

## Too \$hort "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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