

Martinez Nancy

"Feels Good to be a Gangsta"

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(*talking*)

Yeah, Slim Thugger

Yung Ro, Color Changin' Click

Boss Hogg Outlawz, Paid In Full

Boyz-N-Blue, damn it feels good to be a gangsta yeah

[Slim Thug]

Damn it feel good, to be a gangsta

A young ghetto superstar, on the block

All the kids in the hood, look up to the Boss

Cause they see me, with the ice and the drops

I'm the one niggaz call, when shit jump off

Cause they know I'm never scared, to blast

And if you talk down, on my side or my hood

I'm quick to put a hole, in your ass

O.G. Slim Thugger's, what they call me

All the young G's, give me they respect

Cause I made it out the hood, and a nigga living good

But I still, look out for my set

All the chicks, wanna be in my presence

Just to witness all the riches, and the power

They never seen a young teen, grow up to be a king

Getting what they make in a year, in a hour

All the while, I don't let the cash impress me

Cause I've been a young hustler, from the start

It's just all my hard work, slowly paying off

Cause God knows, I'm a hustler in the heart

See I never let the money, or fame change me

You can still catch Slim, in the streets

And even though I rap now, still keep a strap now

Tucked up, under the seat

So all I gotta say, to you wanna-be gonna-be

Dick sucking, motherfucking prankstas

When the shit goes down, what the fuck you gon do

Damn it feels good, to be a gangsta

(*talking*)

Yeah, we take pride in what we do

And personally I'd like to describe myself, as a nobody
though

You feel me, I don't give a fuck what you do my nigga

Whatever you do take pride in it you feel me, feel good

[Yung Ro]

Damn it feel good, to be a nobody
Well respected, you can call me Yung Ro
You see my name ring bells, from movies to doing
flows
But I still, got so far to go
So I keep on grinding, with my head up
And realize, I done came a long way
But my mind's on the future, and my future's
unpredictable
I can't stay crunk, about today
So behind all the fame, and the lime light
I'm bout bidness, everyday of the week
Cause I got people depending on me, and they can't
understand
How I can come home, without food to eat
But when I'm grinding, and I'm tired of it all
Telling God I'm sick and tired, of this place
It ain't a feeling in this world, that can compare to the
look
Of appreciation, on my mama's face
So I hold it down, for my T. Lady
My kin folk, and my niggaz on the block
Right boogie when I can, and send 'em words of
inspiration
Cause I know, it get hard on lock
So when I come to your city, doing shows mayn
Show love, when you see me fall through
Just holla nobody, and I swear I'll holla back
Cause that's how, real nobody's do
Now throw your set in the air, if you gang bang
Affiliated, or just love the hood
Could give a fuck where you from, if you real it's one
hundred
That's my word homie, it's all good
So when you hear me on a song, screaming nobody
You gotta know what it mean, to be a nobody
To say nobody, huh g'yeah
Damn it feel good, to be a nobody

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