

## Daryl Hall & John Oates

### "Gangsta Times"

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\* later known as the Insane Clown Posse

Philosophy and music, thats my category  
Hip-Hop things in the ghetto territory  
My story is cold but it must be told  
Started out with the very first man I rolled  
A party store owner, became a blood doner  
Donated some blood to a delly street corner  
I clubed the old man with a brick on the chin  
It was grand master sin but I'll do it again  
Prostetutes want loot so they can shot up  
haha, whats goin up is the end of my boot bitch  
Right up your ass if you try and confront me  
Try and comfort me you lie in my trunky  
Pick you up down river, you never should quiver  
Deliver cap peeler dump your ass in the river  
I kill prostitutes just to whore I can whore  
Violent dribbles say man I'm in the ghetto territory  
My days away of well bred disbelievers are on their  
death beds  
My territory is what you vacate  
The realm is mine so let me say that  
This is a play that goes without sayin  
A disease of lyrics that is about to be infective  
Break it down to some intelligence B  
Aight  
Breakin it down till dawn  
Cuz your warshiping the ground I walk upon  
Fell short from the rhyme that was in youth  
Like an egection of steroids pumpin juice  
Lets return to a condition thats critical  
As I give a dose of me, the Lyrical  
So when I step to the door  
It better be me you had a ration for  
Felt the violence now feel intelligence  
Pleed the 5th, the case is irelivent  
In the croud is who will persue  
Whatever it takes, that what I'll do  
Cuz I'm a push over when it comes to a gathering  
Grab a mic, and make it start happening  
Break through from the ghetto to bring you this

Punk didn't you know, I never miss  
I bout urenin to be hype  
If you get what I'm sayin, then your my type  
Don't worry, cuz I won't neglect  
Inner City Posse is in effect  
Why don't ya kick a little violence J  
Street gang so we bang sweet hours we hang  
Occupasion gang population ghetto thang  
Educatin make a facial was too much for me  
No smarter pushin cards at the A.M.P.  
Now I wait down wage so I grab a gage  
Hopin saw once more hey make front page  
To survive detroit on average pay  
Some choose to abuse to live this way  
Projects come home in the ghetto zone  
Don't man they pass who never roam  
Iron hand over land stand proud down town  
Mile away in delray a dead boy is found  
Situation in our hands pumpin out a free story  
Correction start killin from the ghetto territory

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