

## **Sylk-E Fyne F/ Chill**

### **"Ghetto Fabulous"**

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Intro: Ras Kass

Once again, we take over cash  
Ras Kass, Dr. Dre and Mack 10 connected.  
We ghetto fabulous baby.  
The best food, drink and pussy that money can buy.

Verse One: Ras Kass

Every day of my life is off the ringer  
That's guaranteed, like a fistfight on Jerry Springer  
I got the hottest flow to hit the street since lava  
so holla, we all hustle for dollar dollars  
From Sac to Houston, New Orleans to D.C.  
We drinkin' V-S-O-P (?) the beats beep  
Bangin, catch me with a dimepiece next to me  
My Body all over Your Body like LSG  
Neighborhood celeb with the keys to my city like the  
mayor  
Rookies askin us how to be a playa  
Get in where you fit in, and never get your ghetto pass  
revoked  
No matter how much money you make  
Stay true to the game loc, guest list terror clothes  
in jeans and tennis shoes, breakin your strict dress  
codes  
Spit lyrical bricks, thirteen deep  
so I can be richer than Master P sellin 'Ghetto D'

Chorus: Mack 10

We Ghetto, fabulous  
Money make the world go round so let's handle this  
Ghetto, fabulous  
Broadcastin live from Los Angeles  
We ghetto, fabulous  
Money make the world go round so let's handle this  
Ghetto, fabulous  
Broadcastin live from Los Angeles

Verse Two: Dr. Dre

You ain't heard of me, you ain't listenin hard enough  
Started in Compton servin from a ice cream truck  
Now ten years later whippin a custom Navigator  
Steppin on your toes playa, stuffin up your alligators  
I'm ghetto, like Newport cigarettes, feel me  
Boom bap and slap that ass silly  
This is for the full time students slash part time  
strippers  
And young niggaz, clockin at least five figures  
Some of us pro atheletes, some of us rap over fat  
beats  
Some of us hustle in the streets  
Twenty deep in Club Nikki's so you know we gots to  
mingle  
Trickin' (?) off a pocket full of singles, huh  
And it's all bueno, musical mafia like Frank Sinatra  
Pop a thirteen shot glock to make you Go See the  
Doctor  
Ain't nuttin nice  
>From hood to hood, love livin the lavish life

(Chorus)

Verse Three: Ras Kass

Nigga Stu-B-Doo in the GS, three ooh ooh  
Playin number two Tekken, zero to sixty  
in six point seven seconds \*tires screech\* hangin out  
the window  
actin up, chickenheads like "You doin fo' months!"  
Flexin the Rolex oyster perpetual, thirty-five diamonds  
across the face, still eatin out foam cups and paper  
plates  
We don't call it playa hatin in the nine-eight, it's P.I.  
That's pass intereference, automatic first down  
Want Juice like Tupac, then Obey Your Thirst clown  
Be in the PJ's in NY, rockin DK  
Mix EJ with OJ, OK, we say  
"L.A. niggaz got crazy came  
like John Elway got a superbowl ring"  
The homies down for whatever, we stack the chedda  
Swiss bank accounts, and mo' mozzarella fella

(Chorus)

Outro:

Ugh! And it don't stop!

HAHA, WESTSIDE RIDERS BABY, HAHA!

\*fade out\*

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