

Kampf

"More Than One Way Out of the Ghetto"

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Now a while ago, I had to do a little bid
Cause of the things I wanted, as a little kid
I wanted to be like the dealers a lot
Cause of the things they had and the respect that they
got
All the girls used to jock 'em
And I wondered why my parents used to knock 'em
I had a talent, or a hobby you should say
I like rap, or poetry, but anyway
Stay away from drugs, I paid it no mind
I wanted to hustle for bread, instead of writin rhymes
So I said to hell with it
Instead of stayin away from drugs I was sellin it
I was out all day until the job was done
Instead of rockin the parties I was robbin 'em
The females, paid me no mind, not a Giant
Andre Barnes at the time
But the rock started sellin, the dough was comin in
Dealers wanted in, girls started runnin in
Some said I'm crazy how I'm livin
I must be, crazy cash and crazy women
Yeah my gear was right
They called me Andre the Giant and it wasn't cause of
my height
Losin G's in cee-lo
I never sweat it; cause my connect got kilos
My bank, two thou that's what's in it
Rollin cee-lo, headcrack makin G's in a minute
Oh yeah I'm all for dis
Yeah I'm handsome, but the money made me
gorgeous
Now the girls wanna see me
The little kids around the block wanna be me
I was chillin, in thousand dollar coats
I had links and ropes, and yo the shit was dope
I had the jewels oh did I have the jewels
The talk of the town, the neighborhood news
But friends weren't true inside
They were passengers, goin along for the ride
And it makes you say damn!
Because I feel so hard I had scars on my hands

I thought I'd be fine
But I got bagged and snagged and then I had to do a
little time
Friends don't hang it's a waste of time
I got one dollar, one girl and some great rhymes
I pursued the wrong dream
Now to make a fast buck I gotta scheme
Find a cee-lo game, yo Bank I gotta buck
I ace to a deuce, yeah that's just my luck
I gotta go right and exac
tInstead of a package, I wanted a mic and a hype track
Instead of robbin the parties, I'm rippin 'em
MC's were gettin done, every week a different one
It's time to put my talent to use
There's no excuse, I just gotta get loose
And now I'm really convinced
I got raw with Lord Finesse, and been straight since
Now you see how I lost it
But I bounced back, you might not be as fortunate
So take heed my friend
Before you take a shortcut that leads to a dead end
Take my advice cause the Giant said so
And remember -- there's more than one way out the
ghetto

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