

So Gangster

Pigeon John

I'm a gangster for real,
I feel so damn gangster,
I'm a gangster for real,

It's just one of those days,
I feel the sun rise around me,
All the clouds ran away,
Something funny 's goig on,

Ok, now where's all the trafic,
Is someone tryin'a clown me,
Why do I feel fantastic
I'm used to think always going wrong

But now.... I'm a gangster for real, I feel so damn gangster
I'm a gangster for real...

Sittin in my backyard, lookin at a little squirrel
I'm drinkin some coffee, feel like a whole different world
Plus I got the bomb rhyme skills
I got hawthorne backin'me up
(Hmm) Plus my wife looks good
I got butter soft seats all up in my truck!

Yup, yup, I'm bangin some Depeche Mode
Windows down so you can see my fresh mode
Yeah my six-four is only a Nintendo
But I'm smashin fools on some Super Mario
Never pictured myself sittin on some big dough
Used to Singing the Blues on 6th and Alvarado
I'm chillin in the back of The Belt chewing tacos
I feel like young Sean Connery in Cabo

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I feel so damn gangster,
I'm a gangster for real,

(Break down) act like you in Cabo let me take you out
we'll go to Denny's on Vermont and we'll get waffles
on the house yea

act like you in Cabo let me take you out
we'll go to Denny's on Vermont and we'll get waffles
on the house because we cool

check it , why do young Duke Ellington
make the the place gelatin shake the fake fellington
I the black Gilligan
keep seeking keep reaching the seas peeking
keep reaping keep breathing the same reason i leave venom
every time i choose to spit em' in a line hit em'
with an unusual rhythm that you never some of words that were spoken
forever hurtin those who oppose im not joking cause now...

I'm a gangster for real,
I feel so damn gangster,
I'm a gangster for real, (x4)

Lyrics submitted by Xavier L. Johnson.

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