

# 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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