Rest in peace to the boy, in the streets, unemployed With all these damn ones on me, it's a morgue They put some bread on me, but what's in store? Most my niggas got felonies, gangster galore I'm a gangster for sure Check my gangster report

Ayy, they ain't know I had the chop right up under me And a Glock in the hood where the muffler be Tell Pac that the hood still sufferin' Ten o'clock on the news, 'nother murder scene Bulletproof in the roof but it still drop I peel out, burn rubber on the pill-popper Lil' mama toss cock, she a drill doctor Make her whip a soft rock like she Phil Collins, real honest What's in the dark hit the light like a beam Bitch on the park, I'ma fight, I'ma bleed You ain't got heart, you a mark in these streets Bitch, I do what I talk and I call what I see I'm a real gangster, tight grill, big bank take lil' paper Accumulate more cash, how you kill a hater It's through the banker, gettin' a bag, feelin' innovative Bitch, I been a gangster

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I'm a gangster for sure (Ayy, it's Philthy, nigga, uh-huh)
Check my gangster report (Ayy, do that, Sem City Money Man)

Look, you was shootin' threes, I was shootin' enemies (I was) These pussy niggas crossin' game with no penalties (Pussy) I been rockin' all Gucci, bitch, double G's (Designer) Check my gangster report, bitch, I been a G (It's Philthy) Because I'm havin' money, that don't mean that I ain't with the shit (Uh-uh) Yeah, I'm still with the shit but now a nigga rich (Sem City Money Man) Drop a bag on his head and get a nigga hit (Ayy, do that) Have every nigga in your city ride around with sticks (Philthy) Really in my neighborhood gettin' crack off (Seminary) I was really outside when it cracked off (Swear to God) Yellow tape, brake pads on the track off (Is that right?) Fourth of July, tryna let this MAC off (It's Philthy) I'm good in every hood that I push up on (Solid) Them blocks that I been, you never pushed up on (Never) You the type of nigga we'll push up on (Sucker) Mini-skirt and high heels and your push-up bra, it's Philthy

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