

## Hi-Fi

# "Ghetto Bound"

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Yeah.. Mark, Mark, Mark the Shark  
Here we go.. pay attention boys and girls  
Dig it

Now let's set the scene, the year is eighty-two  
I gotta make a stop at the boom spot then go get some  
brew  
A quart of Olde E, no time to sip so I chug  
Puff a blunt as a chaser now it's time to bug  
Got the raven two-five, inside of my denim  
Some said I was the child with the devil in him  
But all that bull I ain't tryin to hear  
It's all about gainin respect from my peers  
So give me what I worked so long and hard for  
Cause you'll never meet a brother more hardcore  
A good head on my shoulders but I'm ghetto bound  
I got heart, step to this, and catch a beatdown  
Walkin with a chip, tryin to knock it off  
Steppin like a champ with loot in my pocket  
So, punks plays hard, understand that they givin  
though  
respect by a brother whose lifestyle is livin low

Yeah.. here we go, dig it

Well as life moved on, things got more hectic  
Things were worth more than just respect  
I would snatch money bags and boost at Macy's  
And never get caught, when the cops would chase me  
See I was livin life like a comic book villain  
Gettin in trouble when I shoulda been chillin  
For nine-to-five workers it was hell  
Cause when they got paid, I got paid as well  
Cashin checks and now tax at gunpoint  
I did it for the money, excitement and fun point  
the finger or talk to the law and I'll blast ya  
Play "Silence of the Lambs" when they ask ya  
It didn't matter cause my moms was scared of me  
And she was never there to take care of me  
Some said I was livin too fast, I had to SLOW down  
Livin like a kid in the shadows - I'm low down

Yeah.. rough!  
Check it out..  
We gonna break it down one time this lil' funky break  
here  
Here we go - take me back to school, dig it

Check it out, check it out

Locked up for the first time I gotta play the tough role  
I'm doin ten for a body up North yo  
I'm forced to shank this kid with a ice pick  
A little brother never steppin from conflict  
Some wanna test me and some wanna own me  
I'm still snuffin out chumps to be known B  
I gotta live for self and that's scary  
You see I only feel safe in solitary  
I never regret or feel guilt, cause I was forced to  
take what I had play bad because you  
never understood me or what I came past  
Don't you know those other kids takin the same path  
But I can handle it, well in stride  
The only difference is I'm locked inside  
Take it like a champ, and I'll never show no frown  
Cause I'ma be the hardest kid you ever seen low down

Yeah  
Don't feel no mercy, don't feel pity  
A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, peace

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