

Tech N9ne "Ghetto Love"

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[Chorus x2]

I'm talkin 'bout ghetto love,
Girl dont keep me waitin for that
Ghetto love! talk bout misbehaving.
Because when I get you home in the sack and when I
give it to you,
Give it back give it back give it back give it back give it
back naked ass(?)

[Krizz Kaliko]

Im talkin bout socks on, socks off, get my rocks off. big
old back end, wax on wax off.
You can have it however you like, thin or go bad make it
sure the cookie monster is tight.
Ginseng make ya swing from the chandelier , I know I
sing but its a real man standin here.
Now that I think cackle(?)
Lay on your back girl, ill have you thinkin im the king of
the world!
When I put my thing in ya girl!
Im pullin micro-braids and weaves out, blowin backs
and knees out,
Have ya screaming kali baby after that your knees out.
Predator lookin for a black and decker pecker
wrecker(?)
Better than bed and head and make me wish I never
left her.
Hey! dont tell your girl friend how I beat it up and your
man;
He so cold to ya and I heat it up.
Let go your inhibitions, reservations: swallow them.
Get some ghetto-ness give it to you at your mom and
dems.(?)

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[Kutt Calhoun]

Have you ever all witnessed the "just been hit with a dick" stature?

From a nigga like me who licks it then hits in it after.
(ohh) in your cervix servin you some of this summer salami,

Work up a sweat from passionate sex like performing palates.

Ghetto! im lex-er than steel when it comes to real sex in the pill,

No step in this fill if you scared of catchin a di-lzn-ick.
Real spit, or do you prefer lil' dick?

She said "no I likes it nice and hard to bring the real shit"

And ill be commin (commin) from around a corner with a box of magnums to put it on ya.

Backpack and newports with third patron ya(?)never hear kutt calhouns a loner.

Im not sincere, not me from the bottom of a bad mother fucker named sascha fears(?),

Drink (drink) your kool-aid with a booty naked aint nothin but some mother fuckin sex in here.

(I) beat the koochie, (I) treat the koochie, (I) never heard a bitch call me a pussy,

(WHY) aint seducing shutem up quick, makem cover up dick like shes a __(?)

Tellm kutt just what you like little mommy and we can settle up,

We'll have you twitchin, feinding, and constantly thinkin bout my ghe-bout-bout my

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[Tech N9ne on the hook]

I want you to pop it and dip then upswing your hips,
back it up and dont trip,

Let your back bone slip, spin around get a grip, of the pole and then flip,

Baby thats the way you strip, heres your tip, not on the lips

[Tech N9ne]

(hey hey) the ghetto be missin me, I had an epiphany,
I need some ghetto lovin so I get what their diggin me,
They sniffin and kissin me, "wanna split with me? all in
favor say yes,
Is you is or is you aint my constituency?"
Heimlich, all over tech n9ne dick, imma bark and grind
this,
"do you know your beautiful and your fine miss?
And you two you three find this, well we never be
minded,
I love big behinds, call me your highndness,
"hey mister mercatroy I love when your workin;
You're twerkin that ghetto booty even makin suburban
boys,
Make alot of suburban noise, got money in my pocket
like im a turban boy."
So after your koochie crusade, you know she ghetto if
she come and bring you kool-aid (ohhh yeahh)

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I'm talkin about pole slidin, lap dance ridin,
Do something strange for some change if your buying,
But big strippers make big tippers, show no thankful for
all their booty you give us.
For just a drink or two, she'll make and wink at you.
Drain your change till she think you're through,
The ohh she gotcha booty bopper, oochie wobbble
watch ya while she callin you poppa.
The urge to push to thrust I mean to shove takes you
back to the ghetto, for some...(ghetto love....)

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