

Bucks Fizz

"Ghetto Pop Life"

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[Chorus]

I've got a bullet in the clip so what ya want?
I've got a lyric I can spit so what ya want?
I'm giving bitches good dick so what ya want?
Hey, hey, so what'cha want?

My Ghetto Pop Life hotter than a hot slice
I'm an urban entertainer of the hot nights
I don't wanna see no end because it's not right

[Jemini]

I'm just a brother who never
Compromised his integrity
My legacy is heavenly
Bury me in the hood
Never think I'm not cautious, hey
I recognise what a wrong look'll cost us
So inside I'm always nervous
But I never look worried
Come for me
Gun shot flurries in a hurry
Come get me
And be where I perform, stay warm
I'm prepared for the storm
And I brought the heat with me
Lord, please talk to these boys
'Fore I leave they evening spoilt
Put 'em six feet up under the soil
Looking at the roots of trees
Better yet leave they bodies all out in the open so the
flies can feed
And when the 'hood get dry I supply the need
Y'all faggot niggaz keep it moving honey riding with
me
So what ya want?

[Chorus]

[Jemini]

And I never politic when I be on some cool out shit
Don't even run up on me talking 'bout some artist that

you signed
'Cos I don't really give a fuck and I ain't really got the
time
I'm trying to put some money in my clothes
Sean clothes, Jah clothes
First, did you come with six zeros?
Fuck y'all then, I'm trying to put some dubs on the road
Then just slide up in the club and try to bubble some
hoes
Player, the harder we grind, the further we go
I'm at the point I'm ready to commit a murder to blow
Whatever it takes, I see the nigga holding the case
Look dead in his face, hit the nigga holding the weight
Make his man take me to the crib and go in the safe
Jah done made the reservation so we ready to peel
For real, without no hesitation Nitty bustin' the steel
So what ya what?

[Chorus]

[Jemini]
I'm a O.G in the flesh (true to life)
Giving birth to these young seeds (new to life)
East New York Bed-Stuy nigga (do or die)
I was aiming for his head (it went through his eye)
Pimp nigga, Goldie, Shaft (super fly)
Mixed with a little cheese (from Coolie High)
Mommy how you gonna move? (when it's just you and I)
Pardon me a second dude (you better get in line)
Confrontation time, get in line or spit a rhyme
I ain't looking for no beef but I will oblige
I'm kinda quiet but surprise I ain't really shy
Didn't mean to shock you with the real
But niggaz know the deal
When I'm up in punk knockers and down in Sugar Hill
Call me Mr Foreverman, can't say I never ran and never
will
But when the shells get to flying and I don't got skill
I get ghost then I bounce
Come back and a nigga be ready to throw toast
So what ya want?

[Chorus]

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