

# Naughty By Nature, Ghetto Bastard

[Intro]

Smooth it out

This is a story about the drifter

Who waited through the worst for the best in crosstown

Who never planned on havin' so dick

Why me, huh?

[Chorus]

Everything's gonna be alright (alright)

Everything's gonna be alright (alright)

Everything's gonna be alright now (alright)

Everything's gonna be alright (alright)

[Verse 1]

Some get a little and some get none

Some catch a bad one and some leave the job half done

I was one who never had and always mad

Never knew my dad, mother fuck the fag

Where anywhere I did pick up, flipped the clip up

Too many stick-ups, 'cause niggas had the trigger hic-ups

I couldn't get a job, nappy hair was not allowed

My mother couldn't afford us all, she had to throw me out

I walked the strip, which is a clip, who wanna hit?

They got 'em quick, I had to eat, this money's good as spent

I threw in graves, I wasn't paid enough

I kept 'em long 'cause I couldn't afford a haircut

I got laughed at, I got chumped, I got dissed

I got upset, I got a Tec and a banana clip

Was down to throw the led to any tellin' crackhead

I'm still livin' broke, so a lot of good it would've did

Or done, if not for bad luck, I would have none

Why did I have to live a life of such a bad one

Why when I was a kid and played out was a sad one

And always wanted to live like just a fat one

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

A ghetto bastard, born next to the projects

Livin' in the slums with bums, I sit and watch them

Why do I have to be like this? momma said I'm priceless

So I am all worthless, starved, and it's just for being a nice kid

Sometimes I wish I could afford a pistol then, though

Last stop to hell, I would've ended things a while ago

I ain't have jack but a black hat and napsack

Four squad stolen in cars in a blackjack

Drop that, and now you want me to rap and give?

Say somethin' positive? Well positive ain't where I lived

I lived right around a corner from west hell

Two blocks from south shit, it was in a jail cell

The sun never shone on my side of the street, see

And only once or twice a week I would speak

I walked alone, my state of mind was home sweet home

I couldn't keep a girl, they wanted kids for cause of chrome

Some life, it you ain't wear gold your style was old

And you got more juice than dope for every bottle sold

Hell no, I say there's gotta be a better way

But hey, never gamble any game that you can't play

I'm slowin' and flowin' and goin' in on and knowin' not now

How will I do it, how will I make it? I won't, that's how

Why me, huh?

[Chorus]

My third year into adulthood, and still a knucklehead  
I'm better off dead, huh, that's what my neighbor said  
I don't do jack but fightin', lightin' up the streets at night  
Playin' hide and seek with a machetti ??? like Freddy swipe  
Some say I'm rollin' on, nothin' but a dog now  
I answer that with a tech, who wanna bow-wow?  
'Cause I done been through more shit within the last week  
Than I fly flowin' in doo-doo on the concrete  
I been a deadbeat, dead to the world and dead wrong  
Since I was born that's my life, oh you don't know this song?  
So don't say jack, and please don't say you understand  
All that man to man talk just hot damn  
If you ain't live you couldn't feel it, so kill it, skillet  
And all that talk about it won't help it out, now will it?  
And illtown fell like I stuck-up props, got shot  
Don't worry, I hit Bob, flurry, and his punk-ass dropped  
But I'm the one who has been labeled as an outcast  
They changin' schools, I'm the misfit that will outlast  
But that's cool with the bull, smack 'em backwards  
That's what you get for fuckin' with a ghetto bastard

[Outro]

If you ain't ever been to the ghetto  
Don't ever come to the ghetto  
'Cause you ain't understand the ghetto  
And stay the fuck out of the ghetto  
Why me?  
(alright)