

# Ying Yang Twins, Ghetto Classics

War, we at war, we at war, we at war, we at--  
Gimme my rifle, gimme my rifle, gimme my rifle, gimme my rifle

Lets get this motherfucker back crunk  
This is gonna be me and my niggas  
Holdin triggers in our back bump  
To take back what we once had  
We dont give a damn about the enemies  
Send they out to baghdad  
They put a nigga on the frontline  
But when it come to gettin ahead  
They put ya way behind  
And they supports in minimum wage  
They dont give a choice to niggas  
They thinkin we still slaves  
Every nigga's got some thug in him  
Every nigga's got some love in him  
Every nigga's got a grudge in him  
Every nigga's got a mug in him  
And every nigga busts a slug in him  
Now like a cat, bitch, we'll skin em  
Yall niggas aint holdin my venom, check yourself  
I'ma drop your ass off, bitch  
As soon as i loosen my motherfuckin belt, ah

1 for the money, 2 for the thugs  
3 for the projects, 4 for the love  
Y'all gimme my rifle, we moving by bus  
And if ya moving too fast they'll get ya caught up like  
Ooh, them ghetto classics (ghetto), ghetto classics (ghetto)  
Ghetto classics (ghetto), ghetto classics  
Time for us to find just a little piece of mind, talkin bout  
Them ghetto classics (ghetto), ghetto classics

We just black people gone and lost our mind  
We just really trying to draw the line  
Before it left our eyes  
Before we get left behind  
Let me tell you something about hard times  
Before we used to walk  
Before we had life in the dry  
And 911 wasnt known outside  
We didnt know how to read  
We didnt know how to write  
All we did was sing all day and all night  
Then when they let us start learning  
You all lose y'all mind  
And y'all forgot about the earlier times  
When Martin Luther King had a dream  
That one day we'd walk together  
We really need to get it together  
Kids stay in school  
Learn all you can  
Graduate, go to college, get knowledge  
Then we shall overcome, yes we can, we  
In the urge of faith we can demand it, for real

Hup, 2, 3, 4  
What the hell are we fighting for?  
Passing off  
Relationship's done what spore  
Thats why they got the door

More time, hoot hoot  
Aim aim, shoot shoot  
Aint nothing but the young kids they recruit  
Its a wonder they dont come home in they suit  
I took away some time  
Thinkin how i could, should, would be  
If everybody in the world was free  
No crime nobody doing wrong  
Everybody getting along  
But when i step into reality  
This world is sore  
And thats why we at war  
Killin ourselves over bullshit  
That we valued more than life  
Y'all people better to get right, cause...