

Chiddy Bang "Neighborhood"

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(feat. Mike Bigga)

[Verse 1: Chiddy]

Come take a look in my neighborhood, another day up
in the ghetto

And grandma cookin' got the breakfast in the kettle
Was nothin' like you were picturin', ever before
Revenge is probably probable, they settle the score
Shit, we don't settle for less, we settle for more
We never was ballin' and still without the credit we
score

It's Bob Marley, we just lookin' for Redemption
And we find ways to claim the kids to get exemptions
Uh, then I used to play the cookout
And then I went the book route, now all you rappers
look out

Just a Kid in the Hall, Arsenio
She could give me knowledge, high definition, Vimeo
I won't give a penny though, and still the boys all fuego
And what I spit is magic, like it's Vegas at the trade
show

So rollin' late is good, my homies made it good
And this is just another day up in my neighborhood

[Chorus:]

The neighborhood ain't the same no more
Used to ride the bus now we ride on tour
Used to dress plain now we on the plane
Used to play games now we live the game
The neighborhood is just what you find
Used to open up now we headline
And even though it's crazy I'll be just fine
And I promise you that I'll be comin' back sometime

[Verse 2: Killer Mike]

Come take a look at my neighborhood, see a little girl
with the glow

Timidly tellin' momma what momma already know
See momma faced the same situation years ago
Sixteen to seventeen odd years or so
Momma was a pregnant sophomore in ninety-fo'

She worked hard went to school and made it out the
ghetto
Now momma sittin' in the living room, trippin' fool
Wonderin' how her baby done got pregnant skippin'
school
Momma just cried, just cursed
Momma lookin' at the sky askin' Lord am I cursed?
Am I cursed, Lord not my baby
There ain't no charms in the world this crazy
The girl's ain't smart and the boy's just lazy
And unlike us, they'll never make it
So momma makes the heavy-hearted decision
To take her daughter to clinic even though she is a
Christian

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3: Chiddy]

Come take a look at my neighborhood, Nigerian queen
named Geraldine
Made it to the US, she was only eighteen
We ain't have a great scheme, no MBA
And when she came she stayed at the YMCA
Go figure, magna cum laude they should honor us
Had an only daughter with a man named Donatus
And you better swell, had a second child
Moved to New Jersey, we could turn the sorrow to a
smile
Nobody would bet me up, such a juvenile
They say the middle child's always a little wild
But I'm only guilty of my innocence
Relate to Wyclef, Memoir Of An Immigrant
From a place where they tell you poverty's imminent
Momma's stressed out at work, now that's legitimate
Now they could hate the hood, my family made it good
And this is just another day up in my neighborhood

[Chorus:]

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