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]