

Hill Lauryn

"Every Ghetto, Every City"

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I was just a little girl
Skinny legs, a press and curl
My mother always thought I'd be a star
But way before my record deal,
The streets that nurtured Lauryn Hill
Made sure that I'd never go too far
Every ghetto, every city and suburban place I've been
Make me recall my days in the New Jerusalem
Story starts at Hootaville grew up next to Ivy Hill
When kids were stealing quartervilles for fun
"Kill the guy" in Carter park
Rode a Mongoose 'til it's dark
Watching kids show off the stolen ones
Every ghetto, every city and suburban place I've been
Make me recall my days in New Jerusalem

You know it's hot, don't forget what you've got
Looking back,
Looking back, looking back, looking back
You know it's hot, don't forget what you've got
Looking back
Thinking back, thinking back, thinking back

A bag of Bontons, twenty cents and a nickel
Springfield Ave. had the best popsicles
Saturday morning cartoons and Kung-Fu
Main street roots tonic with the dreds
A beef patty and some coco bread
Move the patch from my Lees to the tongue of my shoe
'Member FreIng-Huysen used to have the bomb leather
Back when Doug Fresh and Slick Rick were together
Looking at the crew, we thought we'd all live forever

You know it's hot, don't forget what you've got
Looking back
Thinking back, thinking back, thinking back
You know it's hot, don't forget what you've got
Looking back
Thinking back, thinking back, thinking back

Drill teams on Munn street

Remember when Hawthorne and Chancellor had beef
Moving Records was on Central Ave.
I was there at dancing school
South Orange Ave. at Borlin pool
Unaware of what we didn't have
Writing your friends' names on your jeans with a
marker

July 4th races off of Parker
Fireworks at Martin stadium
The Untouchable P.S.P., where all them crazy niggers
be
And car thieves got away through Irvington
Hillside brings beef with the cops
Self-Destruction record drops
And everybody's name was Muslim
Sensations and '88 attracted kids from out-of-state
And everybody used to do the wop
Jack, Jack, Jack ya body
Nah, the Biz Mark used to amp up the party
I wish those days, they didn't stop
Every ghetto, every city and suburban place I've been
Make me recall my days in New Jerusalem

You know it's hot, don't forget what you've got
Looking back
Welcome back, welcome back, welcome back
You know it's hot, don't forget what you've got
Looking back
Thinking back, thinking back, thinking back

Thinking back, thinking back, thinking back
[To end]

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