

Metallica

"Child of the Ghetto"

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* originally appeared on P. Diddy's "The Saga Continues..."

Yo, yeah, yo
Uhh, uhh, yeah, yo
Uhh, uhh, yeah, yo
Uhh, uhh, G. Dep!

[G. Dep]

A child of the ghetto, nobody explain it to me
Livin the scripture the picture they painted for me
Rippin it runnin and gunnin and aimin for me
Yo.. (yeah, uhh, yeah)

I guess you niggaz told me right and exact
Shak, shak, right in his back
I might just crack while I'm writin this rap
From even, a tire that snap, I'm light in the sack
I tell you how I feel and that's part of the deal
I'm like, Seagal with the steel but "Harder to Kill"
It's real, big Beans up for lettin me know
Fifteen bet and you blow, better get dough
Won't be a second we won't; they lettin me go
Since pays wisen your ways, allow me to grow
Aiyyo (yo) swing yeah back to the scene
Seven-four-eight-oh, can't recall in between
Whole state pulsate, we can wrinkle the town
Park jams dark shams niggaz breakin it down
Niggaz rock the heaters, my clique rocked Adidas
Didn't know the blocks were where the spots would lead
us
But hey..

[Chorus]

A child of the ghetto, nobody explain it to me
Livin the scripture the picture they painted for me
Knew what it wasn't, it wasn't the game or the greed
Rippin it runnin and gunnin and aimin for me
A child of the ghetto, nobody explain it to me
Livin the scripture the picture they painted for me
Niggaz is gamin they ain't who they claimin to be

Niggaz that know me they told me the game it could be
- CRAZY

[G. Dep]

I take you back to the scene of the stunt
Scene of that rhyme and you can think what you want
And if you.. and if you tell me you can get it from here
Got boom got boom, put shit in the air (yeah yeah
yeah)
Get us some gear to get us in here
Waited years to get a premier and did it from here
Harlem - citizen where the kid is in gear, guard him
Niggaz in here, who get it in here, we are them
Take you back to the 80's around
Polo Grounds, Uptown, eight-eighty a pound
Niggaz hit the rooftop, y'all was roofin the rocks
Other niggaz shoe tops, only youth on the block
You dig me - movin in tops and movin these rocks
You get it - we movin them blocks to move in them
drops
Skiddin - I guess the niggaz told me right and exact
When they said stop fightin and stack it - get the
money nigga

[Chorus]

[G. Dep]

Eighty-one I had fun, eight-two I was new
Eight-three I did me, eight-four I had grew
Eighty-five it got live, eight-six in the mix
Eighty-seven in the kicks, eighty-eight in the whips
Eighty-nine I had the grind, now I know it was flow
Ninety-one we got guns, ninety-two it was dough
Nine-three was the key, nine-four was sure
Nine-five took a dive, nine-six I was poor
Nine-seven did eleven now I'm made out the gate
Nine-nine spit rhymes two-thousand and straight..
Shit, I thought I'd give housing a break
Sit back, countin the cake, and lounge in estates, but
yo

[Chorus] - 2X {*to fade*}

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