

Nas "Ghetto (Remix)"

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The Evil genius, Green Latern

Hook:(2X)

The same shit's that going on
The crackheads stalking
Loud mouths is talking
The same shit's that going on
You know I seen it all before

Nas:

It's cool enough to win but it's better to hate to lose
There's only one Nas by the hundred thousand use
You lose money chasing women, never lose, women
chasing money
Niggaz is broke, plus the wolves is hungry
Morgues full of dead niggaz who is taking money
Morgues full a niggaz who the last shit they ate in their
stomach
Spinach and steak
Gortex bootprints still on his face, it's still on his face
when we visit his wake
Whatever's undone I do it
Fight against a whole army one gun I use it
Some suntou shit
Keep it on you like walking ammonia
You far from oppenents
we can spar for the moments
I stay in decietful conversation
With creeps with foul natures
Attempted murder trial the basics
Threatening the witnesses
And relitives of dead victims it's the shit we live
Queens Bridge thug matrimony
Clap a fony
Bullets even hit a crack in his Abercrombie
Psycho analysts was asking me what happened to me
See the yack got to be, then the gat got to me
Then the homies on the block with the stacks of money
Then these beautiful bitches was bending backwards
for me
The lames put the rap game in the caskets slowly

Man I don't give a fuck...

Hook:(2X)

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Joell Ortiz:

Planet Earth
The land of the worse
Handle your turf
Cannons a burst and breaks the wrists of amateur jerks
Scare me to hurting on your man and that herse
I seen it ten times
They get a small article never the headline
Candles in the lobby next to empty yack bottles
Niggaz drunk talking shit like when they see this mac
nozzle
But nothing ever happens
Even if it do, nothing ever happens
We don't talk if that aint gutter you yapping in the
ghetto
You can ask a nigga mother what happened and get an
echo
When I'm from it's so bad
Bunch of ignorant mulfuckers with no dads
Oh he did, but he don't care cause he nursing his dope
hab
And when him and they mom argue he always throw
jabs
So they grip a chrome mag
And walk around like who wanna choke tag
Fiending to leave a head see through like a coke bag
If your life's slightly something like the one that Joe had
then you're (Ghetto)
Coup a peas, scoop cheese, duck D's and squeeze
Breezing on hooptees, bumping new Ortiz
And the houchies please G's by gettin on their knees
Giving a body part the scarecrow knee
I'm living at life
the shit that I write is from my heart, my word
Simple with your pocket grab a sharpy homie mark my
words
If anybody interfere with me and these bucks
I aint only in a career, dawg, im beating you up
I'm still ghetto

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