

## **Total F/ Missy Elliott, Timbaland**

### **"Ghetto Manifesto"**

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[\* People talking \*]

[Boots]

I write my lyrics on parking tickets and summons to the court  
I scribbled this on an application for county support  
I practice this like a sport  
Met Donald Trump and he froze up  
Standing on his Bentley yelling "Pimps down, hoes up"  
Some tryin' to front off  
Break her ass a clump off  
We gon' stop the world and make y'all motherfuckers jump off  
This is my resume slash resignation  
A ransom note with proposed legislation  
A fevered ultimatum you should take it verbatim  
Cause I got two bangin' pieces and you don't wanna date em'  
Flyin' kites for my folks at home  
Who takin' tokes alone  
We payin' rent on shit they ain't even sposed to own  
Narratin' through my verse, agitatin' when ya curse  
It's a million motherfuckers just waitin' on the first  
Anticipatin' on the worst, wanna weightin' up ya purse  
Shook the jobby job down at noon and don't disperse  
They wouldn't pay ya ass as far as they can throw you  
They think you punkin' but they don't know you  
Dissin' turf operata, play with twelve shot berettas  
Buy the Burger King workers and we slappin' on ya lettuce  
Wrote that in the back of those apartments  
A coupon from agricultural departments  
When we put down the X-O, we can let the threats go  
And start shit, it's the ghetto manifesto

[Chorus x2]

That's what I'm talking about  
Make me scream and shout  
East, West, North, and South  
Gonna turn this party out  
Hey, hey

[\* People talking \*]

[Boots]

Call me bird cause of my legs but my ass don't sing  
Got a house arrest anklet but it don't bling bling  
The homie with a cell but that shit don't ring  
But at lights out bars clang and souls get stang  
Now it's the hustlin' sound, trick where they muscle  
around blacks  
Make ya thoughts heavy, drop a joint and make the  
ground crack  
Even renowned historians have found that  
The people only bounce back when they pound back  
So I take out a spray can and paste the pavement  
Defacin' gravements of a sufferin' nation  
The files are flagrant and that's the fragrance  
I overheard them askin' vagrance for patients  
So check the liner notes, I steal my finer quotes  
For d-boys tryin' to flow them Gucci's and designer  
boats  
And party liner jokes and all kinds of folks  
Who all kind of broke  
But bought twenties cause they feel like a lot of smoke  
The trees we got lifted by made our feet dangle  
So when I say burn one I mean the Star-Spangled  
Let's all get high from the income angle  
Bump this at the party even if it ain't the single  
Here's a slum serenade, on razor blades and grenades  
By nannies and maids who be polishin' the suede  
You could let the sess blow but let's make the sets grow  
Into brigades with the ghetto manifesto

[Chorus x2]

[\* People talking \*]

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