

Gangsta

Tune-Yards

What's a boy to do if he'll never be a gangsta?
Anger in his heart, but he'll never be a gangsta
If you move into his neighborhood, he'll never make a sound, ooh!
What's a boy to do if he'll never be a rasta?
Singing from his heart, but he'll never be a rasta
If you move into his neighborhood, he'll never make a sound
If you move into his neighborhood...
Bang-bang, oi!
Never move to my hood, cause danger is crawlin' out the way
Bang-bang, boy-ee
Never move to my hood, cause danger is crawlin' out the way
What's a girl to do if she'll never
be a rasta?
Singing from her heart, but she'll never be a rasta?
If you move into her neighborhood, she'll never make a sound
If you move into her neighborhood, she'll never make a...
If you move into her neighborhood, she'll never make a sound
Hey!
You gonna put that on tape for posterity?
Rewind the tape!
Life in the city... life in the city.
("...this is happening?")
Makes more sense when [Jesus?] calls me

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>