

W.C. "Ghetto Serenade"

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Back in the days when I was tryin' to come up in the rap
game
Livin' like a [unverified], bustlin' spare change
Drivin' a bucket, livin' in a shack
Tryin' to make the best out of what I had, usin' a pen
and pad

There was this girlie that I wanted to get with
Who never gave me no play, because I wasn't rollin'
She said I was too ghetto and that a brother from the
ghetto
Couldn't give her nothin' but hard times and trouble

But bein' I was young and dumb
And just thinkin' bout the putang, had me sprung
I used to play myself late at night goin' over her house,
drinkin 40s
Standin' on the front porch singin' oldies

And even though her father used to run me away
I used to creep around the side and hit the back gate
Tappin' on her window, givin' her the ghetto serenade
And it went this way

You've got somethin' that keeps my head in a spin
You've got somethin' that makes me wanna give in
You've got somethin' that turns my head all around
You've got somethin' that takes me all down

I used to ask her all the time, "Yo, why do you play
me?"
It shouldn't matter that I didn't drive a Mercedes
She said that I was probably only good for makin'
babies
And my physical appearance makes me look crazy

She said that, "You look like you bang, or maybe even
slang
And if you wanna be with me, you gotta rearrange"
But I wasn't 'bout to get a flattop or go in a suit
And come back in a new BMW

She said her parents wouldn't approve of the way that I
looked, see
And plus you got nothin' to give me
You wanna get laid? You gotta keep me paid
That's when she lost me, man, 'cause I ain't payin' for
the ying-yang

And even though I'm feelin' bad
I feel like this, I can't miss what I never had
So I gave it a last shot and right before I walked away
I hit her with the ghetto serenade

You've got somethin' that keeps my head in a spin
You've got somethin' that makes me wanna give in
You've got somethin' that turns my head all around
You've got somethin' that takes me all down

A few years later, now my dues are paid up
I got a record out, now I'm rollin' in big bucks
Flyin' all around the world, meetin' many girls
Everywhere that I go and makin' rap videos

And signin' autographs the other day
I looked up and guess who was comin' my way?
The same old girl who never gave me no rhythm
But this time standin' in the middle of five children

She done got fat, and now she's lookin' like the cookie
monster to me
Walkin' around with the saggy booty
And runnin' that drag about how I done matured so
much
And why I haven't kept in touch?

I started laughin' in her face, 'cause to me it was funny
Now she wanted me for my money
So I turned my back to her and I walked away
Leavin' her singin' the ghetto serenade
And here's what she had to say

You've got somethin' that keeps my head in a spin
You've got somethin' that makes me wanna give in
You've got somethin' that turns my head all around
You've got somethin' that takes me all down

Hey Dub, man, what's up, man?
You done got these braids off your head
Got rid of those khaki pants
Man, you sure have matured, man

How about gettin' your telephone number?

What's up with that, man?
Just 'cause I wasn't givin' you no rhythm
That wasn't my fault, man, lookin' so good, man

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