

Yungstar

"Ghetto B.I"

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[Method Man]

Yeah ha.. we vibin'
Channel livin' all day ha c'mon
Yo its me the m-e-t-h uh o-d
????
Sniff a whole key
My coke deep
Be my consciouss tellin me it dont make sense
Then guard his nonsense
A niggas best defense is his offense
So yo I watch po po
And duck a dodo
Birdies in them gogo's
Trying to steal my mojo
Oh no your'e fuckin with a pro
Who go for dolo
For sure though
A season veteran holy a (dobo???)
Come on now judge judy
Youre televised through our vision
While I black you get imprisoned
When my eyes see through your eyes
Your hypnotized
Subconsciously you change the station to channel live
That underground hard-core sound who said it'd die
Cause if it is me and my nine's
The first to ride
For my niggas
Live by the fire die by the flame
Happy im gone knowin my son's gonna be the same
As his dough-diggy dog that
Who put his feelings on a pamphlet
A pen unleash the dragon again uh
Im on ya like hot grease on a skillet
Gorillas on real tv because they feel us

[Verse 2]

I'm livin like a hundred in a jeep stolen
Wools in sheeps clothng

All beef frozen
Bust like cheap trojans
Nautrally rollin blunts and weed smokin
We keep chokin
Bitches on they knees open
I spit like a automatic semi barking part
And if you hear me starin blame the remmy martin
So liquor shots ghetto people
Dutches and c-lo's duckin the repo
For fuckin them lady c-o's
Rhymes blind devine (evol??)
Smoked out in the cadillac regal
With a mommy on my beecho
Theres eight million stories
Only six million ways to die
Theres two million niggas getting away with crime
Theres two million more whack niggas tryin to rhyme
Now theres four million niggas tryin to eat at one time
It keeps the thugs gunnin in the blood runnin
And the judge frontin
Enough to make nigga touch something

[Chorus]

Niggas fuckin with that strick-nine
The models get mine
So we gonna be big time
Its ghetto buisness
Niggas jack cars and rap stars
Rockin the cash bars
Bitches dancin naked on their lap
Its ghetto buisness
Niggas hold guns
Hot ones steakin' the biscut
Ghetto nigga soft cores is ghetto business
Yo, drinks and weed son
Never seeds son
I got what you need son
Its all ghetto business

[Verse 3]

Yo this is for the senile
Walking on the green mile
My lyrics be like the spirit of a teen gone wild
Shit is after ten bitch wheres your child
With a nine in his pocket lockin it down like penile
I did the knowledge to born
Your style straight corn
I woke up in the morning
Heard your shit and just yawned
You fuckin up my high
No lie

You can die
????????????????
Before i break you up like god
Yo its the herb slinger
New style bringer
Rap is for my war plan
Fat like Corporal Clinger
We still bring the hardcore with r&b singers
While the beast ask you out like hoes on Jerry Springer

[Verse 4]

Yo rally hot boys feel so sick
And I won't stop 'til I'm so so rich
While Y'all niggas spit
I (WHOOO) blow hits
Don't waste time
And I don't waste rhymes
Few minutes, shit
Track done like swiss
If you ain't hot come like this
Real niggas hold a gun like this
Pop something, one in your leg
Make your ass run like this
Now picture that
Defeat rhymes never that
Son son you brave
You ain't a man cause you got a little something to
shade
I've been a thug since the sixth grade
Rockin a fade
Young Boomy
Look what the ghetto done to me
Made you bolder now
Heart colder now
Brick soldier now
Gun holder now
Nigga snath my chain, catch him hold him down
Hit him with the hot slugs like over now
I know you wanna test rock, what you waitin for
I live one-thirty-eight basement door
City up north you can't escape the raw
Find me where channel live be at
(What is this)
Ghetto Business
----Beat Fades Out----

[Rowdy Rahz Freestyle]

You aint fin to blow up shit
Youre merely a bomb threat
How the fuck you gonna move a crowd
You aint moved out from your moms yet

I'm a vet, better yet a vet-er-an
The words smith and wessun
Like megatron
Understand I'm past hip-hop
I should be put into tiny ziplocks
Distributed by those who flip rocks
Leak use after word Smith b
So dope you better sniff me
And learn to keep me out ya mouth
Get me
I'm goin to Armaghetto swiftly
My whole click be sickly
So we don't sleep we spit in bed
Those thats trying to get hit in the head
Fuck around and get hit in the head
Everything I write is either a death sentence or a blood
line
For those who love nines
We don't stand in club lines
We V.I.P
Thugs love to hear me spit that
If you ain't down with ghetto business
THERE'S THE EXIT PUNK, HIT THAT !

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