

## Lord Belial

### "Shorties Kaught In The System"

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[lord finesse]

Check it..

It's all real in the nine-fo'

Shorties kaught up in the system

Just close your eyes..

Picture a ghetto - break it down

Back in the days I was livin swell see

I was ridin bikes, rollerskatin and playin skelzies

But nowadays shit is different

Little kids be riffin - the motherfuckers won't listen

Instead of shootin tops they shoot glocks

They point em at cops {\*blam\*} and that's the way  
they get props

Yo, they do what they wanna

Fuck a nine to five, they makin g's on the corner

Material things is what they want to scoop

They can't get shit like that, workin for no summer  
youth

They got clients, they livin like giants

They got the whole drug shit to a science

They got, jewels and beepers, hundred dollar sneakers

Lexus coupes; windows down boomin the speakers

They got, bitches in flavors, probably fuckin your  
neighbor

C'mon - they got shit under control like the mayor

Man, you see the news today

So how you gonna tell these little kids that school's the  
way?

Yo - it ain't about i.q.; some of these kids

Are makin more than doctors, and didn't finish high  
school

Teenagers are caught up in the system

And God forbid if you front on em or try to diss em

They got everything, from nines to shotguns

And they'll put two in your chest and lounge til the cops  
come

If you ain't from the ghetto this is undercover

But in ninety-four, shit is real like a motherfucker

Tryin to strive nine-to-five out in the street

There's no rain or shine, trying to get ends to meet

Fuck the cops they don't obey the law  
And if you ain't catch on by now, I ain't even tryin to say  
no more

Chorus: repeat 2x

Shorties be wildin  
I don't give a fuck!  
I'm just a squirrel, that's out to get a nut  
Get a nine to five  
What? that shit sucks!  
And besides, I wouldn't make enough

[lord finesse]

In this time and day, kids get paid in all kinds of ways  
And get more respect, than niggaz that's three times  
they age  
I know a child that's runnin wild  
That say fuck playin tag, he's tryin to get a hundred  
thou'  
So it's hard to find a stable child  
Kids are watchin violent movies, or either got cable now  
And they catch on so quick  
Bout time they hit 16 they be on some nino brown, g.i.  
joe shit  
When school is out, they just wanna lamp  
The last thing on they mind, is motherfuckin summer  
camp  
And eighty out of a hundred  
All they wanna do is clock dough, scoop bitches and  
get blunted  
Kids is strapped, they be packin shit  
I seen shorties get iller than villains in some action flick  
They say times is rough jack  
And when you tell em cool out  
Man they quick to say, "fuck that!"

Chorus 2x

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