

Geto Boys, Straight Gangstaism

...when the fire dies down what the fuck you gonna do?
damn it feels good to be a gansta...

yeah, I take y'all way back

Seven years old,
I'm lookin' up to the ganstas 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 gansta style
The way they talk, the way they walk, the way they act,
the way they wore dat gansta hat,
Tilted, rim layed 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 ganstass nicknames,
Killin' Boy, Pokey, Big Joe, Go-Deal, Lil Lane,
True muthafuckin' mack daddies,
bitch on the side, drivin' the '73 caddy,
Wid a chrome plated .357
ready to send a muthafucka 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 I was a psycho,
and in a few mo' 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... Uh... On and On and On and On and On... Yeah... Uh
Break it down
Uh
Like dat
Like dat
Yeah

Now is '93
I got a name fo' myself,
Made a little dough, played the cards I was dealt,
didn't go fo' self, now I'm a G, huh
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 befo'
they used to say no,
all wanna go to the hotel,
'cause they claim that they intrested,
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, now they don't ask all that,
'cause they believin' what they seein'
A young nigga comin' up fast, yeah
Sittin' back as a youngsta, peepin' out ma folks,
Some were straight G's and some when not smoking dope,
I had to cope wid 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 liquo' sto'
Gettin' licks in the dough ague and the Big Joe,
Walkin' out the door wid a gallon of Jack,
Sellin' straight cess 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 loc I ain't frontin'
Jus' a young nigga in this world tryin' ta have somethin' yeah
That's then you find and I know,
That's how I was raised and that's how I'm a go,
I dunno will I ever be a cell mate but I do know I'm never goin' straight...
Gansterism

Yeah [toke] really doe [toke] 3-2 in the muthafuckin' house doe [toke]
Down with the mutherfuckin' GB [toke]
and y'all gonna hear the original big baby really doe [toke]
and the mutherfuckin' 9 to the deuce!
I know you heard that big baby [toke] yeah [toke]
We got Seag in the muthafuckin' house doe from Oakland [toke] yeah
We got Big Mike yeeahuh, Fattey Hattey yeeahuh
We got Big Chief and LeJay, really doe [toke]
Say big baby, lookit my deed [laugh laugh]
you fuckin' bitch! [laugh laugh laugh] really doe
Bido in the muthafuckin' house, yeah
Nigga face evil [toke] really doe [toke]
they can't fade this soft shit doe [toke]
Uh the they can't fade it doe
I'm outta this beeyatch!
z