

Wu-Tang Clan, Little Ghetto Boys

[Raekwon] Yo, you know what I mean? Chillin within
[Rakeem] Word up, niggaz is stupid
[Cappa] Look out for the cops man, look out for the cops
[Raekwon] Yo it was on last year Son
[Rakeem] Huh? Fuck them cops
[Ghost] Word
[Raekwon] Scrape them niggaz
[Raekwon] Niggaz want two hundred grand over the table
[Ghost] Like this
[Raekwon] That shit looks pretty
[Rakeem] Yo
[Ghost] I don't know what the fuck made em in they own mind
[Raekwon] Pass the weed off man [*inhale*]
[Ghost] think they could come f, they could fuck wit this Dunn
[Rakeem] Yo G, the Mexican niggaz is definitely buggin the fuck
[*cop's walkie talkie is heard*]
[Raekwon] Mike's was crystal, erythang
[Rakeem] other Mexicans be all the fuck up on your shit nigga
[*cop's walkie talkie still babbling*]
[Method] Aiyyo you got a light?
[THE PIG] Excuse me can you put that out please?
[Method] Oh shit
[Raekwon] For what? For what?
[Method] Jiggy
[THE PIG] Could you please put that out?
[Raekwon] For what? I ain't puttin..
[THE PIG] Put the shit out now!
[Raekwon] I ain't puttin shit out!!
[THE PIG] UP AGAINST THE FUCKIN WALL!
[*everything gets chaotic*]
[THE PIG] UP AGAINST THE FUCKIN WALL!!!
[Rakeem] The fuckin bitch? Get that bitch!
[Raekwon] Slap fire out!
[THE PIG] Oh no no no no no no no
[Raekwon] Get your shit right
[THE PIG] Get what?
[Raekwon] We gonna swerve on these niggaz one time that's my word
[*music fades in*]
"What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility"
[Raekwon] That's comin from Louis Rich
[Raekwon] Baggin, you know what time it is, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo
[Verse One: Raekwon the Chef]
Put them cracks down you just started slangin two months ago
Whattup with Larry Francisco tell him to let that bitch go
Why you standin there? Posin you like Donna Karan wear
Nigga save that, the same shit you had it last year
You be runnin with them outsiders
That shit is fucked up yo, we never turn to dick riders
Your Mac is big, got a little grip, yo
You think that shit gon live what he did -- what this nigga said
Remember when his mans got there, the whole shit was set up
Shut up, whole fam want the science and the letter
It got back to me some niggaz in Medina askin me
"You know some niggaz in the gold E-Class," splash to me
Yo that shit you had in Vegas
Yo, it coulda got us both sprayed up, they seen the Ac, know this traitor
Hair sa-laundry and Shorty like Karan
Her fam major swing kingpins you won't dare front on
Octavia with all the ice on, yo
She own a carwash now, her little Keon doin triple life
Marry a Son who got baked, it coulda been
for a half a cake, play the shank, maybe bite her
Shit is fucked up when they got us yo
She fainted at her baby wake now watch the breakdown

"..face responsiblity"
 She fainted at her baby wake now yo watch the breakdown
 "Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto street"
 [Verse Two: CappaDonna]
 Yo all of y'all niggaz got the whole story wrong
 Talk what you talk but twist the real song
 When it comes down to this, not a licensed driver
 Show y'all niggaz whose style is more liver
 This is not a act this is more actual fact
 Nuttin but experience placed upon track
 with the true sound, not lyin out the crown
 When we not workin we hardly be around
 Yeah see the light, right now we could fight
 You not a real brother you just a fake type
 that get on the mic then, throw your cliché
 Half the East coast soundin just like Rae
 If you a Gambino, give credit to the flow
 If you not a part of this kid act like you know
 Fuck the studio, Cappachino the great
 Fly cherry head niggaz like planes out of state
 I ain't friends with you, only my CD hit you
 If you want some then stop frontin is the issue
 It's my turn, live niggaz could pass
 Two-face-ted rappers push they shit last
 Straight off the edge, into the rubbish
 Peep my new style fuck Cristal and Moët
 I drink Evian water while my thoughts get published
 "What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility?"
 "Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto streets
 What you gonna do when you grow up..."
 "What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility?"
 "Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto streets
 What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility?"
 [*35 seconds of instrumental pass until the martial arts samples*]
 One is invulnerable, in fact
 it involves strenuous breath control
 Out of all techniques, it's the most difficult
 The human body has a hundred and eight pressure points
 Thirty-six of these can be fatal
 The remainder, paralyzing