

# Genius/GZA, Victim

(Chorus: Joan Davis)

Just another victim of the... victim of the ghetto  
Just Another victim, that's how it goes, ooh

(GZA)

Heavy foot traffic jam the hallway all day  
Adolescence workin for small pay  
World so little, he could never leave his block  
His home full of riddle, so he always need his glock  
He coast with his eye open, keep his metal smokin  
Young wasted minds, fiendin on dimes, cokin  
Forgot kids quick to break rules, and known to make fools  
out of many, down the streets be more safe than school  
There's no diploma, that can break him from the coma  
A bloody war in the country, the youth hungry  
On the corner, hyenas amongst me  
Yabbin bout the stories, they be hearin, always swearin  
Can't even spell the shit that he be wearin  
Caught up in the silk web of material  
Superficial stains ya brain tissue, that's the issue  
The young is lost at their own cost, dreamin  
Screamin how we never hold positions, that's the meanin  
Brothers of murder victims share the same grief  
The elderly shake their head in disbelief  
and no relief came till I aimed  
and blast one shot and left my name  
The GZA... \*echos\*

(Chorus)

(Njeri)

My residence is a city where army veterans smoke rocks  
on torn down blocks, drug spots set out their shops  
and cops watch, innocent niggaz roam in flocks  
Romanism in tops, papers and knots  
Churches and liquor stores on every corner, plot to get money not  
some funny niggaz act like they could pop glocks and those who can't cop  
Sisters givin up ass a lot, brothers givin up cash a lot  
They be strugglin to become someone because their parents not  
Just another victim of the ghetto, where lost minds settle  
When the devil uncivils society and die free  
With double 'W' followed by J-D around the necks  
and wrists the God is now a dog, the earth is called a bitch  
and all my people wish to get rich in this wilderness  
To push a lexus, ice on everythin from rings and bracelets to the necklaces  
Children molested within these pest infested buildins  
Thieves uneducated in these schools, paint on the ceilins  
Peelin off, but all I see is lost black babies callin  
"Please somebody save me, please somebody save me"

(Chorus x2)

(Outro: Joan Davis)

Just another... just another... victim of the ghetto