Gangster

Dharan Kumar

[Verse 1: Yelawolf]There must've been something about my careless upbringing
That got me into so much trouble at school and shit
Could've been the drugs at home, maybe I was just a foolish kid
I soaked up everything that I could from the people that stayed at my house
Biker gangs, waking up to people that I didn't know crashed out on my couch
Really didn't know at the time, that I didn't have a normal life
And when I took that attitude to a new neighborhood I had to learn to fight
And respect from the kids like me was immediately minority
I guess it must've been that "I don't give a fuck about none of y'all" shit that sorted me
Out from the rest of the haves, and the have-nots took me in as kin
Outcast, poor white trash, and that's where I learned to make my friends
But I've always been a weirdo to my homie cause I wanted to go be an entertainer
He was selling rock out his window
I was the rapper and my best friend was a...
[Hook: Yelawolf]Gangster, gangster, gangster
Aye, what we gettin' into tonight?
Step into the ride, lookin' through the eyes of a motherfuckin'
Gangster, gangster
So, am I gonna risk my life, to ride?
You're motherfuckin' right
When your best friend is a gangster
[Verse 2: A$AP Rocky]Danger, we pistol banging, another homicide
Rollin' in the Chevy, motherfucker, ride or die
Ridin' in the scraper low, it shake from side to side
If the paper low, his burner on his side, murder on his mind
Only 21 and still he strives to stay alive
Feelin' paranoia, too much pride to stay inside
Ain't no time to wait around, find the safest place to hide
Drop a chopper, lay you down, it's the fastest way to God

Grandmama tell him "Son, you gotta pray to God"
Gamble with your life and then you gotta pay the price
Place your bet and roll the die, thank the Lord and pray to Christ
'Cause you almost spent your life livin' as a young motherfuckin'...
[Hook][Verse 3: Big Henry]Ever look in the eyes of a G?
Cold, cold world that's what you gon' see
When the cash slow up, masks go on
Chevy slow up, that's what it's gon' be
Game so hot that a nigga might melt

OG stripes up under my belt
Do it by myself, I don't need no help
5-9 Hoover, nigga, hat to the left
Big Henry, bitch ? nobody else
Ten toes down, march nigga, step!
If I pop that trunk I'm a pop me a chump
Leave a nigga slumped with his chin in his chest
Bang, bang, bang, nigga, real G shit
Half of these rappers ain't live like this
On behalf of the streets I live like this
Nobody really knows why it is like this
When it comes to a buck, I'm a mathematician
Go and hit the block like a car collision
Niggas talkin' money, you ain't starvin', is ya?
You start to lose weight like they pausing in ya
So go and idle down, my nigga, pardon a nigga
Fuck around and I'm a put a part in a nigga
Fuck around, I'm a pull apart the nigga
Applaud a nigga, straight from the block
Lord, my nigga, you know the game don't stop, that's...
[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/