

Goodie Mob "Ghetto-Ology"

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Been here been real
Still clear south west
And you wanna do somethin' with it?
And you wanna do somethin' with it?

Now from that ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
Got one foot in, one foot out
Of the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
That's why I know the things I know

In the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
And some of my friends done died befo'
In the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
That's why I can't seem to let go of the ghetto

How do you feel when you judge quick?
And you all up in my face and I ain't even spit
Just like them folk that say they know me from my old
days
I know you wonderin' about my spirit and my old ways

You hearin' me spittin' the piece of mind, got you froze
in time
Playin' catch up with yourself I'm on another level
And you can say I'm dead wrong
Even if you stay home

They gotta fight because you livin' in a war zone head
strong
Can't leave it 'lone till they get and they gone
So now I'm stylin', my mamma 'bout to travelin'
He be hangin' with them monsters and he smilin'

And my babies' coughin', thinkin' they have TB
And they neva call him daily in that wee wee
So what I find is to eliminate the problem
Befo' they cause problems, befo' we have problems

'Cause you thought you had it sewed up
Until that green house grew all of a sudden
Sho' nuff, it showed up
Now you didn't know he had it in him the venom

It fits the test and I'm gon win him
Then the ride, can't be cryin' got it steady now
You need to find out, there ain't no time outs
You can't sign out, better than whine out

Don't drop the gun 'cause the street is gettin' packed
now
Just let cones bang the ground, don't you back down
For it's the fate, that brought you to this place now
So let it guide you and take you to that touch down
And stay ground, so that you can stay proud
'Cause one in, and one quick

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I got these jokers with their eyes red
Drinkin' too much, got dead
I make you shout it if you's in the 'burbs
Herbs beware

It's from the one that data compare
Logistic, chicken biscuit
This winter, he will forget the cold through a song
And my party wrong and my weak is strong

Just kept his back turned, yearned
For destruction bustin' microphones
Blessed the unprotected soul
Lettin' go, call him too much

Will get you off for sure
Watch [Incomprehensible] top plate
What's gon' save you from the hands of why
When them guys gone and you bet home in the ghetto

They trappin' him off within then
Look at the fonky red'ead
Done flipped them all as dead
Paint wet, now I'm set

Fight the shit, watch it hit
Block lot neighborhood charcoals

And that old mark O?
After dawn, on the porch

Got gone, mind blown
Fashioned like
Niggas sold, new or old
It's gettin' sold in the ghetto

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Now from the Go child my name is Lo
God done gave me this vision quite some time ago
He taught me shout it when you've got chance to blow?
You preach that real shit 'till you can't doubt no mo'

Now wait a minute y'all, I am the one
That ride the rhythm from midnight to the morning sun
I do it for the freedom, finance, and forever fun
Now revolution of the mind has already begun

Now just a second y'all it got to be
For every thought is fulfilled in the prophecy
I'm supernatural and there is no stoppin' me
Even the ghetto is still God's property
C'mon

Ever since you was a youngster the devil been
Over your soul, like this one eyed monster
Ain't no in between you either off or on
Never pass judgment but the feeling is mutual

Pass the hog mog, tryin' to drown me
After years of gravel
You promised no rest to blow in weeks
I know you ain't choppin' in the next man footprints

Wobblin' like a duck stuck, crawlin' out the same hole
Me don't promote no mysterious behavior
Pimped and be dead I used to flow, my high school
goal
It come through in the ghetto

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