

De La Soul, Ghetto Thang

POS:

(Mary had a little lamb)

That's a fib, she had two twins though

And one crib

Now she's only fourteen, what a start

But this effect is ground common in these parts

Now life in this world can be such a bitch

And dreams are often torn and shattered and hard to stitch

Negative's the attitude that runs the show

When the stage is the G-H-E-T-T-O

DOVE:

Which is the one to blame when bullets blow

Either Peter, Jane, or John or Joe

But Joe can't shoot a gun, he's always drunk

And Peter's pimping Jane, and John's a punk

Infested are the halls, also the brains

Daddy's broken down from ghetto pains

Mommy's flying high, the truth is shown

The kids are all alone

'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

POS:

Who ranks the baddest brother, the ones who rule

This title is sought by the coolest fool

Define coolest fool? Easy, the one who needs

Attention in the largest span and loves to lead

Always found at the jams, but never dance

Just provoke violence due to one glance

The future plays no matter, just the present flow

When the greeting place is the G-H-E-T-T-O

DOVE:

Lies are pointed strong into your skull

Deep within your brain against the wall

To hide or just erase the glowing note

Of how to use the ghetto as a scapegoat

Truth from Trugoy's mouth is here to scar

Those who blame the G for all bizarre

So open up your vents and record well

For this is where we stand, for the True tell

Ghetto gained a ghetto name from ghetto ways

Now there could be some ghetto gangs and ghetto play

If ghetto thang can have its way in ghetto range

Then there must be some ghetto love and ghetto change

Though confident they keep it kept, we know for fact

They lie like ghettos form, 'cause people lack

To see that they must all get out the ghetto hold

The truth they never told

'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

POS:

Do people really wish when they blow

Out the cake candles, and if so

Is it for the sunken truth which could arise

From out the characters in which the ghetto hides

Roses in the ring supply their shown relief

Granted it's planted by their shown belief

Kill and feed off your own brother man

Has quickly been adopted as the master plan

Posses of our people has yet to provoke
Freedom or death to them, it's just a joke
What causes this defect, I don't know
Maybe it's the G-H-E-T-T-O

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

Standing in the rain is nothing felt
When problems hold more value, but never dealt with
Buildings crumbling to the ground
Impact noise is silent sound
But who's the one to say this life is wrong
When ghetto life is chosen strong
We seem to be misled about our dreams
But dreams ain't what it seem
When it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)