

# Gangster (feat. ASAP Rocky, Big Henry)

## Yelawolf

[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]

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