

# Gangsta

Pro

I saw the homie at the store, he say he came up  
Ain't seen him in a couple years, look how he changed up  
He got that thang tucked, he throwin' gangs up  
Red T and red shoestrings, lil' homie flamed up  
He sellin' drugs now, he reppin' Blood now  
He run with thugs plus he beefin' with the cause now  
Small as a bug, but he sware to God he bloodhound  
Thug love, get at anybody throwin' blood down  
Got partners hoopin' murder, 48, he still claim  
'Cause that can never happen to him, he the real thang  
Until that steel bang, and then he feel pain  
And get killed for real, thinkin' he Lil Wayne  
And then it will change, you won't be the same brother  
You'll be in real flames, I don't mean your gang colors  
Forget your gang culture, this is my appeal mayne  
Call on the Lord while you live, you can still change

You say you represent, down to die for your hood  
But take a second guess: if you die, it ain't good  
Your sins haven't been confessed, you don't know God like you should  
And ain't no second tries when you lyin' in that wood  
You a gangsta, gangsta, in need of a change  
You say bangin' ain't a thang, but your gang ain't a good look  
Gangsta, gangsta, is it worth eternal flames?  
This should make you wanna change, nah man it ain't a good look

You got your bandana on and your cap to the left  
Feel that fire in your bones when that strap in your belt  
Your homies make you feel strong, you will clap till the death  
The robbers catch you all alone, you will scrap by yourself  
'Cause you a soldier, catch you slippin' low, show them boys you rep Blue  
You ain't got no problem provin' you ain't who to step to  
Drive by the crib, ain't got no window, let the Czech loose  
Rat-cha-cha-cha-cha, whoever put that on your tattoo  
(Really) is your mind attack (it's silly) pullin' nines on cats  
And kill 'em over nothing but a color, you gon' die for that?  
Believin' you gon' skip the judgement throne and go where God is at  
Like God is wack and just gon' let you slide, but he's a God that acts  
Don't be deceived, yep deception is a mug ain't it?  
You say you love your G, but sin got your love tainted  
Look happy as your boys pumpin', got the cause bangin'  
But when your soul is thirsty, hate can feel like love, can't it?

Ok that's when [?], this don't make no sense to me  
That color is your God 'cause that's where you find your identity  
It controls your activity, your block is your vicinity  
It's just colors you're risking your life for what gives you dignity  
Ok listen, let's say for instance you die for this entity  
And in your grave, the choirs praise as organs play your symphony  
Your partners blow out smoke and blow some drank out in your memory  
But what good does that profit you when you and God are enemies?  
Now you got a dilemma, you'll face God as a sinner  
Place your hour on this planet, guilty without a defender  
Once was loud as a blender, now your violence has dwindled  
A gang member lost a soul being proud of the sinful  
Dang, don't save your soul for it mayne

'Cause your master is the one who gets control of your brain  
They'll tag your name in honor since you rolled for the 'caine  
But your face on a shirt won't make up for your soul in the flames