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