

Buddha Monk f/ 12 O'Clock, Merdoc, Prodigal Sunn, Shorty Shitstain "Ghetto Man"

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[Intro: Prodigal Sunn] Ye-yeah, ye-yeah, yeah Do or die, son, Bed-stuy, do or die, baby Brooklyn Zu, S.O.M., Two On Da Road, baby Sunzini the Great, we represent Buddha Monk, what? Out the trunk, what? Y'all niggas know, what? For these blocks, for these projects For the hood, yo.. [Prodigal Sunn] For the love of my peeps I stand solid on my own two feet Roam in these streets, had to use the chrome to eat Now it's microphone dramatical beats, poems unique Activate stones from my dome, condone, Q.A.E. A young shiek, with the bite of a wolf, it's live or die Some choose to lie, post high, caught up in the Devil supplies Snakes all around me, so I mix the broc' around me and order cops in the county of Kings Since a teen, strive to be supreme As I cope on the block with fiends, kept me clean Many step with the dreams to win Swindle wives, teams and men hatin' for the love of sin The last words from my grand old Dad "Young lad, be a man, son, be the very best you can" It's hard times in these ghettos we roam, lay in my zone Heavily guarded like the King in chess, I stay blessed [Chorus: Buddha Monk *singing*] I'm just a ghetto man, tryin' to do the best I can Livin' in a world of jealousy, tryin' to find a way to feed my seeds This world is so cold, I've seen young Gods that deliver a pot of gold It won't be long, I gotta win [12 O'Clock] I bust through these rap-ass doors, layin' laws I'ma bubble for a cause, nigga, what's mine be yours To my brothers, others get wrapped up in covers I mean sheets, M-O-N's and police Identify the mothafucka by his sneaks Blown from big guns that rip through his sheets Schemin' ass peeps want the stash the Jeep The Pathfinder leather seats, she came with heat My family trees'll never drop no leaves A summertime breeze be as cold as sneeze Pray at knees, pray like 10%, make moves like half the rent It's money to be spent, none to be lent Seen more pussy than Larry Flynt Nigga rock 7 plus 45 cent And when a nigga stop his wheels'll still spin I'm sittin' at the bar drinkin' juice and gin (Ooooooooooh!) [Chorus] [Merdoc] I roll with all of us who

make bread to break it up Medina warriors, when we
came they fucked it up I'm into fast cars, Olde English,
the house boats Pretty bitches that deep throat and
damn, a nigga tote My Zu niggas really do roll, y'all
niggas don't know? Y'all candy-ass niggas is caprico', I
send a smoke signal and my niggas a long dist' get on
some Mote, get you and burn you with dirty pistols...
[Shorty Shitstain] YO! I wear all black, down to my
shoes, to my black hat It be's like that, all my niggas
that don't know how to act I roll with scam artistes and
crooks so no need to over-look 'fore yo shit get took
This is my barbeque and my barbeque smells good in
the hood All my niggas that's up to no good, put ya
money on the wood And make the gang cook good
[Chorus]

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