Hey homey I'm talking to you (That's right) I know you think it's cool (Shit) I used to think it was cool to be Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, living wild and crazy Running in these streets I know you, homey, cause that used to be me Yeah, I know you homeboy, yeah, I know you, homey I know your pain, I know your mind, friend, I used to be me Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, living wild and crazy Running in these streets I know you, homey, cause that used to be me Yeah, I know you homeboy, yeah, I know you, homey I know the truth, we'll make it through and say you used to be you Now homeboy, he was just a youngster, barely coming of age Taking flickas with his homeboys, holding up a twelve gauge His homeboys throwin' up the town, simon, they're proud of where they're fro Vatos from the other town, they were to come if they want some His older homeboys drive in, and he's riding shotgun Bumpin' "Shotgun," hanging out the window with the shotgun They ain't got funds, but they got guns Yeah They might be young, but they don't run Fuck no They walk, with their chins up, they do chin ups Push ups and sit ups, roll a joint and go get lit up And go gang-bang and beat them fools til they don't get up And they don't stop, fuck no, homeboy, they don't let up They're from the west, and they duel to the death And there gonna be gang-banging til there's nobody left Sound familiar Well then I'm talking to you I know about the crazy life and things I used to do, when I was Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, living wild and crazy Running in these streets I know you, homey, cause that used to be me Yeah, I know you homeboy, yeah, I know you, homey I know your pain, I know your mind, friend, I used to be me Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, living wild and crazy Running in these streets I know you, homey, cause that used to be me Yeah, I know you homeboy, yeah, I know you, homey I know the truth, we'll make it through and say you used to be you Bandanas and hairnets, T-shirts, Cortezes Maybe whinos, huaraches, zarapes, or a cascade Pennotens, or a big ben chaqueta With a cueta in his front right pocket, homeboy, neta Always creased up whether in Dickies or in Davises

Smoking the good shit, the kind that makes you forget what day it is

Not only is he on the calles, but he's claiming it

Taggin' up the walls, scrap and scrapin' down the pavement

Ain't got no jale, but he's looking for the payment
There's other ways to make it, if not it, he just takes it
La vida loca, women, liquor and drogas
Smokin' juras, runnin' from la jura
It's crazy, look around
They can throw, one-on-one, from the chest so they can all get down

Sound familiar
Well then I'm talking to you
I know about the crazy life and things I used to do, when I was

Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, living wild and crazy
Running in these streets
I know you, homey, cause that used to be me
Yeah, I know you homeboy, yeah, I know you, homey
I know your pain, I know your mind, friend, I used to be me
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, living wild and crazy
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I know you, homey, cause that used to be me
Yeah, I know you homeboy, yeah, I know you, homey
I know the truth, we'll make it through and say you used to be you