

Andy Summers, Zoot Money, Steve Winwood & Chris Wood

"Ghetto Fabulous"

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bear bold, huh huh
Let me hear you say

[Chorus: Big Moe & Big Pokey) - 2x]

(we)
Ghetto fabulous
(are)
Ghetto fabulous
(ghetto)
Ghetto fabulous
And we ain't having it

[D-Gotti]

I be that, ghetto gutter guy
Hovin' through the side, up in something fly
That's young fly, in a Coupe with the roof removed
Run the light tap, baby tell her be cool
The seats is bold, the feet are chrome
I got the heat to control, cause I'm breathing dro
Restarting the ghetto, on the block we spinning fives
Now I be the hood guy, time and from the high rock
Blessings from Allah, the Shop been fly
Lyrics blunt beats, sitting highs
Green cost more than my car, wanna be a star
From day one I swore, to go hard
Oh my Lord, Dr. Nicks wanna play
My nigga put a yacht to Miami, Memorial Day
We on the shore of the bay, out West getting rest
Fabulous as ever, we a mess that's right

[Chorus - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

I'm G-H-E-T-T-O
Fab, ghetto slang, ghetto slab
Crawling like a crab, up the Ave
In the Navo, me, Will and Mavo
Tossing it up, chopping game out the hood life
I love the hood (man), that's the good life
I need a hood wife, cause they real with it
They take the bumps with the bruises, they deal with it

We all out here, scratching for a mill ticket
When I hit my number, they gon feel it
Let the button kill it, on me the key
Voice activated, it only works for me
I know you heard of me, Big Po'
Trying to fade me, you gon get po'd
My money too long, you better get some mo'
You gon go bankrupt, if I hit the sco'

[Chorus - 2x]

[Verse 3]

See I was, ghetto born ghetto raised
I was ghetto trapped, in a ghetto maze
So I grabbed my pen, filled the page
And made beats to release this, ghetto rage
And then I get leid, ghetto paid
Cadillac Escalade, with ghetto blades
I got a ghetto babe, a ghetto maid
That cook food like a old school, ghetto slave
This is a ghetto love, ghetto pain
This is ghetto game, a ghetto brain
And I won't get paid, won't delay
Until I show y'all, just what the ghetto made
I got a ghetto name, with ghetto fame
And I could not ever, be ghetto shame
I put the ghetto blame, on ghetto knee
I put the ghetto in your face, so your eyes could see

[Chorus - 2x]

[Verse 4]

Spit spectacular, Southside benacular
Who bleed blocks, like Dracula
That flip do' like spatulas, playa we ain't amateurs
Dope characters, that's bigger than life
The bigger the slice, the bigger the ice
The bigger the better, the home of trend setters
You know the letters, T-E-X-A
S-D's, 33rd streets don't rest ok
We just fabulous, too ghetto fabulous
But these fakers back, stabbing us
Man the Shop, ain't slacking up
See the paper keeps stacking up
We in the ghetto, still acting up
Mama ain't no Shaqing up, I'm chasing ghetto bucks
In the ghetto hush, but we could do our thug thang
But you can do the scrub thang, this ain't no kiss or hug
thang

[Chorus - 2x]

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