

A Tribe Called Quest F/ Busta Rhymes "Miss Ghetto"

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Yo for truly, we representing for the love of this (this is
a love story)

Yeah, This one is dedicated to all my niggaz in central
New Jerusalem

All the brothers who picked up that ring after I put it
down

And took Miss Ghetto to be their unlawfully wedded
wives

Poor Righteous Teachers representing the nine

It's like that and you don't stop

She's like cocaine, running around my brain

Miss Ghetto be like cocaine, running around your brain

I know some crack slingers, crack slingers and cracker
shankers

They soldier-train us, teaching their kids to murder
strangers

They live for danger, they express the "I a Nigga"

Miss Ghetto got 'em dreaming of loot and Swiss
bankers

The finest weapons, packing tri-action Smith and
Wessons

Unlike the 80's, ladies packing 680's(?)

The shit is crazy, but it's like the ghetto babies

They gotta eat, so the streets provide the gravy

I thought that maybe I could show them that other way

G

of Gods and Earths, resurrected through mental birth

From death to life, teaching niggas of every type

The wrongs and rights, to put an end to living trife

The black man is God, the 12th jewel is thirteen

The pursuit of it can make savages out of kings

Cause blush, to live with these niggas is in a rush

In God they trust, so they sell crack to us

Lust for what whitey got and whitey has

Can see your ass on pursuit to get cash

To look thrash, to driving the latest jags

To rock rags made by Italian fags

See, I never meant to fall in love with this shit

But Miss Ghetto you's a slut so I'm divorcing you bitch

Bust it

Chorus:

I ain't marrying Miss Ghetto again

First chance I get to bounce world life I'm bouncing (x2)

She's like cocaine running around my brain

(No matter how much loot I get I'm staying in the projects) (x2)

Down in my gutter

Just like others there's teenage mothers

There's dying brothers, shooting out with one another

They wanted badly, for sisters to call them Daddy

To drive a Caddy, stories unheard by Dear Abby

They're dressing flashy

Can't be caught in fatigue khakis

They're rocking cool G(?), versace and cold boots G

These brothers do it for the love of the life

But I refuse to fall twice and take Miss Ghetto to wife

I used to sex her, bust my nut, get my cash real fast

But that was all that she produced, I felt my life wouldn't last

We used to go to New York, traffic guns of all sort

When killing became sport street life became short

I thought, "Are we junkies like these baseheads, Yo

They addicted to the crack while we addicted to dough"

For truly, I never meant to fall in love with this shit

But Miss Ghetto you's a slut so I'm divorcing you bitch

Bust it

Chorus

See, there go some niggas that I used to roll with

Still on that crack and gun shit

Endless pursuit to rush shit, bust it

Miss Ghetto got 'em strung out on the putang cream

That does up Wu-Tang fiends

For slingin cocaine, dig it

We used to do the bumper crack for the sex

While making love to the checks, Miss Ghetto's steelo complex

Living trifling, no matter where my life went

Miss Ghetto, my new wife, went she made it more exciting

Fighting, shooting out, doing all types dirt

Being these, seeing G's putting in much work

Word, we used to keep a sisters underwear laced

With ganja and freebase and bo juice to parlay

Flip! Me and my niggas ran the strip pushing dips

Black cats and plastics, fucking the minds of black kids
Till one day, I was confronted by this wise old chap
He said, "I know you sell crack, but what, you out to kill
blacks?"

I wasn't trying to hear it, my excuse sorta weak
I said that we gotta eat, that's why we running these
streets

Then he said, "Don't you know that whitey give you that
coke,
that bullshit pursuit of plush that got you killing your
folk?"

Life, I didn't understand that shit back then
But now I do so I refuse to roll with whitey again
Bust it

I ain't marrying Miss Ghetto again
First chance I get to bounce word life I'm bouncing,
niggas.

I ain't marrying Miss Ghetto again
First chance I get to bounce word life I'm bouncing,
niggas.

Chorus x2

See Gods, you like cocaine, fucking with my brain
You like cocaine, running around my brain
For the love of this...

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