

Bini & Martini

"Wanna Be Gangsta"

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[Verse 1]

As a kid, I thought I would grow up and get a gig
And stay on a job for 40 years like my grandpa did
Lord knows mama tried to keep me straight
Come home from school and get ya homework done so
you can graduate
No stayin out late, we had to be in when the street
lights came on
That's when it seemed like everything was goin on
It was, I fucked up and got my first buzz
Then I remember, the first time a nigga said cuz
I was in now, had dreams of goin to the pen now
It was then, that life would never be the same again
Momma used to say she wasn't raisin no thug
Wit tears in her eyes and she gave me a hug
No more lessons, I was introduced to smith & wessons
Confession from a drug dealin gang bangin youth
Influenced by the thangs that the big homies do
Hittin up the hood doin drive-bys too and we steal

[Chorus: Souttre]

I don't know why, they wanna be gangstas
So many drive-bys, they wanna be gangstas
So many of em die, they wanna be gangstas
Lord knows I try, they wanna be gangstas

[Verse 2]

A youngster amongs the wolves and thieves
Taught if ya pull out a strap, then squeeze
Go out like a hog, never go out on ya knees
And if you get cracked, then why did you beef?
Never leave ya house without ya heat
Never leave ya spouse without some heat
Never have ya house up in the street
Never conduct ya business from ya home phone
The volumes are home grown
I'm serious, conspiracy'll hold ya
They trippin off some shit I did 6 years ago in South
Dakota
10 years, damn, and didn't get caught with a gram
Never use ya name on a credit card scam

Double check ya rear view, relocate ya livin quotas
every year or two
Keep ya workers fearin you, and you could be cosure
wit them set rules
Never let em know ya next move, smooth

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

When I think about it, I never did stand a fair chance
Hangin on the corner wit them stones in my hand
My uncle used to tell me ain't nothin wrong wit fast
money
Stackin chips and get ya paper, young nigga, don't be
no dummy
Choke the trigger if anybody ever try to trip
If niggaz think you scary, then they don't take yo shit
Never back down and no man
And while ya makin money, save all that you can -
understand?
I'm in the hood wit my drink in a brown paper bag
Had to raise up from mom's house cause I got her mad
She was trippin bout employment and on gettin some
schoolin
My high school was rough enough, mom who ya foolin?
I'm on foot patrol wit no heat
I got a seat cruisin but it got a slow leak
Stole some flicks and flaffin jeeps, at least now a nigga
is mo
Portrayed my G all stands for some dough though,
ghetto portfolio

[Chorus] - repeat until fade

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