

American Gangsta

Twista

[Chorus] X2

American gangster, US hustler
Home of the brave and in God we trust
I'm just a American gangster, US hustler
Home of the brave and in God we trust

I'm just a [Verse 1]

Chi-Town bred

Because I got to rep the city to the death
Annihilate them till I don't see nothing left

Remember I spit it for the bitches

Now I'm spitting for the thugs

Hat cocked to the right

Hat cocked to the left

Brother it's a formal

It's a focus on your chest

I spit it for the lords

And the for the folks

And for the Crips and for the Bloods

I'm like an American dream

I role to the green

With the souls and the breeds

And the cobras a kings and the 2-16

Millimeter bullets for the niggas that

Trying to do opposite

They don't really want to see how psycho I can get

I don't really see a motherfucker stopping this

Trying to come at you and the apocalypse

.40 cal will have you screaming, "I don't want to die!"

I am becoming nauseous with the fake thugs

So it's love

To the real G's and under bosses

To the niggas in the caller case

That got into it big

To get what nobody gave us

We was born into this system

So don't be mad at what you made us

Pull the pistol and cock it and bust in the sky

One time for the US

For turning my niggas to gangsters

Because getting money is what they do best
Hard to fight like I ever did like Al Capone
Gangsters is bosses
K-Town is the motherfucking hood
The Rock is the company, come and step into my office[Chorus] X2[Verse 2]
Forever see me in a 'Lac
Got work but you never see me in a pack
A motherfucker say he never seen me with a strap
And I heard a motherfucker say he don't see me in the hood
Little nigga I don't see you
Because homie my hood is worldwide
And getting money is what we do
Make your knee joints lock when I freak you
Hit the 3 point shot like Hedo
Turkoglu up in the game
You killing the game like Pac
Nigga we point Glocks like he do, see you
No one will recognize I'm the maker of the Midwest
I'm like for real?
Controversy in the middle
I guess I'm like Shaquille
You can go on feel like you feel
Nigga know the hands I like to kill
But if you can hit me with the bangs
Little cheap for shit, let's strike the deal
Got my psychos in the city rolling with me
Always ready bust a cap at the king like do
I can bury your bodies like an animal
Because I'm a cannibal, I eat a nigga like food
Ripping through your flesh so I can devour your heart
Music is my playground
But if the rapping don't get you
I hit this head with the back of the pistol until this bitch nigga lay down
And no competition I had to be fucking a twig?
Whoever coming for me gangster
I'ma get it every time I want to get it
I'm living proof
It's a 'Category F5'[Chorus] X2

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