

# Insane Clown Posse, Ghetto Style

Inner City Posse holding it down  
Playing that day ol' by the pound  
Catch ya in the south side running things  
Fools are straight up living like kings  
In the alley roads in the dark of the night  
Hood rolls through trying to make things right  
Can't see the ghetto last more than a while  
Laying clean of losers serving ghetto style  
Creaking on a 40 and it's making me brave  
If a punk jumps up, then I'll put him in his grave  
Chilling ICP on a full time basis  
Your crew's getting worried I can see it on their faces  
Scared cause my boys just macked on your freak  
Dropkicked your dad and called your sister a geek  
Shoulda kept your mouth shut, I'd'a let it pass  
Keep talking shit, I'm'a whip ya ass  
Drop the pieces  
Quit running your lip  
And we'll go head up and I'm gonna whip  
Your Kentucky ass straight back to the hills  
I be driving the car with kid Vil and Phil  
Your ass is lead then he laughs about it  
Cause in Delray a drive by ain't shit  
We stay to the slums  
Steal wine from a bum  
Sell dope to a basehead  
His money comes from an armed robbery or a BNE  
But how he gets his money ain't shit to me  
Getting paid  
Getting laid  
And my style is cold  
Pulling hoes in a court follow gangsta code  
Ghetto style the boy don't play  
Killing military  
Southwest Delray  
Inner City Posse fucking shit up  
I drink eightball from a 40  
You drink Kool-Aid from a cup  
Down with 2 Dope and Violent J  
Pimp a different hoe each and every other day  
Not the ugly girls with the saggy butts  
Those skanky ass hoes don't even make me nut  
ICP pulling nothing but babes  
If the bitch ain't fucking, get the hell away  
Cause we ain't got time for a stingy ass bitch  
Only wants the money  
Never wants to hitch  
Up to one girl or 5 at that  
Inner City Posse on the end till the cap