

Lord Finesse, Shorties Kaught In The System

[Lord Finesse]

Check it..

It's all real in the nine-fo'

Shorties kaught up in the system

Just close your eyes..

picture a ghetto - break it down

Back in the days I was livin swell see

I was ridin bikes, rollerskatin and playin skelzies

But nowadays shit is different

Little kids be riffin - the motherfuckers won't listen

Instead of shootin tops they shoot glocks

They point em at cops {*BLAM*} and that's the way they get props

Yo, they do what they wanna

Fuck a nine to five, they makin G's on the corner

Material things is what they want to scoop

They can't get shit like that, workin for no Summer Youth

They got clients, they livin like giants

They got the whole drug shit to a science

They got, jewels and beepers, hundred dollar sneakers

Lexus Coupes; windows down boomin the speakers

They got, bitches in flavors, probably fuckin your neighbor

C'mon - they got shit under control like the mayor

Man, you see the news today

So how you gonna tell these little kids that school's the way?

Yo - it ain't about I.Q.; some of these kids

are makin more than doctors, and didn't finish high school

Teenagers are caught up in the system

And God forbid if you front on em or try to diss em

They got everything, from nines to shotguns

and they'll put two in your chest and lounge til the cops come

If you ain't from the ghetto this is undercover

But in ninety-four, shit is real like a motherfucker

Tryin to strive nine-to-five out in the street

There's no rain or shine, trying to get ends to meet

Fuck the cops they don't obey the law

and if you ain't catch on by now, I ain't even tryin to say no more

[Chorus: x2]

Shorties be wildin

I don't give a fuck!

I'm just a squirrel, that's out to get a nut

Get a nine to five

What? That shit sucks!

And besides, I wouldn't make enough

[Lord Finesse]

In this time and day, kids get paid in all kinds of ways

and get more respect, than niggaz that's three times they age

I know a child that's runnin wild

That say fuck playin tag, he's tryin to get a hundred thou'

So it's hard to find a stable child

Kids are watchin violent movies, or either got cable now

And they catch on so quick

bout time they hit 16 they be on some Nino Brown, G.I. Joe shit

When school is out, they just wanna lamp

The last thing on they mind, is motherfuckin summer camp

And eighty out of a hundred

All they wanna do is clock dough, scoop bitches and get blunted

Kids is strapped, they be packin shit

I seen shorties get iller than villains in some action flick

They say times is rough Jack

And when you tell em cool out

man they quick to say, "Fuck that!"

[Chorus x2]