

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Ghetto Zone"**

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They got uzis, they got shotguns, they got explosives  
They got access to any kind of weapon they want within  
24 hours  
We got over 50,000 gangbangers out there  
Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit  
You know its potent when the funky-ass beat hit  
Rolling the dice and we's hittin' point  
ICP out of southwest Detroit  
Running with a gang of 20 street hoods  
Hookers on my back cuz I'm selling them cheap goods  
Looking through the motherfucking alleyway  
They can't catch Violent crazy-ass psychopath J  
But I guess I wasn't so crazy this time  
Now I'm chillin in the back of car 49  
Yes, rhyme grippin that metal  
They put a man on the moon, but can't do shit for the  
ghetto  
I look at all that and it makes me sick  
I wanna grab them motherfuckers make em swallow a  
brick  
So I grab anybody I can find  
Beat a fiend in the head with a goddamn stop sign  
Flex one of us and I'm a find you  
Bullet rips through your chest and hits the bitch behind  
you  
Killed two birds with one stone  
You're laying in the street with a bullet in your dome  
And to those hillbillies listening down south  
Talk shit about the city with my nuts in your wife's  
mouth  
And keep stringing on your banjo  
Cuz we don't like that shit we're we come from, bro  
Now the ICP stands alone in the southwest ghetto zone  
Ah, for Christ's sake  
Ah, you don't talk about that garbage here  
That's for the hell-hole where you come from  
This is the good part of town  
We let you deal with that type of bullshit  
Your problems don't concern us  
Go home now, well go on  
Southwest Detroit is condemned one's home  
The cops just don't know what to do

Jump Steady, Rude Boy, and the PSR  
They got my back, O.G., you won't make it far  
I got my nine at my gut and it's startin' to hurt  
Where can you keep a gat wearing skins and a t-shirt?  
Now I'm roaming like a true ghetto thug  
Fiends on the sac cuz I'm booming that crack  
I know you heard aloud what J said  
When I told you that I sold to that bitch, that basehead  
Know you can't argue with the truth  
If I hit you in your mouth, you're gonna spit out a tooth  
And I laugh at a motherfucking cop  
Sittin' with his fat ass in a donut shop  
At the party where the ICP shows take face  
Billy throws the handcuffs all over the place  
"We're here to protect and protect we do"  
Then I ask who the fuck protects us from you  
Cops are always beatin on someone  
Shot a mute in the back, he told him not to run  
And the motherfucking black panthers know it  
That's why some cops now are catching a bullet  
I'm runnin, I'm runnin, we'll end the chase  
When Jump Steady puts his gauge in your motherfuckin  
face  
Mind your own in the southwest ghetto zone  
Hey, yo, G, who the fuck do you think you are, man?  
You know who you're fucking with the IC motherfuckin  
P, G  
Why don't you all step the fuck up before you get shot,  
boy  
Keep running your lips, see what happens  
motherfuckers  
Yea, G, see what I'm saying, now what's up with that  
shit  
Come to Del Ray and drive by in shit  
The cops just don't know what to do  
These are my homeboys, vato  
See, are home right here is all we have, man  
I love them and they love me back, man  
Well I guess I'm a bad guy  
Cuz I cuss a lot I say "fuck" a lot  
And I rap to tell you how I'm feeling  
When I'm in the old spot sit and we reeling  
Through Del Ray, call it Hell Ray  
It's where ICP stay, yo G  
And the forces that always talk shit get beat  
And if I'm out numbered I gotta gauge in the backseat  
Cuz if I feel I am mack dead  
In the trunk of my car I got weapons I'd a never had  
A thousand motherfucker in the back make the car saw  
Rodney's fat ass make the whole damn muffler drag  
Rappin to a sac-chasing Heidi

I told the bitch I ain't never even seen a Mazaratti  
Ever sell out to a freak, fuck no  
That why I'll tell ya I'll never end up in a box for a ho  
When the check comes I ignore it  
And the bitch is gonna ask me to fucking pay for it  
I give the ho an empty 12-pack  
Take your ass to the store and bring some Faygo back  
That's all I pay for bitch now get the fuck on ho  
Stick around I got something you can suck on ho  
Violent J won't be ganked  
By no nappy-headed, bare-footed, crackheaded sewer  
skank  
You gotta handle your own  
In the southwest ghetto zone  
ICP  
And to all the sets running in southwest Detroit  
Good luck and stay strong  
Latin Counts  
Young Guns  
CFP  
X-men  
To the Cobras  
And DT  
ICP  
They got uzis, they got shotguns  
They got explosives

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