

Dante Thomas F/Pras

"Every Ghetto, Every City"

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I was just a little girl
Skinny legs, a press and curl
My mother always thought I'd be a star

But way before the record deals
Streets that nurtured Lauryn Hill
made sure that I'd never go too far

Every ghetto, every city
and suburban place I been
Make me recall my days, in New Jerusalem

Story starts in Hootaville
Grew up next to Ivy Hill
When kids were stealing quartervilles for fun

"Kill the Guy" in Carter Park
Rode a Mongoose til it's dark
Watching kids show off the stolen ones

Every ghetto, every city
and suburban place I been
Make me recall my days, in the New Jerusalem

You know it's hot
Don't forget, what you got
Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back

You know it's hot
Don't forget, what you got
Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back

Bag of Bontons, twenty cents and a nickel (well that's a quarter)
Springfield Ave. had the best popsicles
Saturday morning cartoons and Kung-Fu (wuh-TAH!)

Main street roots tonic with the dreds
A beef patty and some coco bread
Move the patch from my Lee's to the tongue of my shoes

'Member, FreLng-Huysen used to have the bomb
leather
Back when Doug Fresh and Slick Rick was together
Looking at the crew, we thought we'd all live forever

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Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back

You know it's hot
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Lookin back.. lookin back, lookin back, lookin back

Drill teams on Munn street
'Member when Hawthorne and Chancellor had beef
Moving Records was on Central Ave.

I was there at dancing school
South Orange Ave. at Borlin pool
Unaware of what we didn't have

Writing my friends' names on my jeans with a marker
July 4th races outside Parker
Fireworks at Martin Stadium

The Untouchable P.S.P.
where all them crazy nig-gaz be
And car thieves got away through Irvington

Hillside brings beef with the cops
Self Destruction record drops
And everybody's name was Muslim (children playing,
women producing)

Sensations and eighty-eight
attracted kids from out of state
And everybody used to do the wop (wop it out, wop it
out, wop it out)

Jack ya jack ya jack ya body
Nah, the BizMark used to amp up the party
I wish those days, they didn't stop

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