

Pamela Morgan

"Call it Gangster"

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[Petey Pablo]

I was so glad, when they said unto me
Let us go into the house, of the gangsters

[Chorus: Petey Pablo]

If you don't call this gangster, I don't know what a
gangster is
If you don't call this gangster, you don't know what
gangster is
Said it's one thing to be real, but real ain't all a
gangster is
If you don't call this gangster, you don't know what
gangster is
I know

[Petey Pablo]

I was so glad...

I only smoke with the folks that came in when I came in
I don't smoke with bitches cause I don't know where
they mouth been
Dawg I'm a celebrity, I got fans, I don't need friends
I don't need security, cause they ain't checked me
when I came in
All that you impressed with, is what I already did
The life you choose to emulate, that's the life I live
Dream house, dream car, quarter past that
That money that you makin, was my champagne tab
Dawg, that's yo' girl? Be cool, relax
I just need her tonight, call the phone, you can get her
back
You gon' ball then ball, you gon' mack then mack
Your mouth sayin one thang, but your action don't say
that
You told me all aboutcha, and I ain't even asked
Look at ya, nervous, jittery, can't stare me in the eyes
can ya?
Real recognize real, you can't deceive a gangster
Short Dawg, Petey Pab', what was y'all thankin?

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort]

I know you wanna live the good life
New car, new house, what it look like?
You'll never see it, tryin to be somethin that you're not
You runnin to the car cause you don't wanna get shot
But at the bar you was hard
Ain't even no straps in your car, you better call the law
They got guns, you got a cell phone
Do some gangster shit, and get the hell on
... You talked all that shit
But a bunch of ass-whuppins, that's all y'all get
Actin tough in the club
You found out you was fuckin with some thugs; put
them hands on ya
So fast you ain't know what happened
Outside seen 'em ridin in a fo' do' cabin
Tryin to kill you, this shit is real fool
You won't survive in the streets if you don't know the
rules

[Chorus]

[Dolla Will]

Uhh; Black Continental, suicide golds
Gators hit the flo', I ain't payin at the do'
While you fly outside, waitin for the guest list
and to get frisked, it's niggaz like me creepin with heat
that'll burn ya crisp
I'm at some work, you would open your mouth to kiss
Why you at the bar, roused off Cris'
No longer courageless, grabbin hoes by the wrist
Chose one, mix wasn't hit, so you wet her clothes
and said BITCH - put it on thick, like Lonzo in "Training
Day"
Not knowin she with a clique, that's aimin at your face
Soon as they get word, hope your friends don't desert
And valet got your Benz parked next to the curb
You ain't a gangster, L7
Quick to bail out, like a nigga in jail stressin
A lesson to be learnt, bout what a gangster is
Not only do we roll deep, so do a gangsteress

[Chorus]

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