

Black Sheep, Still In The Ghetto

I guess it gotta give them
Headaches over head then your beat breaks
Lyrics modum only cause you rode 'em to my scrotum
Hoping makes a pretty penny, if any, one of many, we're coming through
Smacking ya wit something we seen in Street Fighter II
Big D's like E Honda, bite like Blancka, or flip Ms. Chun Li best be easy baby
You'll get the fair fist from the figure only get O sopranoes
Get dismantle, too hot to handle, I am
Grunt fiddle hawk when I talk
Then I speak in ahlf Porturican brother from New York
Or I'll smack you wit a ?corlota coat hero?
You didn't figure nigga I'll smoke ya
Sharp duck, I'm running amuck
I jock it for the mic, ?coov? I give less than a fuk
Peeping, I'll freak it then speak it across the border
Now troublemakers and we're not taking your orders
The water, don't wanna be deceived
I'm bucking some change, now I feel fuking naive
'Cause I'm living my day beat in the city of scum
I'm in a different one daily and it's yours, that's the one
That got drop, crooked cop shoot your shots
Putting technically emphetic, you people are plops
Now that I go pass go, I don't know, yo, bro
I feel like I'm still in the ghetto

[chorus]

Put me in a house on the hill(still in the ghetto)
Hit me till my tanks on filled(still in the ghetto)
Get me a job so I don't have to rob, why do I wanna kill(Still in the ghetto)

Now bust it, sit back, I'm bout to rip it
Trust it, the styles like lusted
And wicked, loosely, who me I'm groovy
I saw Fritz the cat when it was in the fuking movies
'Cause I go back like pitching pennies on a project step
One of five when the bullet fly live
When a rebel pulled a card, steady yard
I ride around and rip the niggy get dope, it's just too hard
Why brothers kill one another like coppers get undercovers
When all we really got is one another
A brother could feed me but if it needs me
If I'm greedy, then what of myself do I discovered
Say what I know, see what I saw
Do what I did so kid, I'm sliding through the door
Ticket get wit the shorty wit his eye on the tech
Kick it to the crew that's not all safe sex
Even kick it wit the man wit a plate pig neck juice
Kid, I get loose like a ferret
Why front, I've been rocking suits since the Parrot
Le Bush Von negro, kid I'm crazy ghetto
Yea, yo, tiptoe, through your road wit amigoes
Ready or not, here come the Sheep to relieve
Pull it off the kuff while we're wearing short sleeves
Get it, got it, good
Put it in you stereo and blast it in your hood

[Chorus]

Now if its checkers, chess, or song survivors
I'm gonna catch wreck like I was a drunk driver
But how's your hand-o in the ghetto
Only thing you got is what you had from the get (ready) go
Yo, you can't trust even if your tight
'Cause they hug wit the left, stab you wit the right

Love the Estoria and blan by Corona
I'm still the same, I still got game in Barcelona
Don't think I forgot where I been when you see me in a crowd
Come in, no one's allowed, I hope I make you proud
And as for those that never liked me
You can go to hell and sight see
The past is an ash, gone like spent cash
Peace, boom bash, I won't dash
I'm rollin through your region wit the Legion, reason
Thought it was a rabbit, kid, it's duck season
Don't think up I'm letting selling out, don't forget and
Don't think I won't represent man
Take a brother out and where he was is in him
Drop 'em then I'm wearing silk, corduroy, or denim
Make your mom's mom or make your kids do the jerk
Comments couldn't faze me if they came from Captain Kirk
Or the brown docking do in the sand, I can do 'em
Throw a rhyme beat like my name were Warren Moon
Hold back, why black, I never turn blue
I'm chilling wit Pamela Anderson, we're both bout due
Get ready for the new, yo, we'll show it
Call the record week and it'll be here before you know it
So on the real, don't sweat, where's my beds at
No matter where it goes, I know where my heads at

[Chorus]