

# E.S.G., All American Gangsta

(\*talking\*)

Say, say yeah-yeah, come here for a minute  
(listen to me everybody), huh it's a true story people  
(I got a story to tell), about a G-A-N-G-S-T-A

[E.S.G.]

Gangsta, never heard the word befo'  
Think the first time, I was like nine years old  
All my life been told, don't you curse or steal  
Do onto others as they do onto you, be for real  
Saw my first drug deal, while in the 8th grade  
So this the way, a lot of po' folks be getting paid  
I wasn't raised that way, I'm making A's and B's  
But I'm sick and tired, of having empty ass Christmas trees  
Wasn't no mongoose for me, or sued Pumas for the Boss  
Couldn't get no bike, cause my mama laid off  
Santa Clause ain't coming, ain't chimneys in the projects  
Just smoked out vents, begging for a long check  
Hanging on the wrong set, eating cookies and chips  
While other cats on the track, had cookies to flip  
Exposed me to a new way, to get me some pay  
Day by day, I'm turning to a

[Hook]

(all american gangsta), all my life I wanted to be  
A real (gangsta), not the kind on TV  
I mean a (gangsta), and I ain't talking bout prankstas  
(a gangsta), talking bout that (all american gangsta)  
That's the only life I know  
I mean a (gangsta), all about his cash flow  
I mean a (gangsta), one that just won't quit  
A real (gangsta), talking bout (that all american gangsta)

[E.S.G.]

Coming home, from practice  
Throw my jersey in the washer, grab my work from under my mattress  
Be on the block, 5 to 9 going bout 10  
The next day I wake up, same thang again  
True sporting letterman, football or hoops  
Ain't no telling what you'll find, stuffed in my Polo boots  
All-city athlete, two T.D's a game  
Hop off the bus hit the cuts, three OZ's of caine  
See a year came, all-state putting it down  
20 points 10 rebounds, scoring six pounds  
College scouts came down, even a few from the pro's  
But little do they know, I'm a

[Hook]

(all american gangsta), all my life I wanted to be  
A real (gangsta), not the kind on TV  
I mean a (gangsta), not no studio pranksta  
But a (gangsta), talking bout (that all american gangsta)  
One that, just won't snitch  
I mean a (gangsta), keep it real with his click  
A real (gangsta), who be putting it down  
A real (gangsta), till they put me six feet underground

(\*talking\*)

I'm a gangsta, know I'm saying  
But I ain't finished yet, come here (listen to me everybody)  
Ha true story, (I got a story to tell)  
About a G-A-N-G-sta

[E.S.G.]

I got some scars to prove, I refuse to lose  
You gotta pay some dues, wanna fill my shoes  
Now which road should I choose, a gangsta or a jock  
Which team should I choose, the field or the block  
It's a good day, feel like grinding today  
Cause tomorrow, gon be national signing day  
Who should I choose, Florida State or LSU  
Mean while this cat roll, I'm talking bout (hey you)  
I'm like who me (yeah you, is your name Cedric Hill  
You've been charged with conspiracy, to make a drug deal)  
Be real, two and a half years being locked away  
Now I'm a ex-convict, can't get a job today  
Instead of signing with the pros, and going big time  
I spent my day locked away, and signing for my time  
Let me put this on your mind, America thank ya  
You're the reason, I turned into the

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

G'd up for real nigga, I don't care where you from  
East Coast, West Coast, Midwest, Dirty South  
Game recognize game, real G's click for real G's baby  
Blue wear blue, red wear red you're Vice Lord or G.D.  
We don't give a damn, long as you bout your money  
E.S.G., SES (all american gangsta)