

Mos Def "Ghetto Rock"

Visit "[Ghetto Rock](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Intro: Mos Def]

Hello Children

[Chorus 1: Mos Def]

Black Jack Johnson N.Y.C., R-O-C-K-I-N-G
Sun and the moon, earths, stars, and planets
Before song done y'all goin' all understand it

[Verse 1: Mos Def]

Like - Hot
The haters can't fuck with it
'Cause they mom and they sister and girl in love with
it (and they niggaz)
Sound man holla black COME WITH IT
Sping the record 'till the record done spinning
Up top is you getting up with it?
Dirty dirty is you getting cronk with it?
Smokey smoke from coast to coast
Be carefull our first draw be that overdose
Who stay holding it from Brooklyn? YOU KNOW IS MOS!
Ha, Jackpot I (Sing yo) got to go for broke
Is this the only way the Smith Family now to go
Right here to my youngest one is older folks
Im'ma put down like a dirty so and so
Freak daddy came here to work the mojo - oh
Because the - high is high and the low is low
And that goes for the sinner man to holy folks
Put your shit in the sky like I know you - oh
(Brooklyn stand up!)
Ha, my ghetto nation get toe to toe
Stay rocking steady steady 'cause I told you so
And after y'all get it go I let it go some more
That Black Jack about something for sure) for sure
(SAY WHAT!)
For sure for sure (HA!)
Let me see you in the world making your shoulder role
And if it get good tell your nigga throw your 'bows

[Chorus 2: Mos Def]

'Cause we are so ghetto
Yes we are rock and roll
Yes we are so ghetto

Yes we are rock and roll
Yes we are so ghetto
Yes we are rock and roll
Yes we are so ghetto
Yes we are - rock and motherfucking roll (WOOOO!)

[Verse 2: Mos Def]

Ha, I am a fighter and a lover
I'm the freaky baby daddy, I'm a bad motherfucker
I'm the earth, wind, fire, and the thunder
I said I am, go ask my mother
You don't believe that shit believe what you want to
Alright, OK, So, Shut-up!
Speak language come straight from the gutter
Observe the terms that we trade with one and other
Like - what's good, what's popping, what's cracking
What it is, how you living, what's happening
Work songs that the slaves sang back then
The playground chants, with little girls claping

[Chorus 2: Mos Def + (Girls chanting)]

Black John Johnson N.Y.C., R-O-C-K-I-N-G
Son and the moon, earths, stars, and planets
Before the song done y'all going all understand it
Black John Johnson N.Y.C., R-O-C-K-I-N-G
Son and the moon, earths stars and planets
Before the song done y'all going all understand it

[Outro: Mos Def]

SPACE!
GIMME THE SPACE!
BACK UP, GIMME THE SPACE!!!
LET A NIGGA ROCK!
GIMME THE SPACE!
LET A NIGGA ROCK!
LET A NIGGA ROCK, HA!
This is the sound
Ghettos rock
This is the sound
Ghettos rock
This is the sound
Ghettos rock
This is the sound
Ghettos rock
This is the sound
Ghettos rock
This is the sound
Ghettos rock
This is the sound
Ghettos rock
This is the sound
Ghettos rock and - MOTHERFUCKING ROLLLLLLLLLLL!

