
I come across because my style'll switch swift  
Criminal background, I can go underground  
Pound for pound every lyric I throw down  
Cause this is a showdown, suckers I mow down  
They rush like ( ? ) when I go ( ? )  
One by one, come all or plenty  
Cause when I do a show, boy, I kill many  
Weak punk rappers, camouflagin fakes  
I'll down a sucker and I won't be late  
Come back and translate the jams I elevate  
Now watch me operate, see how I demonstrate?  
To all deceivers a make-believer  
Your falsing trickery is no longer mystery  
And if you want bitchery, and if you want bickery  
And if you want victory, just try to get with me

To be an O.G. (you had to be an O.G.)  
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( \*to the beat of the Geto Boys' 'Mind Playing Tricks on Me'\* )

I'm the M-a-x-w-el-l  
Swiftmaster, sucker, now that spells Maxwell  
And what I kick here ain't just another fairytale  
I wrote this shit so others wouldn't have to  
Go through the things that Max had to  
I know a many of gangsters on the street  
Some in a jail cell, the others six feet deep

( \*to the beat of King Tee's 'Played Like a Piano'\* )  
Holdin your breath when I mess with the mess rap  
You couldn't get jack but a backsmack, none cap  
Flackin that flack while there's ( ? ) talk bull  
Comin to battle with a rattle, havin no pull  
( ? ) and boot-lickin, kickin your bullshittin  
Jack in a box ( ? ) your face-splittin  
Servin up lumps to your ( ? ) you wanna ( ? )  
Rather duck ( ? ) to get ( ? ) you duck none  
Mister blister, dismiss, kiss the  
Head on my nine, not a crime to kill a bigger nigga  
Critic-digger, trigger mouldin your head figure  
Little bum you're ( ? ), I leave that ass rid of  
Asshole, Lord knows what I wrote ( ? )  
Kick one lifetime and it's time to hold  
More grounds than the bounds of a highway  
Cause I say it my way, ah fuck it in Rahway

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