

Wheatus, Wannabe Gangstar

I am a wannabe
You better be careful around me
I come from far away, where mustang dreams are made
And we are fashioned in the image of the Don's who have come before us
We all kiss the rings of sand like our fathers told us.

[Chorus]

'Cause I'm a wannabe gangstar, better go back to Commack
I'm a wannabe gangstar, better go back to Commack
I'm a wannabe gangstar, better go back to Commack, better go back to far away.

Like a lemon pie a la mode, my nine is easy to load
Aall hail Jericho
Turnpike Teck
That's where I go to learn the things about the universe I'll need
So I can build a stamped
'Cause I'm all up in your face again, I'm all up in your face.

[Chorus]

A wannabe gangstar, a victim of the chromosome prankster
I thanks ya, I sits back in my chair to contemplate my hair
OOH DAMN, I reak of cologne
But yo I'm lookin' snappy, I'm nappy, I'm crappy, got jimmy hats from pappy
So now I'm trigger happy
(Girl did he just rhyme 'crappy' with 'happy'?)
Yeah, so you girlies wanna get wit this nit wit, got Cheese Whiz or not?
Then I'm a hafta blow up ya mail box BIATCH!
Or toilet paper ya front yard, show the cops my Suburbs Card
They gotta let me go cause they know that I'm hard
It's the deal it's for real, ya betta listen to what I'm tellin' ya . . .
'Cause I'm a wannabe gangstar.

[Chorus]