Brand Nubian, Still Livin' In The Ghetto

(feat. Starr)

Yeah (yeah..)

Yo this goes out (this goes out..)

To all the ghettos around the world (all the ghettos around the world..)

If you strugglin (you strugglin..)

And your surroundings are shitty (surroundings are shitty..)

It's a good chance that's where you live

[Chorus x2: Starr]
Still livin in the ghetto
After all this time, through all the climb
Still livin in the ghetto
Don't let it take your mind
{"raised in the ghetto singin songs called survival"}

[Lord Jamar]

Yo I was born here, my momma was born here Her momma was born here, my father was born here And his father was born here, and we all here, livin in fear My peers are either dead or in prison for years How many generations, get caught, in a perpetuation of poverty, robbery becomes a occupation Look around, it's pure desolation And desperation, feel the sweat, from the persperation See it's hot in hell's kitchen, a lot fell victim Everyday we in a fight, how can we beat the system? All this time got out mind conditioned We find solace in religion, Muslim or Christian We bow down on our knees and hope somebody listenin But all we promised for narcotics is a drug conviction Every day is like Russian roulette It's the next century and we ain't got shit yet y'all

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]

Uhh, when will it go away, when will there be a day That we all got paper just to throw away When will the tables turn, when will the devils burn When will the time come when seeds be the main concern A hungry man is a angry man Gotta freak some type of plan to get some {?} up in the hands See life is like a hustle and it's colder than a whore's heart But when you comin from the ghetto that's a rough start By the time you 12, you know the street life very well Stuck in hell, neighborhoods are one big holdin cell The hood life nevertheless been a good life But should life constantly consist of stress and strife They don't play us, cause they know we represent peace And they don't no peace, they want us killin with a piece Or up North with some grease, with a photograph of some peeps Just lettin us slug it out, 'til we all become deceased

[Chorus]

[Sadat X]

Jean the dopefiend who keep all her cars clean And Mr. Mack who smoke cracks on the weekend That music upstairs is comin from the Puerto Ricans Arabs sellin guns in the store Nigerians pump the diesel yo, that's so raw Cornerbound Dominicans play the block in the daytime With names like Jose, Plantano, or Reyes Me and you grow or as a result stay as, a victim of block day, an hour earlier he fought with his fists now the nigga layin twisted Swirlin smoke your girl and coke and guns The Sherling coat, that you bought for you and your suns can be replaced, but you could get laced Oh they hit him in the face, it was awful, terrible for his family to see him laid like that, said he was comin right back It was fast, seen the fire, heard the blast

[Chorus x2]