

## Ying Yang Twins "Ghetto Classics"

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War, we at war, we at war  
We at war, we at  
Gimme my rifle, gimme my rifle  
Gimme my rifle, gimme my rifle

Let's get this motherfucker back crunk  
This is gonna be me and my niggas  
We're holdin' triggers in our back bump  
To take back what we once had  
We don't give a damn about the enemies  
Send them out to Baghdad

They put a nigga on the front line  
But when it come to gettin' ahead  
They put ya way behind  
And they supports in minimum wage  
They don't give a choice to niggas  
They thinkin' we still slaves

Every nigga's got some thug in him  
Every nigga's got some love in him  
Every nigga's got a grudge in him  
Every nigga's got a mug in him  
And every nigga busts a slug in him

Now like a cat, bitch, we'll skin 'em  
Y'all niggas ain't holdin' my venom  
Check yourself, I'ma drop your ass off, bitch  
As soon as I loosen my motherfuckin' belt

One for the money, two for the thugs  
Three for the projects, four for the love  
[Incomprehensible]  
And if ya moving too fast they'll get ya caught up like

Ooh, them ghetto classics ghetto, ghetto classics,  
ghetto  
Them ghetto classics, ghetto, ghetto classics  
Time for us to find just a little piece of mind  
Talkin' 'bout them ghetto classics, ghetto, ghetto  
classics

We just black people gone and lost our mind  
We just really trying to draw the line  
Open up our eyes, before we get left behind  
Let me tell you something about hard times

Before we used to walk, before we had life in the dry  
And 911 wasn't known outside  
We didn't know how to read, we didn't know how to  
write  
All we did was sing all day and all night

Then when they let us start learning, you all lose y'all  
mind  
And y'all forgot about the earlier times  
When Martin Luther King had a dream  
That one day we'd walk together, we really need to get  
it together

Kids stay in school, learn all you can  
Graduate, go to college, get knowledge  
Then we shall overcome, yes, we can, we  
In the urge of faith we can demand it for real

One for the money, two for the thugs  
Three for the projects, four for the love  
[Incomprehensible]  
And if ya moving too fast they'll get ya caught up like

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One, two, three, four  
What the hell are we fighting for?  
Passing off, relationship's done what spore  
That's why they got the door

More time, hoot hoot, aim aim, shoot shoot  
Ain't nothing but the young kids, they recruit  
It's a wonder they don't come home in they suit

I took away some time  
Thinkin' how I could, should, would be  
If everybody in the world was free  
No crime, nobody doing wrong

Everybody getting along but when I step into reality  
This world is sore and that's why we at war

Killin' ourselves over bullshit that we valued more than  
life  
Y'all people better to get right, 'cause

One for the money, two for the thugs  
Three for the projects, four for the love  
[Incomprehensible]  
And if ya moving too fast they'll get ya caught up like

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