

## Capone-N-Noreaga F/ Nas

### "Ghetto Show"

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(Intro: Talib Kweli)

Ghetto to ghetto, backyard to yard  
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the gods (come on)  
Precious metals round our necks and arms (yea)  
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the gods  
Ghetto to ghetto, backyard to yard  
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the gods (come on)  
Precious metals round our necks and arms (yea)  
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the gods

(Hook: Anthony Hamilton)

Whatever in your heart is where you want to be  
My hood is the ghetto  
Even when you look  
Its never what you see  
My hood is the ghetto  
I've been down before up is just a reach  
Cause my hood is the ghetto  
Catch a second wind  
Then begin again  
My hood is the ghetto

(Verse 1: Common)

Black magic in the hood, its tragic but understood  
Crack addicts, crack windows, crack wood  
Even whats bad becomes good, status becomes stood  
Upon the pedestal welcome to the ghetto show  
Federal buildings, pissy hallways filled with children  
pushing children  
Fiends lips peeling, shit seems real and  
What's real is the estate of mind that we're in  
The situation feels great  
My man peels weight, so he can fill plates  
You might get love but you still feel hate  
Through and chain plates, we communicate  
Chicago to brooklyn nigga real ones do relate

(Verse 2: Talib Kweli)

If lyrics sold then truth be told

I'll probably be just as rich and famous as jay-z  
Truthfully I wanna rhyme like common sense  
Next best thing I do a record with common sense  
Cause its the music, its blues, its jazz, its acoustics  
Soul, rock and roll the hip hop we be producing yea  
It's the gear, it's the flare, it's the stare  
Nowadays they'll shot you where they used to shoot the  
fair  
Remember the lost soldiers, pour a beer, shoot the air  
We got our own elected officials, no matter who the  
mayor  
I know you know what I'm talking about  
From New York to the South, take off your shoes when  
you walk in the house

(Hook)

(Verse 3: Talib Kweli)

Yo

I grew up where they're playing skele in the parking lot  
And sell paintings of Aaliyah, BIG and Pac up in the  
barbershop  
Buildings too big so you don't really see the stars a lot  
But rapping, drinking, and going to prison you see  
them bars a lot  
I feel the spirit in the dark and hear it in my heart  
And always keep my ears to the block till I dearly  
depart  
Hip hop is really the art  
We have to express the part of ourselves that make us  
want to martyr ourselves  
It ain't harder to tell when somebody stick you up and  
put the hammer to you  
They want them dead presidents like Stickman and  
Mutulu  
With a gun to your jaw, these kids don't run anymore  
Kicks is a hundred or more

(Verse 4: Common)

A man in front of the store, begging for money and  
mercy  
I told him say a prayer under his breath, he cursed me  
Niggaz is thirsty, I heard it's a drought  
Up early, serving from their grandmother's house  
Sometime the ghetto feels desolate, yo the eyes of the  
hood yo is desperate  
Effectuated by the deficit, times and lessons get hard  
Either get by or get god, but but you try to get by  
It's like the block keep blocking  
You try to make moves, its like the car just keep  
stopping

We shorties in the court, need cochran yea  
I tell them why the weed seeds popping, in the game  
you need options  
No time for feet watching, me and kwe keep rocking  
for the ghetto

Hook times 2

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