

# Naughty By Nature, Ghetto Bastard (Everything's

Doctor: Nurse Johnson, is the mother still in the recovery room?

Nurse: Yes, Doctor Blair...

Doctor: Ok, I'll go to the waiting room and inform the father it's a boy.

Nurse: I'm afraid there is no father, sir

Doctor: Another Ghetto bastard, huh?

Nurse: I'm afraid so...

Doctor: Well, put him with the rest of the born losers...

Nurse: All right doctor...a shame isn't it?

Doctor: Not a shame, a problem!

Smooth it out...

This is a story about the drifter...

Who headed for the worse (because) the best live (across) town

Who never planned on having so didn't...

Why me, huh?!

Chorus:

Everything's gonna be all right (all right)

Everything's gonna be all right (all right)

Everything's gonna be all right (all right)

Now hush, everything's gonna be all right (all right)

Look...

Some get a little and some get none

Some catch a bad one and some leave the job half done

I was one who never had and always mad

Never knew my dad...motherfuck the fag!

Well anyway I did pick ups, lift and click ups

See many stick ups 'cos niggas had the trigger hick-ups

I couldn't get a job, nappy hair was not allowed

My mother couldn't afford us all, she had to throw me out

I walked the strip, with just a clip, who wanna hit

Thank God I'm quick, I had to eat this money as good as spent

A 'do them braids, I wasn't paid enough

I kept 'em long 'cause I couldn't afford a hair-cut

I got laughed at, I got jumped, I got dissed

I got upset, I got a tick and a banana clip

With down the flow, don't let them any dealin' tackhead

A celebrate rope, so a lotta good it woulda did

Or done, if not bad luck I would have none

Why did I have to live the life of such a bad one?

Why when I was a kid and played I was the sad one?

And always wanted to live like this or that one?

Chorus

A ghetto bastard, born next to the projects

Livin' in the slums with bums I said now why Treach

Do I have to be like this, mama said I'm priceless

So I am, I'm worthless, starvin', that's just what being nice gets

Sometimes I wish I could afford a pistol then though

To stop the hell I woulda ended things a while ago

I ain't have jack, but a black hat and knap-sack

War scars, stolen cars and a blackjack

Drop that, and now you want me to rap again...

Say something positive? Well positive ain't where I live

I live right around the corner from West hell

Two blocks from south shit, and once in a jail cell

The sun never shine on my side of the street see?

And only once or twice a week God would speak

I walked alone, my state of mind was home sweet home

I couldn't keep a girl, they wanted kids and cars with chrome

Some life, if you ain't wear gold, your style was old

And you got more juice and dope for every bottle sold  
Hell no, I say there's gotta be a better way  
But hey, never gamble in a game that you can't play  
I'm gonna flow it on and on and on and not now...  
How will I do it, how will I make it, I won't, that's how!  
Why me, huh?

#### Chorus

My third year into adulthood, and still a knucklehead  
I'm better off dead, huh, that's what my neighbor said  
I don't do jack but fightin' lightin' up the streets at night  
Playing hide-and-seek with a machete, sexing Freddie's wife  
Some say I'm rolling on, I'm nothing but a dog now  
I answer that with a "fuck you" and a bow-wow  
'Cause I done been through more shit within the last week  
Than the fly flowin' in doo-doo on a concrete  
I've been a dead beat, dead to the world and dead wrong  
Since I was born, that's my life, oh you don't know that song?  
So don't say jack, and please don't say you understand  
All that man-to-man talk can walk, damn  
If you ain't live it, you couldn't feel, so kill it skillet  
And all that talking about it won't help it out, now will it?  
In Illtown, feel like I stuck up, propped got shot  
Don't worry, got hit by a flurry and his punk ass dropped  
But I'm the one who has been labaled as an outcast  
They teach in schools, I'm the misfits how I outlast  
But that's cool, with the books smack them backwards  
That's what you get when you're fuckin' with a ghetto bastard

If you ain't never been to the ghetto  
Don't ever come to the ghetto  
'Cause you wouldn't understand the ghetto  
So stay the fuck out of the ghetto  
Why me, Why me