

## Radney Foster

### "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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