

A Tribe Called Quest F/ Busta Rhymes "Ghetto We Love"

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Roots!

Praise for the days when I couldn't get paid
In the fix on the mix in the damn projects
Cracks for the blacks but I couldn't sell that
Even though blacks couldn't get jobs and shit
Hit after hit from the Sugarhill Gang
Hear a Pow Wow, hear a Big Bank Hank
It was strange, I was broke but I still got the record
Even though I was poor and about butt naked
Rats in my front room, roaches in the back
Junkies in the alley running styles for the crack
It was ill on the real, I be still bugging off it
In the ways I will walk it so today I can talk it
It's a shame how the games in the ghetto get played
On the cracks they paid for the tricks they laid
I'm afraid for the youth in this time we're living in
Just about 13 on the scene scrambling
Gambling small-time, apologize nice
I'm about to roll 10 7's for the crap I rolled twice
Rough business, it's a rich mon time
When you ain't got the loot, you resort to the crime
From the cess house, the youth house, the jail house,
the Cult house
Where I perfected these skills I be doggin
Love to teach the facts but the brothers in the back
Can't see what I'm saying cause the blunt smoke is
foggin
Still I proceed with degrees of the wisdom
Cause this shit's thick, it kicks and I know it
Lickle do you know there's a God and so
Born just like Christ in a damn ghetto

From ghetto to ghetto, from project to project
Bookbag of lessons but I ain't have dough yet
From knowledge to wisdom, from wisdom to see
And understand me if you don't dance, G
It's a god in the house, it's a god in the house
And I'm godding it out, and I'm godding it out
I've come a long way, the strong way, the wrong way, I
lived it

The right way, you might say, I got it, I'll give it
But praise for the days when I used to be tramp
And had to freeload of my Earth's food stamps
Til I stopped, paused, start the pop's stores
It was ill on the real, but who's to die for us?
Say that I rock my own community
Ain't a damn thing owned by the you or the me
It's Koreans I be seeing on the neighborhood corners
With the guns and the stores and love the ??? owners
So beg my partron, peace Natasha Harton
See I won't forget, I know for shit's starting
From my way to LA, from JA to UK
I am who I am, I say what I say
I gots no time to love a slave trader
Cause according to the constitution, they'll always hate
us
Play this, say this, and say it like I said it
Cause a magazine edit can get your ass beheaded
I'm thorough breaded, black slave dreaded
The shit that y'all doing, I already did it!
But lickle do you know there's a God and so
Born just like Christ in a damn ghetto

Praise for the days when I used to be trife
With a lack of understanding anything about life
So thanks to Malcom, Martin, Wylee Ferartin
Father Allah talk the talk that I'm starting
Peace to Elijah, we can't forget about ya
Teaching us how ta, get up out the
Project complex caves
Another damn rave for the damn ex-slave
My ghetto noise ringing from a project hallway
Don't want to hear my mom say "Blacks have come a
long way"
How can she see that when we haven't eaten all day
Haven't had a job since the ending of the slave trade
Then they give us church, attempt to try and ease this
But I check it out, had to learn about Jesus
Told em he was black and they called me a hater
Then he's on the church wall, yeah like a slave trader
Something real funny's going on boy I'll tell ya
Send you up sell ya, free ya try to kill ya
Martin taught me much when he simply tried to love em
Brother all about peace but the devils had to snuff him,
but
Lickle do you know there's a God and so
Born just like Christ in a damn ghetto
Lickle do you know there's a God and so
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