

# Feel Good To Be A Gangsta

RBL Posse

Back on the track is a mack and not a mack murderer  
You told me your name but I think I never heard of ya  
'Cause it's so hard for me to understand  
Why niggas try to do anything they can just to be the man  
Trying to be known as the baller of the town  
You better calm your down 'fore you wind up getting found  
In the alley 'cause this dead body's getting cold  
With an Eddie Bauer shirt and designer bullet hole  
And oh, niggas who be talkin' about me  
Staring up that jealousy, pumped off that Hennessy  
Better realize when it rains, boy, it pours  
I know I got my nine, but nigga, do you got yours?

It's the wiggly-wiggly-one and to the two and, two into the one  
It's the nigga Black C, and I had to grab my gun  
And it's, all over a ho  
Who been going back giving info to another ho  
She said they comin' kinda crazy  
You can't fade me, that's why right now you packs a .380  
Pop pop pop pop, watch another nigga drop  
You fuck around with me and I gots to close down shop  
It's Black C, the disrespecter, ho wrecker  
You don't like it? Nigga, just check the  
Game that I spit, it's too sick, it's some shit you can't fuck with  
You stuck with, so don't cross Chris  
'Cause if you ever tried to cross me  
I think I'd choke that ass and beat that ass like Rodney  
King, as I bing, bing  
You know a nigga done with crazy, and straight went Sing Sing

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This is going out to the real G's  
On the crack block, niggas smokin' dank weed  
With a crack sack, nigga, in my nutsack  
Fuck the po-po's, nigga, 'cause it's like that  
Should I just creep around the block and kill another muthafucka?  
'Cause another muthafucka wanna kill us muthafuckas  
For what? Holdin' our stripes down  
And giving the beatdowns to them other crews because they ain't from our town  
I'm leaving an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth  
What would be the name of the nigga that broke up the gang truce?  
I think that be the nigga named Black  
With the black gat and the black hat in the backpack, yeah  
And I'll be comin' around the other side of the mountain  
And the Bay is where your body's found in  
For tryna fuck with a criminal, but you don't hear me though  
So check out the next flow

In 1994, I guess every nigga keeps a mirror in his pocket  
'Cause they always muggin' and they need to stop it  
But then again, what the fuck?  
'Cause I'ma smile in your face and still switch up in a rush  
I better hush, 'cause real gangstas never talk  
And fake ones like blackboards is getting chalk  
And this is out to you infiltrators  
'Cause when the shit gets hot, you get soft like some Now and Later  
Talkin' about we in the same gang  
But I can't hang, with them niggas talkin' ying-yang  
And I'm not no joke or no prankster  
So if you see me smilin', punk, it's because...

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(You niggas marks...)