

# Wheatus, Wannabe Gangstar

I am a wannabe  
You better be careful around me  
I come from far away, where mustang dreams are made  
And we are fashioned in the image of the Don's who have come before us  
We all kiss the rings of sand like our fathers told us.

[Chorus]

'Cause I'm a wannabe gangstar, better go back to Commack  
I'm a wannabe gangstar, better go back to Commack  
I'm a wannabe gangstar, better go back to Commack, better go back to far away.

Like a lemon pie a la mode, my nine is easy to load  
Aall hail Jericho  
Turnpike Teck  
That's where I go to learn the things about the universe I'll need  
So I can build a stamped  
'Cause I'm all up in your face again, I'm all up in your face.

[Chorus]

A wannabe gangstar, a victim of the chromosome prankster  
I thanks ya, I sits back in my chair to contemplate my hair  
OOH DAMN, I reak of cologne  
But yo I'm lookin' snappy, I'm nappy, I'm crappy, got jimmy hats from pappy  
So now I'm trigger happy  
(Girl did he just rhyme 'crappy' with 'happy'?)  
Yeah, so you girlies wanna get wit this nit wit, got Cheese Whiz or not?  
Then I'm a hafta blow up ya mail box BIATCH!  
Or toilet paper ya front yard, show the cops my Suburbs Card  
They gotta let me go cause they know that I'm hard  
It's the deal it's for real, ya betta listen to what I'm tellin' ya . . .  
'Cause I'm a wannabe gangstar.

[Chorus]