

Geto Boys, Geto Boys & Girls

Intro:

Boys and girls

Scarface:

I remember in the 80's me and pops would rock
In a 70 chevy with the drops in slot
Use to pass me pepsi cola while he drunk him a pint
Tippin' to the southside runnin' a light
Use to have me up in 3rd ward checkin' his traps
Collectin' his scratch protection' his snap
Use to always tell a nigga keep your mind on paper
Bitches in your head you keep your eyes on paper
Cause a niggas definition is a killa for scratch
You kill a motherf**ker you kill him for that
You got caught up in this shit that means you f**ked it up
Old man spittin' game so I sucked it up
Old enough to do my own thang got me again
Flip my second paycheck to cop me a lid
Went and seen my homie short dawg that slided me a track
Went to mase's pawn shop and got me a gat
Didn't know this crack shit I got my uncle to cook
With my eyes on my paper I just fumbled and looked
Impatiently waitin' for the pot to boil
Man I can't wait to see your rock from ?
Put my work upon the table and it's startin' tonight
Time for me to bring brad jordan to life
Sat my ass upon the corner till it started to bounce
Glock scratchin' reach that and started her out
It wasn't long before I was goin' for nine
I'm seventeen around millionaires goin' for mine
And if you got off in my way while I was headed for that
You found your ass misplaced with your head in your lap
And niggas is gettin' shiffer with time
That's why you never see me with a partner in crime
I'm down and dirty nigga f**k the world
And that's what seperated geto boys from girls you know?

Bushwick bill:

5th ward is the spot where niggas get shot
Hoes sell cock and every block is hot
Niggas start shit but they don't start it with bill
Cause them motherf**kers know they're blood gonna spill
Ever since I was a kid growin' up in the bottom
I beat a niggas ass and if I didn't I shot him
Never gave a f**k about his family cryin'
Bottom line, better his than mine
You come around me with that live shit I kill it fast
I throw a search party for your f**kin' stankin' ass nigga
Cause it's a motherf**kin' rep thang
You got a set of nuts you better let them motherf**kers hang
Even if you're facin' 20 years you never rat
You do your time and you come on back
And if he a homie he really take care of your people while you're gone
And bless you when you come back home

Do your time and don't whine is the motherf**kin' anthem
That's the type of shit most niggas can't phantom
Them bitches tongues come unfurled
But that's what seperated the ghetto boys from girls c'mon

Scarface:

I bet you often wonder how niggas survive in the trail
You got jacked and took six and died in your house

And motherf**kers sat and grieved your death
One of them motherf**kers counted up the keys then left
Kind of strange the game it took a change for the worse
Split the brain get the cain get back to your dirt
And keep the jack you did up under your hat
Cause if the word got out you killed him then they killin' you back
I never thought that '86 would bring me trouble again
You'd think but these niggas on some up shit like double your pay
And gives a f**k about respect and joy
So how the f**k you figure niggas got respect for a hoe
But then again niggas always put their trust in a bitch
But in the end it's another nigga bustin' yo shit
F**ked around and had to flee the world
Cause you couldn't seperate the geto boys and girls

Willie d:

Geto boys is the motherf**kin' shit never forget
Them southern niggas made your mind play tricks
Never the less I left the group in '91
Niggas was mad, I had my gun
They had they guns too I wasn't snoozin'
Cause I knew that if it came down to it they would use 'em
If it was goin' down right then I didn't give a f**k
We was gonna tear this whole motherf**kin' city up
And nigga that's real comin' from the south
You wack ass rappers watch your motherf**kin' mouth
Preachin' that positive bullshit you can save
Cause your positivity ain't gettin' motherf**kers paid
It's g.b. and willie d reunited
Sendin' niggas back to the studio to get they shit tighter
And niggas thought it wouldn't happen again
But we sat down and settled our differences like men
And put the bullshit behind us
Cause f**kin' off money ain't a plus it's a minus
We did what other niggas to big to do when they twirl
And seperating geto boys from girls c'mon

Man on phone:

A.j. you know I spent 23 years in the prison. you know I'm still in prison
You know they they uh uh reannounced us, blacks, we represent 37% of the
Prison system throughout the country. 37%. but we don't represent but but
12% of the country. now that's diproportionate and ain't no joke you know.
It's it's now by coincidence or by ? it's by design. by the year...2015.
They gonna have 70% of our community locked up. I'm talking about black
Gonna be locked up within they community. it's gonna be like it war
Zone...ghetto.