

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...