

How U A Gangsta?

Dave East

[Intro: Dave East & DJ Holiday]

My nigga Dave East
New king of Harlem, baby
5th Ave, what it do
Lexington Ave, what's up
How you a gangsta?
How you a gangsta?

[Verse 1]

Not a bone in my body is fake
I don't need no surprises today
By myself like, "Who got me today?"
By myself, so I ride with that K
I can't let 'em fuck up my energy
I won't let 'em fuck with my energy
I'm sorry lil' bitch, you a memory
That shot hit your top call you Kennedy
I used to get chicken from Kennedy
These are real Prada, I got 'em from Italy
Homicide, I've seen it vividly
Not tryna talk, you is not 'bout to get with me
Niggas dissin', bitches plottin'
Bunch of dead niggas in my pocket
On the dead homies, I got problems
I got my deal, but still a robber
Not tryna go back to my old life
Loc had that work on them, snow white
We got it, come knock at the door twice
Fuck the seats and the bleachers, the floor nice
I blow a check like I hate the money
You want it, my nigga, come take it from me
Relate to money, I relate to money
If you a plate, I could taste the money
Never get out of my zone
I come around she get out of them clothes
I had a bitch, used to powder her nose
I'm up in Louis like, "What time do y'all close?"
Standing on couches with gang members
If you ain't gang, you can't hang with us
They be like, "He stay with them same niggas"
I bought her a bag, got the brain quicker

[Chorus]

How you a gangster when you went to court and you told them everything you knew? (everything you knew)
How you gon' diss us when I got my hitters, they watching everything you do? (watching)
I did it to get out of the hood, on hood, I want everything in blue (on hood)
I was just tryna get paid, all this shit that's coming, I never knew (aye)
How you a gangster when you went to court and you told them everything you knew? (rat)
How you gon' diss us when I got my hitters, they watching everything you do? (them niggas on you)
I did it to get out of the hood, on hood, I want everything in blue (that's on hood)
I was just tryna get paid, all this shit that's coming, I never knew

[Verse 2]

The whip black and white like the Concords
My little French bitch be like, "Bonjour"
I slide through the exit through concourse
These not Cartier, these is Tom Fords
More focused on pickups and drop offs
I might pull up in the drop porsche
That shit's not real, that's a knockoff
This gun in yo' mouth taste like hot sauce
I wonder how much do yo' block cost
I'm usually faded, the feds came and raided, but we cleaned that kitchen with Pine-Sol
Remember waking up like, "I'm poor"
Quarter pounds is like twelve hundred
If you had a nickle, you could buy 4
You came with money, knock on my door
From the dirt and I'ma die for it
I remember smelling grams cook
My unc' was listening to Sam Cooke
Look my in my eyes, if I hand shook
Familiar with how that blue van look
Familiar with just how that cell smell
I was baggin' up to Hell Rell
Baking soda club, not no Pelle Pelle
You was in the house, LL

[Chorus]

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