

Carly Simon F/ Marc Cohn, Ben Taylor

"Ghetto Ghutta"

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Edi (talking)

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon... Smoke It
Outlawz c'mon... Yea... Blood Brothers c'mon
Intoduction to the Outlaw Lifestyle
Blood Brothers ya know
Hit the weed, get the drank
Edi... Kastro... Load up, put one in
Outlaw Recordz... please respect it
Here we go

[Edi]

Introduction to the Outlawz lifestyle
Get the weed, get the drank
Turn the lights down
Bang ya hood
Show ya tats
Let them niggaz know
They crossed the muthafuckin' line
And now they gotta go
Im with my family and I'm finna' light it
Fuck yall niggaz
I cant see a damn thang but us dog
Makaveli lives and shit I'm the fuckin proof
2nd generation Thug Life
Who is you?
Hood to hood... Outlaw please respect it
We them niggaz gettin' helix
When it get hectic
Well trained, smell game from a mile away
Get the bitch to the hide away right away
Edi - i - like a thief in the night
I rock her to sleep
I put my piece thru the light
We breathe thru the light
And we the strength for the strong
Keepin' it going
Yall muthafuckas hate cause you know
Here we go

Kastro (chorus)

I been a straight gutta nigga for all my life

So... ghetto shit is all I like
Like loud mouth ho's
Foul mouth folks
Up 3 days straight
Thuggin' in the same clothes
We scrap for a living
Trapped in this prison
We take money-money
Without asking permission
Our hearts pump thug shit
Our blood drip fire
The life of an Outlaw
For swears to admire

[Kastro]

The butchery, gun talk and money moves
The prophecy for young thugs is born to loose
Walk in my shoes
If you can you's a man
Two hands on ya balls
These squares can't understand
Daddy... raised me crazy
And now I'm worst
Down thirsty for thug money
I guess I'm cursed
Who woulda' knew... that...
When the kid got big
I'd be thugged out without giving a shit
I spit dues
Appears to me no school
Follow the leader
I'll lead ya
We will not loose
Im from a rotten deck
From my cards I gotta stoppin' tek
No sweat..... I demand respect
And respect you take
You walk lightly, politely
I do what's not right
Like ???? Spike Lee
Ain't nobody like me
No need to look
Im down hard
I die hard
I think I'm hooked

Kastro (chorus)

I been a straight gutta nigga for all my life
So... gutta shit is all I like
Like loud mouth ho's
Foul mouth folks

Up 3 days straight
Thuggin' in the same clothes
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[Edi]

We.... settin' up shop ?? Pac til the death of me
I hear ya back up in my head
Dont have to pressure me
Elevation, preparation
'Bout to take this over
'Bout to get a face in this game
Im mase over
Tired of niggaz giving me the same run around
You sellin' coke, shootin' the block
You's a rapper POW
Nigga please spare me all the details
Me and mine gon' ball or see hell
Will we fail? Nigga neva'
I got a one shot deal
And dog it's so real
Im out here like whatever
I could pay these bills or shoot to kill
Cause gutta shit is all I like
Bump a bitch in the day
And we fuckin' at night (yeah)
Ghetto shit is all I love
Over packed clubs
And oversized dub's (shit)
22's, money rules in the life we lead
Lifestyle of an Outlaw.. O.G

Kastro (chorus)

I been a straight gutta nigga for all my life
So... ghetto shit is all I like
Like loud mouth ho's
Foul mouth folks
Up 3 days straight
Thuggin' in the same clothes
We scrap for a living
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The life of an Outlaw
For swears to admire

Ghetto shit, Gutta shit nigga

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