

# Pooh-Man, Gangsta

Woke up in the morning, threw on my black suit  
Time to pay respects to a player from my crew  
He got caught up and paid with his life  
Slipping on the block on the late night  
Now everybody's at his funeral with tears in their eyes  
Wonder why my homie had to die  
Just another one of my dead friends  
And all that's on my mind is getting revenge  
Kissed my playa on his cheek  
And whispered in his ear "I love you and rest in peace"  
But for me, the funk is on  
I'm strapped with my chrome from dusk til dawn  
And you can run but you can't hide, fell me?  
So when you get your first glance, you'd best to kill me  
Cause I'm out to gets you, pranksta  
And you know you can't fade a gangsta

They try to tell me revenge is the wrong way  
But that ain't what my comrades would say  
And if it was Pooh, laying in the casket  
Somebody would be getting they punk ass blasted  
I'm riding strapped in the LTD  
Ready to put some punks to sleep  
Tears filled Antione's eyes  
As he thinks of the way my homie died  
AK's across my lap  
And it's on with the mini 14 in the back  
The Angel of Death's on a mission  
I want your life nigga, f\*\*k squashing shit  
And as far as the toll goes  
Nigga you can talk to these motherf\*\*king bullet holes  
Now the deuce is out to hang ya  
And we ain't shit but gangstas

Now we know for sure who pulled the trigga  
Fake-ass nigga  
So we kicked in his mom's door at home  
And find her old ass there all alone  
She gave up his number and all  
So I gave his mark ass a call  
Look punk, we got your momma  
And she'll be dead on arrival if you don't cut the drama  
You killed my partner so I gots to kill you  
And I'm a do what I have to  
This wrinkled-up bitch, you'll find her in a ditch  
If your ass don't get here quick  
I'm getting tired of your drama  
Now ask yourself nigga, do you love your momma?  
Cause she's abouts to die, pranksta  
Cause that's what you get when you f\*\*ks with a gangsta