

Pete Rock And Cl Smooth "Ghettos of the Mind"

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Ghetto of the mind

I catch a body at a party, sort of herbal with the verbal
Look above and see the vultures fly around in a circle
Baggin' while you're lollygaggin', raggin', tow-taggin'
Assassin' with the millimeter roars of a dragon

Here stood the black hood, thirsty for the end
And for the love of money, kind of funny, new friends
Public housing, a thousand in a tent
So I'm forced to sell hell just to pay the rent

Killin' my own people, I put 'em out of order
Just like the liquor store scene on every corner
I'm tryin' but the kids keep cryin', and the bullets keep
flyin'
Look, a boy, he's on the curb just dyin'

Finally the cops come dumb to the slum
Pull out a gun and arrest the wrong one
Wax all the Puerto Ricans and blacks, so they can never
relax
I dwell, might as well learn the facts

Pete Rock and C.L. can radio a shack up
Sparkin' off and have 'em all callin' for backup
Watch another crime and you're gonna do time
All this you'll find in the ghettos of the mind

Ain't that somethin'?

Listen to cats and rough rats war under the window
When the ghetto forts flarey, never was a Tom and
Jerry
Livin' ain't cheap, my survival is deep
In this part of town where the city never sleep

A Barney Miller roller, you can bet the car's stolen
Or static with your BM, only when you see them
Speakin' on your baby's mom, a best for the drama
Always tryin' to make a movie, little stark-ravin' looney

Stressin' it, but you know the ghetto keep ya busy
A place that when I die, it would never even miss me
Crack phials in the aisles as one pimp smiles
Dope piles workin' hookers by the miles

But still my pop's got three jobs to stable
A family household and food on the table
So as we pray for all our souls to keep
Somebody's on the project roof, ready to leap

I want to stop the pain or the bad situation
But backwards wisdom I can't afford to give 'em
Self savior is much braver with the conscious behavior
Designed in the ghettos of the mind

Ain't that somethin'? C'mon
It's like that y'all

I could never look forward to an early retirement
But still I maintain in a hostile environment
Hustlin' the concrete jungle for loot
My parents hated blood money so they gave me the
boot

Take a risk 'cause the peer pressure has the edge
It was a blessin' when I saw my life dangle on the ledge
The streets coulda swallowed me whole
But the pain was all gone when I got to see my healthy
son born

And now I bring him home to the ghetto
Only to make a stronger fellow
Maybe do some good for the neighborhood
It's hard playing hero livin' less than a zero

Raging Bull like DeNiro, the modern day pharaoh
A concentration camp with the Section 8
Welfare checks given at a monthly rate
Apply for the get high, or just plain lazy

Many steady collect right around the fifth baby
The hawk is out but the niggaz never pack it
A hundred dollar sneakers with the skimpy-ass jacket
When people are deaf, dumb, and blind they get left
behind
Imagine in the ghettos of the mind

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