

Donald Fagen "Out Of The Ghetto"

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You've come a long way baby,
From wealth and food stamp lines,
You're moving on up,
And leaving poverty behind.

You've had a good education,
And seen the best of the schools,
But when you take a drink,
The ghetto comes out of you.

I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
But I could not get that ghetto out of you.

You're a foxy lady,
Your mamma had a beautiful child,
You're built like a brick house,
And that's no lie.

When we go to the disco,
You drive the fellas wild,
When you shake your booty,
Ghetto style.

I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
But I could not get that ghetto out of you.

You're a hunk of raw sugar,
Got some real sweet hips,
Your love, your love, your love,
Is like a honey drip.

Your roots are in the mean streets,

That'll never change,
Ghetto mamma,
Stay the same.

I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
I took you out of the ghetto,
(I took you out of the ghetto)
But I could not get that ghetto out of you.

Ghetto mamma, don't you change,
Ghetto mamma, stay the same.

Ghetto mamma, don't you change,
Ghetto mamma, stay the same.

Ghetto mamma, don't you change,
Ghetto mamma, stay the same.

Ghetto mamma, don't you change,
Ghetto mamma, stay the same.

Ghetto mamma, don't you change,
Ghetto mamma, stay the same.

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