

# Geto Boys, Bling Leading The Blind

hey yo, check dis dope ass beat out  
willie back in da muthafuckin house and i got my niggas  
da menace clan on dis one to help me out  
and we representin our god damn selves  
cuz how da fuck  
you gona tell me how to get to where i'm goin  
when you dont know where da fuck you goin  
man das da blind leadin da muthafuckin blind

I could've been a leader not a follower a coach not a balla  
I could've had progress  
i could've lived wit less stress  
but i took it upon myself and played da card i wuz delt  
thought about my self  
fuck everyone else  
and they said fuck me too  
but it was cool like that  
see my mission was paper chasin and puttin da hood aon da map  
now i've done been there  
done that  
took one step and dew back  
for da life i wuz takin  
wut da fuck wuz i thinkin  
should'v slowed it down but i wuz speedin  
and i wuz stuck with a code  
and niggas waitin around to see if i wuz gonna come up befo  
but i can fold like a bitch  
seen da chance to switch  
but i wuz brought up yo make it  
seen da chance to take it  
find a rule and break it  
take a badge and shake it  
and against all odds  
get da fuck outta dodge  
but i'm a nigga wit records dat da state can't file  
young, blind, and wild  
an uncontrollable child in da ghetto  
but seddling fo mo everyday  
and when i make up my mind i'm gonna get back in line but now i'm  
[chorus x2]

blind leadin da blind  
in a world of wars i search for peace of mind my stabillity  
fo my niggas and me said da way life wuz supposed to be in da ghetto

I looked out my window wut did i see  
it wuz a crack head nigga starin dead at me  
he said can i get a muthafuckin nickle for three  
i told his ass to da better in his rorock swetta  
he got a daughter he aint fed her  
he'd rather get high  
in his eye i see da demon  
i can hear babies screamin  
feenin  
it demeaning to see him  
to be in the ghetto  
but this is where i settle  
now wut would you do wit a strap in yo hand  
gangstas do wut dey wunt to  
suckas do wut dey can  
my role modle sips on a forty bottle  
in his footsteps i follow grab da brew and take a swallow  
i've been livin on da streets since da age of thirteen  
cuz i wuz sick of being raised by a dope fiend i so seen

babies need similac money dat wuz meant for similac wuz spent on crack  
now do you wanna  
no i dont and its a liquor sto on every cona  
and niggas aint da owna  
now listen, we cant afford to send our kids to school but dey got da  
knowledge  
to spend dey money on da chaps when we could send our kids to college  
now here we are: hoes, dopes, dealers, and bums  
at da white man's table still beggin fo crumbs but its da  
[chorus x2]

niggas shoot ball  
(niggas shoot da logs)  
nigas shoot da doves  
(niggas shoot to love)  
niggas shoot up  
(niggas shoot pool)  
but watch out cuz niggas shoot niggas too  
so wut da fuck am i to do when niggas fallin down like flies  
and dis muthafuckin money starin me in da eyes  
and my brother sayin come on in stop buggin  
but we done already lost 3 uncles and 5 cousins  
to da streets niggas shit deep  
no room fo da maple leafs  
cuz muthafuckas play fo keep  
i wunt respect when i step on da field  
saw a nigga dat killed i gotta kill befo deez niggas get sum bright ideals  
and start thinkin we hoes or sumthin  
so when i see dat muthafucka nigga nigga staight dumpin  
[chorus x2]