

Straight Gangstaism

Geto Boys

Yeah, I take y'all way back
Seven years old, I'm lookin' up to the gangstas in the hood
'Cause to me and my cousins, yeah, they represented good
Even when we played cops and robbers on the block
Nobody wanted to play the cop, yeah
'Cause the cop was a pussy-ass bitch
And if you played the cop, nigga you got your ass kicked
I was a curious child
I used to hang out by the ballroom and study the gangsta style
The way they talk, the way they walk
The way they act, the way they wore that gangsta hat
Tilted, rim laid flat out, now that's the type a shit I'm talkin' about, yeah
Cigarette in one hand, drink in the other
Leanin' to one side, cooler than a motherfucker
With the gangstas nicknames
Killin' Boy, Pokey, Big Joe, Go-Deal, Lil Lane
True muthafuckin' mack daddies, bitch on the side, drivin' the
'73 caddy
With a chrome plated 357 ready to send a motherfucker
On a stairway to heaven, I was fascinated, yeah
I let 'em influence me, and my momma hate it
But she still gave me love, 'cause my momma understood
That it was in my blood, see it was a psycho
And in a few more years she wouldn't have to worry about a Michael
'Cause I'll be makin' my own decisions, yeah
Comin' up fast, clockin' cash, straight gangstaism
Yeah, on and on and on
And on and on, yeah
Break it down
Like that, like that, yeah
Now is '93, I got a name for myself
Made a little wealth, played the cards I was dealt
Didn't go fo' self, now I'm a G and every muthafuckin' body know me
Niggas in the hood, all got love, 'cause they saw me raise up
From a muthafuckin' scrub, and hoes that I know, from way back before
They used to say no, all wanna go to the hotel
'Cause they claim that they interested, and everybody talkin' about
The shit that they wish they did but I surpassed all that
They used to wanna know if I was down, but they don't ask all that
'Cause they believin' what they seein'
A young nigga comin' up fast, yeah straight G
Yeah, on and on and on, yeah
Like that, way that
Sittin' back as a youngster, peepin' out my folks
Some were straight G's and some when not smoking dope
I had to cope with it, be a man and stay strong

Even though some folks didn't think that I'd live long
I watch grandpa shoot dice at the liquor store
Gettin' licks in the dough ague and the Big Joe
Walkin' out the door with a gallon of Jack
Sellin' straight chess booze 'cause back then there weren't no crack
A matter fact, to this day I'm doin' shit like grandpa in every way I got my hustle on lock, I ain't frontin'
Just a young nigga in this world tryin' to have somethin', yeah
That's then you find and I know
That's how I was raised and that's how I'ma go
I don't know will I ever be a cell mate
But I do know I'm never goin' straight ganstaism Yeah, really doe 3-2 in the muthafuckin' house doe
Down with the mutherfuckin' GB
And y'all gonna hear the original big baby really doe
And the mutherfuckin' 9 to the deuce
I know you heard that big baby, yeah
We got Seag in the muthafuckin' house doe from Oakland, yeah
We got Big Mike yeah, Fattey Hattey yeah, we got Big Chief
And Le Jay, really doe say big baby, look at my deed
You fuckin' bitch, you really doe, Bido in the muthafuckin' house, yeah
Nigga face evil really doe they can't fade this soft shit doe
The they can't fade it doe I'm out of this beeyatch

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