

Big Noyd f/ Joell Ortiz**"Ghetto"**

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(Ghetto) (ghetto) (ghetto) (ghetto) (Infamous) (The world's most) (Infamous) (We do this shit for real) [VERSE 1: Big Noyd] Six blocks ghetto child, runnin wild causin terror Crack slinger, rap singer from the Juice Crew era Sippin OE, blowin trees, gun up in my leather I'm live with them 45 nines and Berettas I'm (ghetto), you can find me in the hood Sippin on a cold brew, twistin backwoods If the spot get rushed, then drugs get flushed And if you not down to ride niggas can't bang with us We runnin round Mobbin, runnin round robbin You lookin like food and my niggas is starvin So share your spoon or meet my goons I got homies up north that'll be home soon That keep it (ghetto) and man they don't stunt All they need is a 20, a kush and one blunt Don't front, you can't blame us, we made the hood famous The 41st side where we speak that Dunn language [CHORUS] We keep it ghetto, everyday stackin dough Never slippin, pimpin, mackin hoes Gangsters, hustlers, you already know (Infamous) (Niggas can't bang with us) [VERSE 2: Joell Ortiz] Yo N-o-y-d (I got you) You got me? Aight then Let's run the frontline together, these niggas hypemen Background clowns who ain't never spent a night in The gutter where jokin on muthafuckas lead to fightin But not fists, I'm talkin 'bout Glocks, 5ths, ninas Mac-11's, .38's, specials, choppers and street sweepers Rarely will you see a nigga throw up meat beaters Hands only do damage, with canons you meet Jesus Loud shots till the cow stops, I mean the beef ceases Either one, you still numb, stuck in a deep freezer In the hood it's winter all year round, we keep heaters Hollow tips in that clip, you don't drip, you leak liters Every other day a nigga get smoked like cheap reefer Every 10 minutes a hoe get coked and skeet-skeeters Put a helmet on your man, these bitches dangerous The Infamous (Infamous) (Niggas can't bang with us) [CHORUS] [VERSE 3: Big Noyd] Hey yo Dunn, that shit that kill me - MC's claimin they ghetto and don't live it You know, how they bust they guns and stay killin Or how they did time for crimes in state prison Or how they sold drugs on they block - but who didn't? It's the (ghetto) where

we stay pissy drunk and weeded up We flip work on the
hill, nigga, then re it up You know the homies in the
hood g'd up We keep bitches in the cut and 22's on the
truck Give a fuck, I ain't playin, I been thuggin since a
juvenile A young g slingin dope, weed and runnin wild
The fiends know me as the kid who got it Up and down
the strip, 24/7 I will supply it In the (ghetto) I dug
pockets, started riots, I'm the flyest Psychotic MC who
emerged from the projects Son, I get it rockin, for the
cake I get it poppin The jakes wanna knock him and the
haters can't stop him [CHORUS]

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