

Warrior Soul, Ghetto Nation

Slap the cuffs on
You're goin' downtown
Gonna lock you up in the hole
'Cause the dea made a powerplay
And you're lookin' at 2 to 4

Back at the pad
Ya thought you were bad
Got your stash up in the wall
But there's a gun to your head
And you're gonna be dead
Unless ya cut a deal with the law

All ya want is what the rich people got
'Cause the people need power too
There's only lousy jobs run by slobs
And ya get paid crap for what ya do

Sellin' drugs, run with the thugs
And you're makin' it on the deal
But your regular man got hit with a gram
And the son of a bitch started to squeal

Salutations from the ghetto nation

Out on the lawn ya strip the car down
And you're sippin' corn on the porch
If the neighbors complain open up the 12-gauge
Shut your mouth or you're gonna get torched

Party tonight 'til the sun gets bright
Load the house up with sime whores
'Cause you're goin' away 700 days
Out on the killin' floor

Salutations from the ghetto nation

They never found the bank account
And you're sittin' on 30 grand
But you don't mind doin' the time
As long as your freedom day is at hand
Out on parole ya take a stroll
Ya kick another habit everyday
Ya got a new plan, super scam
Livin' the american way

Salutations from the ghetto nation