

Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Ghetto Knows

Chorus: repeat 2X

Yo, you gotta go, you gotta go, you gotta go
(G: And ayyo, what you don't know, believe the ghetto knows)

[Kool G. Rap]

New York, New York, the city that never sleeps
Bodies, covered in white sheets, are layin in the streets
Shit gets deep, as we creep up the block by the kids slangin rocks
and holdin glocks stolen from the cops to get props
You gotta split a top, on the regular
or get plugged in your mug, from a slug, by your competitor
Gunshots echo throughout the city like thunder, no wonder
Another brother six feet under
You know it ain't no jokin when the streetlights are broken
So keep your eyes open, or get ready for a, smokin 'loc
Step out of line, I hope you got your nine gun son
The Smith and Wess', you better press 9-1-1 (word up)
or make a run for it there's too many to tackle
The Big Apple'll put your ass on ice like a Snapple
So even though I rap I gots to stay strapped
Niggaz act up I back up (PI-YAH)
I bust a cap inside your f**kin hat
Don't even pose with them hoes, the swinger that you chose
just might be down with the foes, only the shadow knows
And ain't no lollipop, lollipop over here only the shottie pops
(BOOM) Now just sit back and watch the bodies drop
The younger gunmen got the bigger niggaz runnin
The shorties (what) the shorties (what) the shorties are comin
to push a nigga wig back, and leave his ass flat on his back
The motherf**kin ghetto knows, and it's like that

Chorus

[Kool G. Rap]

Today's headlines, another nigga dead
Six to the body and fo' to the head
Followed the red bitch in the bed full of lead
A drug-related case and now the place is filled with Feds
Ramshacked the shack, disclouse 'bout two kilos of dope
Two ounces of coke's caught in the pocket of his coat
So, another brother caught the ultimate surprise
with blown out brains, to drop stains on his eyes
Dazed as I sit back and watch the channel two news
Watchin his family goin through all the boo-hoos
You lose, like an Ill Street, the Blues are gettin deeper
Nothin left in the room except for him, the Grim Reaper
Police are takin ? snapshots, scoop up some blooddrops
Pull out a file on a juvenile child of mugshots
The cops knew he fell victim to laws on the street
So they just, pull out the white sheets, to cover up the dead meat
Seal off the area with yellow tape, draw the white
chalk around the body now the party has to motivate
One more outlaw, was murdered on the scene for the green
Died at the age of seventeen

Chorus

[Kool G. Rap]

Strollin the concrete, packin my heat, walkin the backstreets
I seen niggaz pull up, peepin me out the side a black Jeep
Six feet deep, that's where I'm goin if I'm slippin
Steady cockin my shit cause I already got the clip in
Now who's the first nigga to run up, here they come up

the block hardrocks with glocks rollin holdin they guns up
I buck, I buck, and then I struck one in the chest
Nigga shoulda wore a vest but now his ass is put to rest
But now I got three mo' niggaz, pullin triggers
Strays are ricochetin off the bricks, zigga zigga
But who got the biggest strap? Who's bustin bigger caps?
My BOOM BOOM BOOMS against they PAP PAP PAPS
No haps, G. Rap ain't goin out like a sucker
I reloaded the shot and dropped another motherf**ker
Quick, I duck and shit to dodge the bullets comin at me
Cause I won't be too happy with a slug inside my nappy
Two more niggaz left, they scared to death, but I'm leary
Shit gets kinda scary when I got bulletholes near me
I went between two cars, lettin off the quarter pound
I see another body fallin down to the ground
Quick I run up on him cause I don't think that he's dead
Standin over his ass I put two more inside his head
That's three niggaz down, only got one nigga to go
I gots to send his ass to the gravedigger so
I lay low in the cut and wait for moneygrip to slip up
Nearly shot my whole clip up, I got one more slug to rip up
Look over by the GS, see his ass stickin his head out
Boom, let the lead out, blew a piece of his brain dead out
the back of his head, now he's dead, because he fell face down
right on the motherf**kin streets that he dwelled

Chorus 2.5X