

## **Mr. Marcelo f/ C-Murder, B.G.**

### **"Uptown Gangstas"**

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(\*talking\*)

Uh-huh Marcelo, you already know  
I represent Uptown New Orleans, to the motherfucking fullest  
I don't know no other town like Uptown, you heard me  
I don't know no other town, like this one right here look

[B.G.]

I keep it real keep it thorough, keep it gutter  
Gizzle keep money, cause Gizzle a born hustler  
Gizzle is thugged out, Gizzle a straight G  
Gizzle got all his game, from the streets of the 13  
U-P-T-O-W-N  
I been wilding through that bitch, since I was about ten  
Cross Martin Luther King, hit Jackson hit Willow  
The mo' corners you turn, believe it get's realer  
The way I was raised, I came up raw  
I was taught never trust, or give a fuck about the law  
I dropped out of school, I wanted them street smarts  
Them teachers ain't know, bout not taking shorts  
The knowledge I got off the block, can't be bought  
That's why Flarence and Magnolia, embedded in my heart  
Hurricanes tornadoes, I'll still be around  
That's why Uptown, gonna be my stomping ground

[Hook - 2x]

Keep it gangsta, chilling on the block with me  
Keep it gangsta, until them people come get me  
Keep it gangsta, that's how we hanging Uptown  
Keep it gangsta, pound for pound my block is down

[Mr. Marcelo]

See niggaz know I'm a gangsta, niggaz know I'm a G  
Young 'Celo ghetto, I was raised in the streets  
Uptown, yeah I hold that down  
My footprints'll still be there, if they tore that down  
Ask any nigga in the streets, bout Brick  
And they'll tell ya if I been, I'ma use that bitch  
Young cap peeler, raised on Willow  
I ran with the gorillas, so I learned a lot of shit

I ran through the Yo, with my homie Doe-Doe  
Sold coke sold dope, and I bust a lot of clips  
I ran through the cuts, hung in every co-way  
And opened up shop on the block, on a Thursday  
Made friends made ends, made enemies  
And I stood my ground, nigga I been a G  
If it wasn't for my hood, and it wouldn't for my peeps  
Then I probably, wouldn't be so street  
Sipping on Henny, blowing on dro  
Holding down the 'Nolia, like a nigga on the joe

[Hook - 2x]

[C-Murder]

I tote glocks, and I got the streets in a head lock  
Now why they wanna act like they G's, when they not  
See me I can't be faded, and I can't be stopped  
I'm Calliope blooded and I'm thugging, until I drop  
On top of that I'm here, and I want my spot back  
You had that now pass that, before you get jacked  
Now ask my partna, 'Nolia brick I layed it  
C-Murder said it, so he portrayed it and sprayed it  
What's up lil' daddy, you know what's happening this  
your daddy  
I'm in that Caddy with that thang, so now what's  
happening  
Uptown had me, my daddy got New Orleans pregnant  
Your shorty naked so respect it, hold up a second  
What's up you flexing, and ain't no checking a boss  
balls  
Lil' mama, when ol' lil' mama got tossed  
I take a walk, cause my bite and my bark  
Is straight gangsta, bring out the white chalk fall

[Hook - 2x]

[B.G.]

Uptown, is my stomping ground  
My footprints'll still be there, if they tore that down  
So if you trying, to get the low about me  
Ask a nigga in the streets, they'll tell you I'm a G - 2x

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