

Wanna Be a Gangsta

Body Count

So you wanna be a gangsta, bang to death
Shoot to kill, represent your set
Ride around in a low rider
No matter how hard they can go
You can go harder
Never scared to get down, quickly bust your Mac
Enemies get dealt with, never tuck your flag
Stay dusted, high as a motherfucker
Get that working, lay down another buster
And the game, it don't matter, it becomes your wife
Ink in your skin 'cause this shit's for life
Pledge your life to the hood, nigga, you ain't cut for this
Motherfucker, you can't fuck with this You wanna be a gangsta
You wanna be a gangsta
You wanna be a gangsta
You wanna be a gangsta You wanna be a gangsta
Yo, that shit looks sweet
You wanna be a gangsta
Kakis and chucks in your feet
You wanna be a gangsta
The neighborhood's elite
You wanna be a gangsta
You gonna die in the streets You don't know a thing about this
Too many fucking rap songs
They got you on the pay, this is your last song
You sit behind a keyboard and you pretend you hard as fuck
But you must've been hood, get your ass sold up
And if you want to, boy, don't have to look too hard
You can listen to me or fuck a prison guard
Get caught in this world, gang banging is no fucking game
Fuck around in the killers' fields and get blown out the frame I want you to listen to me
And pay fucking attention
If you ain't from the hood
Stay the fuck out of the hood You wanna be a gangsta
You wanna be a gangsta
You wanna be a gangsta
You wanna be a gangsta You wanna be a gangsta
Yo, that shit looks sweet
You wanna be a gangsta

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The neighborhood's elite
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You gonna die in the streets

Songwriters

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