

## Styles

# "A Gangster And A Gentleman"

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My pops came from Bed Stuy, my mom came from  
Africa  
I'm more a nigga if you know what I mean  
They hooked up in the '70's when liquor and weed was  
heavy  
And have me and crone their dreams

By the time I was seven my mom left my pop  
Then we moved to the south side of Yonkers, New York  
Then my mom remarried, had my little brother Gary  
My sister a year later, let me gather my thoughts

By the time I was nine, I was outta my mind  
My step pops didn't like me beat me outta my mind  
Ten and eleven the same I never would change  
He still had to hit me, aggravate a little nigga

Still wearin' skippys  
Bob had Adidas and Pumas, I could a had a pair  
My mommy said, wait 'til Christmas but I needed 'em  
sooner  
If you heard I was broke dawg it wasn't a rumor

I said, gangstas ride, ride with me  
Gentlemen live your life, live it up  
'Cause gangstas die, we all gon die  
It's only a matter of time, the clock tickin'

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It was 1986 and I was twelve years old  
That's right around the time when crack came out  
It was the best thing that happened to me  
I swear to God 'cause I was gettin' everything that I was  
askin' about

First we started off bangin' up, me and golf  
Then shit start addin' up, we gettin' smart  
Now we on Broadway, coppin' our own bench

Bring it home and put it in bottles, send us a rottle

Drink a old ease grem like it wasn't tomorrow  
I'm gettin' kicked out of Junior High, thinkin' I'm grown  
God bust with the yellow rabbit  
And I had every color dealt we was gettin' it on

I was out robbin' Mexicans six in the morn'  
Mom said, I'd had to ep again, rip it I'm gone  
Nigga get a little loony and grown, soup in the dome  
Bump me up worst when I went to the group home

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I'm leavin' out a lotta shit, nigga it's too real  
My alcoholic back round, the welfare motels  
Abuse that I had to take struggle at my mom's recruit  
How the fuck I'm gon bomb wit you

And the cases I got up to date told you that I bust a  
eight  
My niggas I can't name, outta state, my niggas fuck  
with weight  
Little brother gone but I got a baby angel  
You fuckin' with a dirty name, don't let these niggas  
change you

The present's what you get  
And the past is what make the man future  
I can't tell you I ain't God or lil' Superman  
No there ain't a S on my chest, but it's a D on my block  
(D block)  
And said life the deepest lesson is death

I'm determined and I'm disciplined and destined to  
rest  
I'm a gangsta and a gentleman, Panero the best  
When I pass I'm like gas, motherfuckers  
'Cause I'm a leave a stain that you'll never forget

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