

CeCe Peniston F/ Jo Jo Hailey

"Little Ghetto Boys"

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[Raekwon] Yo, you know what I mean? Chillin within
[Rakeem] Word up, niggaz is stupid
[Cappa] Look out for the cops man, look out for the
cops
[Raekwon] Yo it was on last year Son
[Rakeem] Huh? Fuck them cops
[Ghost] Word
[Raekwon] Scrape them niggaz
[Raekwon] Niggaz want two hundred grand over the
table
[Ghost] Like this
[Raekwon] That shit looks pretty
[Rakeem] Yo
[Ghost] I don't know what the fuck made em in they
own mind
[Raekwon] Pass the weed off man *inhale*
[Ghost] think they could come f, they could fuck wit this
Dunn
[Rakeem] Yo G, the Mexican niggaz is definitely buggin
the fuck
cop's walkie talkie is heard
[Raekwon] Mike's was crystal, erythang
[Rakeem] other Mexicans be all the fuck up on your shit
nigga
cop's walkie talkie still babbling
[Method] Aiiyo you got a light?
[THE PIG] Excuse me can you put that out please?
[Method] Oh shit
[Raekwon] For what? For what?
[Method] Jiggy
[THE PIG] Could you please put that out?
[Raekwon] For what? I ain't puttin..
[THE PIG] Put the shit out now!
[Raekwon] I ain't puttin shit out!!
[THE PIG] UP AGAINST THE FUCKIN WALL!
everything gets chaotic
[THE PIG] UP AGAINST THE FUCKIN WALL!!!
[Rakeem] The fuckin bitch? Get that bitch!
[Raekwon] Slap fire out!
[THE PIG] Oh no no no no no no no
[Raekwon] Get your shit right

[THE PIG] Get what?

[Raekwon] We gonna swerve on these niggaz one time
that's my word

music fades in

"What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to
face responsibility"

[Raekwon] That's comin from Louis Rich

[Raekwon] Baggin, you know what time it is, ayyo,
aiyyo, ayyo

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

Put them cracks down you just started slangin two
months ago

Whattup with Larry Francisco tell him to let that bitch go
Why you standin there? Posin you like Donna Karan
wear

Nigga save that, the same shit you had it last year
You be runnin with them outsiders

That shit is fucked up yo, we never turn to dick riders
Your Mac is big, got a little grip, yo
You think that shit gon live what he did -- what this
nigga said

Remember when his mans got there, the whole shit was
set up

Shut up, whole fam want the science and the letter
It got back to me some niggaz in Medina askin me
"You know some niggaz in the gold E-Class," splash to
me

Yo that shit you had in Vegas

Yo, it coulda got us both sprayed up, they seen the Ac,
know this traitor

Hair sa-laundry and Shorty like Karan

Her fam major swing kingpins you won't dare front on
Octavia with all the ice on, yo

She own a carwash now, her little Keon doin triple life
Marry a Son who got baked, it coulda been

for a half a cake, play the shank, maybe bite her

Shit is fucked up when they got us yo

She fainted at her baby wake now watch the breakdown
"..face responsibility"

She fainted at her baby wake now yo watch the
breakdown

"Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto street"

Verse Two: CappaDonna

Yo all of y'all niggaz got the whole story wrong

Talk what you talk but twist the real song

When it comes down to this, not a licensed driver

Show y'all niggaz whose style is more liver
This is not a act this is more actual fact
Nuttin but experience placed upon track
with the true sound, not lyin out the crown
When we not workin we hardly be around
Yeah see the light, right now we could fight
You not a real brother you just a fake type
that get on the mic then, throw your cliché
Half the East coast soundin just like Rae
If you a Gambino, give credit to the flow
If you not a part of this kid act like you know
Fuck the studio, Cappachino the great
Fly cherry head niggaz like planes out of state
I ain't friends with you, only my CD hit you
If you want some then stop frontin is the issue
It's my turn, live niggaz could pass
Two-face-ted rappers push they shit last
Straight off the edge, into the rubbish
Peep my new style fuck Cristal and Moët
I drink Evian water while my thoughts get published

"What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to
face responsibility?"

"Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto streets
What you gonna do when you grow up..."

"What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to
face responsibility?"

"Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto streets
What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to
face responsibility?"

*35 seconds of instrumental pass until the martial arts
samples*

One is invulnerable, in fact
it involves strenuous breath control
Out of all techniques, it's the most difficult
The human body has a hundred and eight pressure
points
Thirty-six of these can be fatal
The remainder, paralyzing

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