Talib Kweli, Ghetto Show - Anthony Hamilton

Ghetto to ghetto, backyard to yard
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the gods (come on)
Precious metals round our necks and arms (yea)
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the gods
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(Hook: Anthony Hamilton)
Whatever in your heart is where you want to be
My hood is the ghetto
Even when you look
Its never what you see
My hood is the ghetto
I've been down before up is just a reach
Cause my hood is the ghetto
Catch a second wind
Then begin again
My hood is the ghetto

(Verse 1: Common)
Black magic in the hood, its tragic but understood
Crack addicts, crack windows, crack wood
Even whats bad becomes good, status becomes stood
Upon the pedestal welcome to the ghetto show
Federal buildings, pissy hallways filled
with children pushing children
Fiends lips peeling, shit seems real and
What's real is the estate of mind that we're in
The situation feels great
My man peels weight, so he can fill plates
You might get love but you still feel hate
Through and chain plates, we communicate
Chicago to brooklyn nigga real ones do relate

(Verse 2: Talib Kweli)
If lyrics sold then truth be told
I'll probably be just as rich and famous as jay-z
Truthfully I wanna rhyme like common sense
Next best thing I do a record with common sense
Cause its the music, its blues, its jazz, its acoustics
Soul, rock and roll the hip hop we be producing yea
It's the gear, it's the flare, it's the stare
Nowadays they'll shot you where they used to shoot the fair

Remember the lost soldiers, pour a beer, shoot the air
We got our own elected officials, no matter who the mayor
I know you know what I'm talking about
From New York to the South,
take off your shoes when you walk in the house

(Hook)

(Verse 3: Talib Kweli)
Yo
I grew up where they're playing skele in the parking lot
And sell paintings of Aaliyah, BIG and Pac up in the barbershop
Buildings too big so you don't really see the stars a lot
But rapping, drinking, and going
to prison you see them bars a lot
I feel the spirit in the dark and hear it in my heart
And always keep my ears to the block till I dearly depart

Hip hop is really the art
We have to express the part of ourselves
that make us want to martyr ourselves
It ain't harder to tell when somebody
stick you up and put the hammer to you
They want them dead presidents like Stickman and Mutulu
With a gun to your jaw, these kids don't run anymore
Kicks is a hundred or more

(Verse 4: Common)
A man in front of the store, begging for money and mercy
I told him say a prayer under his breath, he cursed me
Niggaz is thirsty, I heard it's a drought
Up early, serving from their grandmother's house
Sometime the ghetto feels desolate,
yo the eyes of the hood yo is desperate
Effected by the deficit, times and lessons get hard
Either get by or get god, but but you try to get by
It's like the block keep blocking
You try to make moves, its like the car just keep stopping
We shorties in the court, need cochran yea
I tell them why the weed seeds popping,
in the game you need options
No time for feet watching,
me and kwe keep rocking for the ghetto

Hook times 2