

Gangsta

CJ

Real street nigga never sold my soul
I never snitched so no I never told
When you from where I'm from you stick to the code
I keep it silent niggas know I never fold
I'm gangsta try me you get shot
Middle finger to the fucking opps
Niggas know that I'm gangsta
Ask about me 'round the block
Niggas know I'm solid as a rock

Started off trapping, know a nigga rapping
I was, gripping automatic so much shit that could've happened
As a kid I was traumatized, hate seeing my momma cry
Chasing all these 'dolla signs while seeing all these homicides
I been around the block uh never told the cops uh checking temperatures cause nigga I be moving hot
How you think it feel for your best man to switch up on you?
How you think it feel knowing the opps wanna creep up on you?
How you think it feel everyday you gotta keep it on you?
Waking motherfuckers up you're tired of niggas sleeping on you
Tryna move onto the better things, move to where the weather change
I know a plug that sent her things how you expect me to stay the same?

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Look, I rather be judged by twelve than be carried by six
Remember, I was on the block I was bagging up Knicks
I was ra ra with 380s tryna make me a flip and if a nigga tried to run then
he get turned to a spliff
Like, you could really get backed down
My niggas pitched a role but you could really get smacked down
I started off with nothing but it turned to a bag now
We living up in mansions, used to live in the trap house
Everybody doubted me that shit turned into apologies
Bitches looking at me like a nigga hit the lottery
My momma said she proud of me we can't ever go back to poverty
And I just had a son so nigga this is how it got to be

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