

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, Id'a let it pass
Keep talking shit, Im'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