

Chemical Brothers

"Werdz From the Ghetto Child"

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[Smiley] Aiyyo I got the dimes that I get, I got the dimes
that I bring

[Preem'] Yo, yo yo

[Smiley] Yo Preem', what's good?

[Preem'] What's good man - you still fuckin with that
shit son?

[Smiley] Yo, don't even come at me with that bullshit
man, whassup?

[Preem'] I'm sayin man, you said you was gonna leave
this shit alone

[Preem'] You still on that bullshit nigga

[Smiley] Son.. SON I'll leave it alone

[Smiley] when you come and get ready with this music
B, what the fuck?

[Preem'] I'm sayin man, who the fuck you think you are
man?

[Smiley]

Yo, yo

Yo gangsta gangsta, O.G. is what you call me

It's like my life is like a never-endin drug story

Make coke, expand, yo you know who I am

Death percentages rises in the hood like grams

Who done it and ran, who blammed on my fam'

Out the window every night, deadly intentions man

Cocked back and ready to fire, hit man for hire

And fuck politicians, nothin but liars

As I build my cream, with self esteem

But drink the water from the streams, of gangsta lean

To keep food on my plate, stick a mac to your face

So I never have to fall off, so you can never underrate

Force pressure, is the techniques of real men

So when you slam the doors, we still get in

It's like demons when, what you fight that you can't
see'll

come out your buildin, and get shot drastically

The way of the world, niggaz fiendin to pull it

You either bite the dust, or just dodge that bullet

