

# Eric B & Rakim, In The Ghetto

Planet Earth was my place of birth  
Born to be the soul controller of the universe  
Besides the part of the map I hit first  
Any a rhyme that I can adapt when it gets worst  
The rough gets going, the going gets rough  
When I start flowing, the mic might bust  
The next state, I shake from the power I generate  
People in Cali used to think it was earthquakes  
'Cause times was hard on the Boulevard  
So I vote God and never get scarred and gauled  
But it seems like I'm locked in hell  
Looking over the edge but the R never fell  
A trip to slip 'cause my Nikes got grip  
Stand on my own two feet and come equip  
Any stage I'm seen on, a mic I fiend on  
I stand alone and need nothing to lean on  
Going for self wit a long way to go  
So much to say but I still flow slow  
I come correct and I won't look back  
'Cause it ain't where you're from, it's where you're at  
Even the (ghetto)

I learn to relax in my room and escape from New York  
And return through the womb of the world as a thought  
Thinking how hard it was to be born  
Me being queen wit no physical form  
Millions have settled wit one destination  
To reach the best part, it's life creation  
9 Months later, a job well done  
Make way, 'cause here I come  
Since I made it this far, I can't stop now  
There's a will and a way and I got to know how  
To be all I can be and more  
And see all there is to see before  
Called and go back to the essence  
It's alot to learn so I study my lessons  
I thought the ghetto was the worst that could happen to me  
I'm glad I listen when my father was rapping to me  
'Cause back in the days, they lived in caves  
Exile from the original man, a straight way  
Now that's what I call hard times  
I rather be here to exercise the mind  
Then I take a thought around the world twice  
From knowledge to born back to knowledge precise  
Across the desert, that's how to store a radiant  
But they couldn't cave me in 'cause I'm the Asiant  
REaching for the city, a Mecca, visit medina  
Visions of Neffertiti then I seen a  
Mind keeps traveling, I'll be back after I  
Stop and think about the brothers and sisters in Africa  
Return the thought through the eye of a needle  
For miles I thought and I just fought the people  
Under the dark skies on a dark side  
Not only there but right here's an apartheid  
So now is the time for us to react  
Take a trip through the mind and when you get back  
Understand you're third eye seen all of that  
It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at  
Even the (ghetto)  
Even the (ghetto)

No more props, I want property  
In every borough, nobody's stopping me  
Because I'm thorough, rhymes are making real estate for me to own

Wherever I bless a microphone  
007 Is back and relaxing  
On poignant reacting and ready for action  
I'm so low key that you might not see me  
Incognito and taking it easy  
Quiet, it's kept on a hush hush  
In front of a crowd, I get loud, there's a bumrush  
Be calm, keep a low pro, and play the background  
Over the wack rapper, put the mic back down  
So rip it, break it in half, go head and slam it  
'Cause when it's time to build, I'm a mechanic  
I'm bonding and mending, attaching and blending  
So many solos, there is no ending  
People in my neighborhood, they know I'm good  
From London to Hollywood, wherever I stood  
Footprints remain on stage ever since  
As I walk the street, I leave fossils and dents  
When I had sex, I left my name on necks  
My trademark was left throughout the projects  
I used to get rich when I played celo  
When I rolled 4, 5, 6, they go we know  
So I collect my cash then slide  
I got my back, my gun's on my side  
It shouldn't have to be like that  
I guess it ain't where you're from, it's where you're at  
Even the (ghetto)  
I'm from the (ghetto)  
Word up, peace