

# The Roots

## "Little Ghetto Boy"

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[Black Thought]

My grandmother suits was tailor made, Sundays  
Mahalia played  
Simple familiar ways, like how she kneeled and prayed  
Willin, master forgive us, our trust pastors had us real  
afraid  
I never listened yet I still obeyed  
I got to see how Philly played at such an early age  
What my father was into sent him to his early grave  
Then moms started chasin that base, like Willie Mays  
My childhood was all of 40 nights and 40 days  
Trouble was my ball and chain, shorties would call me  
names  
Humble beginnings but a star is what it all became  
My journey from a dirty hallway, to the Hall of Fame  
Music my therapeutic way to cope with all this pain  
Was headed for the drain, soakin before the rainwater  
came  
And chaos, into the order came  
I started doin what I'm 'sposed to do in life  
Tryin to move out of the dark, and closer to the light  
They say if you get a chance to do it, overdo it right  
Tomorrow isn't promised every time, you say  
goodnight  
Knahtalkinabout? Uhh, yo  
Story of a little ghetto boy, check it out

[John Legend - overlapping BT's last two lines]

Yeah yeahhh  
Little ghetto boy, ohhh  
Playin in the ghetto street, ay-ayyyy!  
What'chu gonna do when you grow up  
and have to face responsibility?  
Yeah yeahhh

Will you spend your days and nights in a pool room?  
Will you sell caps of madness, to the neighborhood  
little ghetto boy  
You already know, how rough life could be  
Hard to see, so much pain and misery  
Yeahhhhhh, yeahhhh

Little ghetto boy, yeah  
Your daddy was blown away  
Heyyyy yeahhh  
He robbed that grocery store yeah  
Don't you know that was a sad sad day?  
Eyyyyy-yeah

All your young life you've seen such misery and pain  
The world's a cruel place to live in, it ain't gonna  
change yeahh  
You're so young, and you've got so far to gooooo  
Don't think you'll reach your goal young man  
Talkin 'bout the ghetto boy  
Yeah yeah yeahhhh

Yeah, yeahhh little ghetto BOYYYYY-OYYYY  
When when you become a maaaaan, yeahhhh  
You can make things change  
Oh if you just take a stand, yeah yeahhhh

You've got to believe in yourself, in all that you doooo  
You've got to fight to make it better, better  
And you will see, that others will start believin too  
Then my son, things will start to get better  
Hey yeahhhh yeah

"Everything has got to get better" - [repeat in  
background]  
Ohhh  
Everything has got to get better  
Yeahhh yeahhhhh yeah  
Don't you know it's gonna get better  
Heyyyyyy yeah yeah  
Got to believe that everything  
yeahhhhh yeah yeah yeah  
Whooahhh ho oahhh oahhh oahh  
Whoa yeah  
Whoah ho oahhh oh ohhhhhh

OHHHHHHHH YEAH YEAHHHH  
YEAH, YEAHHHHH, little ghetto boy  
Mmmmmm yeah yeahhhhhhhh

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