

Buddha Monk, Wanna Be a Gangsta?

(Intro: Buddha Monk)

Ha-humph.. ha-humph.. ha-humph
Alright..

(Chorus: Buddha Monk)

So you wanna be a gangsta
Walk like a gangsta, talk to like a gangsta
Shake fifty on a stranger
Hold ya head up and do things right
Fore this type of life will sneak you in the night
I had no choice, I had to be that gangsta
Delete fake gangstas, scheme on anyone who's gangsta
I didn't want it but I was forced with this life
I'm from the ghetto so it's a part of my life
So I fight..

(Crave)

Yo you think you gangsta? I shoot at you chumps
Catch me gettin' drunk, smokin' blunts with Buddha Monk
I'm a marquee playa, spark the, haze up, and a, Garcia Vega
Stop smokin', that's what the surgeon general urges
But I'll smoke a nigga, off the general purpose
Pockets full of money
And niggaz, be's in my business cuz I'm around they honey
Now stop it, fore I pop clips at you dummies
And leave, be in the tropics where it's sunny
Crave was in the dark, but now, I see the light
Attitude like "Fuck tomorrow, I might not see tonight"
Nowadays, cats, don't even fight
They just shoot you, leave you leakin' on ya Nikes
When I get on, I'ma make crazy wrong
Then fire crackers like an M-80, gone

(Chorus)

(Delta One)

Beautiful girls in them thongs
To all my niggaz that work hard like "Hang on"
Y'all niggaz wanna be like Ol' Dirty, baby, hear me on
We play, no games, we handle them thangs
Everybody wan' bang, here's a rope, go hang
Listen, I exorcism rhymes when my thoughts break out of prison
Who is the shizzle hang out with his SupaFriendz them?
Yeah, call 'em my menacle, you get tackled
I crime beats with my rhyme scaffold, hazardous but natural
Certain thoughts'll leave you baffled
It's different from that though, type of shit that kinda laughs at you
Listen my nizzle, avoid gettin' hit with the utensil

(Chorus)

(Buddha Monk)

Take this Brooklyn holocaust, low key any cross
My Elite Team force bringin' noise at any force
Don't bluff the hand cuz man, that's yo' ass
Don't know what it takes to be this man
(Could it be slangin' the drugs, bustin' a slug at any mug
or duckin' the cops, takin' a shot, robbin' the spot, nigga?)
It's all above, I gotta do whatever the fuck
Daddy made no chumps, let's take the gun and then bust
(Well, I hear that but what you gon' do if they react
You ready to go out and watch the blood fall out, nigga?)
I'm goin' wit that, nigga, take 'em out
Grab him by the neck and put a gun in his mouth

(You sound like a gangsta) You wanna see if I'm gangsta?
(Nah, I wanna hang with a gangsta) This gangsta bang with no hangers
I don't wanna reap what I sold, I pull the heat then Duc-Lo
(Oh, I get it, you don't want a cat like me to know, so I'll go)
Don't even talk about it, get ya shit now, nigga, and go

(Chorus)