

## **The College Boyz** **"Victim Of The Ghetto"**

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You know, Tone  
It really ain't that bad  
Once you understand  
The science of this shit

College Boyz coming to you  
For the year 2000  
Covering all sectors  
Of the universe

Creep through the hood  
With my drop top  
Gangstas on the sidelines  
Throwing up nothing  
But a peace sign

Brothers on the curb  
With the herb  
Levis, knee high  
O.G's clock as I creep by

Crib to crib  
Rolls up to kid's girls I dig  
They all know me  
So the ghetto stays cozy

Team to team  
Sport a couple of trophies  
One for the dope  
And the other for the homie

The ghetto's a real  
Fool place to be fucked up  
Sundown to sunup  
But that's the way we come up

You talk with the street slang  
You ball and you gang bang  
That's where the family hangs  
So it ain't no thang

[CHORUS]

It doesn't seem like  
I'll be going nowhere  
I'm just a victim of the ghetto  
It doesn't seem like I'll be  
Getting too far, too far

[Repeat CHORUS]

Yeah, it's like a family affair  
If you get through  
Plenty of?

Say, what's up  
Keep your mouth shut, yup  
High rollers know me  
But they don't own me  
(Fuck you)

5-0 might roll through quite slow  
Keep the forty in the bag  
And throw away the Zig Zag

Waiting for five or six to come  
Down goes the sun  
So we can run a game of 21

Call me anything  
From a hoodlum to a thug  
You can push and you can shove  
And I still won't budge

[Repeat CHORUS 2x]

I'm just a victim of the ghetto  
Won't be getting too far, too far  
I'm just a victim of the ghetto  
Too far, too far, no

Movie stars, yuppies  
Macs and politicians  
Roll through to get  
A nickel or a ten

They know me, I know them  
But then again I can't extend  
More than I need to  
Cause suddenly, they read me

And lead you astray  
And transactions completed  
Your presence in my ghetto

Ain't needed, so beat it

Born and raised on  
The same damn concrete  
And I'll be put to sleep  
In these streets

I step into a different world  
For college education  
Keep my safe ways  
Pay days stays in effect

I just can't let go  
I want my respect so  
I gotta return to the  
Nation of my ghetto

[Repeat CHORUS]

I'm just a victim of the ghetto  
Too far, to far

So know you now  
College Boyz sending out a fistful  
To the Baytown Posse  
Concrete Evidence, the CB Posse  
My main man, TJ

Omega sci-fi, overdose  
Suicide, homicide  
DOA and genocide

And to the law  
Keep your ass on the  
Other side of the tracks

This is The Q signing out  
On radio fusion radio  
(Victim of the ghetto)  
Checkmate

[Repeat CHORUS to fade]

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