

Styles P, Gangster And A Gentleman

(Styles talking)

Yes, pay full attention

This is for gangstas, this is for gentlemen

There's two kind of people out there

I happen to be the boss type

I'm a product of my environment

Blame the streets, I am what they made me

(Styles - Verse One)

My pops came from Bed-Stuy, my mom came from Africa

I'm more a nigga if you know what I mean

They hooked up in the '70's when liquor and weed was heavy

And had me in Corona, Queens

By the time I was seven my mom left my pop

Then we moved to the south side of Yonkers, New York

Then my mom remarried, had my little brother Gary

My sister a year later, let me gather my thoughts

By the time I was nine I was outta my mind

My step pops didn't like me beat me outta my mind

Ten and eleven the same I never would change

He still had to hit me, aggravate a little nigga

Still wearin' Skippys

Bob had Adidas and Pumas, I could a had a pair

My mommy said wait 'til Christmas but I needed 'em sooner

If you heard I was broke dawg it wasn't a rumor

(Chorus (repeat 2x) - Styles)

I said Gangstas ride (Ride with me)

Gentlemen live your life (Live it up)

Cause Gangstas die (We all gon die)

It's only a matter of time (The clock tickin')

(Styles - Verse Two)

It was 1986 and I was twelve years old

That's right around the time when crack came out

It was the best thing that happened to me

I swear to God cause I was gettin everything that I was askin about

First we started off baggin up, me and golf

Then shit start addin up, we gettin smart

Now we on Broadway, coppin our own base

Bring it home and put it in bottles, send us a rottle

Drink an OE and scramble like it wasn't tomorrow

I'm gettin kicked out of Junior High, thinkin I'm grown

God bust with the yellow rabbit

And I had every color dealt we was gettin it on

I was out robbin Mexicans six in the morn'

Mom said I'd had to ep again, rip it I'm gone

Nigga get a little loony and grown, soup in the dome

F**k me up worst when I went to the group home

(Chorus (repeat 2x) - Styles)

I said Gangstas ride (Ride with me)

Gentlemen live your life (Live it up)

Cause Gangstas die (We all gon die)

It's only a matter of time (The clock tickin')

(Styles - Verse Three)

I'm leavin out a lotta shit, nigga it's too real

My alcoholic backround, the welfare motels

Abuse that I had to take struggle at my mom's recruit

How the f**k I'm gon bomb wit you

And the cases I got up to date told you that I bust a eight

Got niggas I can't name, outta state niggas f**k with weight
Little brother gone but I got a baby angel
You f**kin with a dirty name, don't let these niggas change you
The present's what you get
And the past is what make the man future
I can't tell you I ain't God or lil' Superman
No there ain't a 'S' on my chest, but it's a 'D' on my block (D-Block)
And said life the deepest lesson is death
I'm determined and I'm disciplined and destined to rest
I'm a Gangsta and a Gentleman, Panero the best
When I pass I'm like gas, motherf**kers
Cause I'm a leave a stain that you'll never forget

(Chorus (repeat 2x) - Styles)
I said Gangstas ride (Ride with me)
Gentlemen live your life (Live it up)
Cause Gangstas die (We all gon die)
It's only a matter of time (The clock tickin)

(Styles talking in car)
This gangsta and this gentleman shit, is about being humble
But at the same time, let niggas know what's real
And when I say you real, I could flip
But at the same time, I could talk to a nigga at the same time
If he don't respect that, then you gotta show 'em you're gangsta
He respect that you show 'em you're gentleman
Cause you respect him as a man
That's what a gangsta and a gentleman is about