

Yung Ro, Feels Good To Be A Gangsta

(*talking*)

Yeah, Slim Thugger
Yung Ro, Color Changin' Click
Boss Hogg Outlawz, Paid In Full
Boyz-N-Blue, damn it feels good to be a gangsta yeah

(Slim Thug)

Damn it feel good, to be a gangsta
A young ghetto superstar, on the block
All the kids in the hood, look up to the Boss
Cause they see me, with the ice and the drops
I'm the one niggaz call, when shit jump off
Cause they know I'm never scared, to blast
And if you talk down, on my side or my hood
I'm quick to put a hole, in your ass
O.G. Slim Thugger's, what they call me
All the young G's, give me they respect
Cause I made it out the hood, and a nigga living good
But I still, look out for my set
All the chicks, wanna be in my presence
Just to witness all the riches, and the power
They never seen a young teen, grow up to be a king
Getting what they make in a year, in a hour
All the while, I don't let the cash impress me
Cause I've been a young hustler, from the start
It's just all my hard work, slowly paying off
Cause God knows, I'm a hustler in the heart
See I never let the money, or fame change me
You can still catch Slim, in the streets
And even though I rap now, still keep a strap now
Tucked up, under the seat
So all I gotta say, to you wanna-be gonna-be
Dick sucking, motherfucking prankstas
When the shit goes down, what the fuck you gon do
Damn it feels good, to be a gangsta

(*talking*)

Yeah, we take pride in what we do
And personally I'd like to describe myself, as a nobody though
You feel me, I don't give a fuck what you do my nigga
Whatever you do take pride in it you feel me, feel good

(Yung Ro)

Damn it feel good, to be a nobody
Well respected, you can call me Yung Ro
You see my name ring bells, from movies to doing flows
But I still, got so far to go
So I keep on grinding, with my head up
And realize, I done came a long way
But my mind's on the future, and my future's unpredictable
I can't stay crunk, about today
So behind all the fame, and the lime light
I'm bout bidness, everyday of the week
Cause I got people depending on me, and they can't understand
How I can come home, without food to eat
But when I'm grinding, and I'm tired of it all
Telling God I'm sick and tired, of this place
It ain't a feeling in this world, that can compare to the look
Of appreciation, on my mama's face
So I hold it down, for my T. Lady
My kin folk, and my niggaz on the block
Right boogie when I can, and send 'em words of inspiration
Cause I know, it get hard on lock
So when I come to your city, doing shows mayn

Show love, when you see me fall through
Just holla nobody, and I swear I'll holla back
Cause that's how, real nobody's do
Now throw your set in the air, if you gang bang
Affiliated, or just love the hood
Could give a fuck where you from, if you real it's one hundred
That's my word homie, it's all good
So when you hear me on a song, screaming nobody
You gotta know what it mean, to be a nobody
To say nobody, huh g'yeah
Damn it feel good, to be a nobody