

## Two Tricky "Ghetto Knows"

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Chorus: repeat 2X

Yo, you gotta go, you gotta go, you gotta go  
(G: And ayyo, what you don't know, believe the ghetto knows)

[Kool G. Rap]

New York, New York, the city that never sleeps  
Bodies, covered in white sheets, are layin in the streets  
Shit gets deep, as we creep up the block by the kids  
slangin rocks  
and holdin glocks stolen from the cops to get props  
You gotta split a top, on the regular  
or get plugged in your mug, from a slug, by your  
competitor  
Gunshots echo throughout the city like thunder, no  
wonder  
Another brother six feet under  
You know it ain't no jokin when the streetlights are  
broken  
So keep your eyes open, or get ready for a, smokin 'loc  
Step out of line, I hope you got your nine gun son  
The Smith and Wess', you better press 9-1-1 (word up)  
or make a run for it there's too many to tackle  
The Big Apple'll put your ass on ice like a Snapple  
So even though I rap I gots to stay strapped  
Niggaz act up I back up (PI-YAH)  
I bust a cap inside your fuckin hat  
Don't even pose with them hoes, the swinger that you  
chose  
just might be down with the foes, only the shadow  
knows  
And ain't no lollipop, lollipop over here only the shottie  
pops  
(BOOM) Now just sit back and watch the bodies drop  
The younger gunmen got the bigger niggaz runnin  
The shorties (what) the shorties (what) the shorties are  
comin  
to push a nigga wig back, and leave his ass flat on his  
back  
The motherfuckin ghetto knows, and it's like that

Chorus

[Kool G. Rap]

Today's headlines, another nigga dead  
Six to the body and fo' to the head  
Followed the red bitch in the bed full of lead  
A drug-related case and now the place is filled with  
Feds  
Ramshacked the shack, disclouse 'bout two kilos of  
dope  
Two ounces of coke's caught in the pocket of his coat  
So, another brother caught the ultimate surprise  
with blown out brains, to drop stains on his eyes  
Dazed as I sit back and watch the channel two news  
Watchin his family goin through all the boo-hoos  
You lose, like an Ill Street, the Blues are gettin deeper  
Nothin left in the room except for him, the Grim Reaper  
Police are takin ? snapshots, scoop up some  
blooddrops  
Pull out a file on a juvenile child of mugshots  
The cops knew he fell victim to laws on the street  
So they just, pull out the white sheets, to cover up the  
dead meat  
Seal off the area with yellow tape, draw the white  
chalk around the body now the party has to motivate  
One more outlaw, was murdered on the scene for the  
green  
Died at the age of seventeen

Chorus

[Kool G. Rap]

Strollin the concrete, packin my heat, walkin the  
backstreets  
I seen niggaz pull up, peepin me out the side a black  
Jeep  
Six feet deep, that's where I'm goin if I'm slippin  
Steady cockin my shit cause I already got the clip in  
Now who's the first nigga to run up, here they come up  
the block hardrocks with glocks rollin holdin they guns  
up  
I buck, I buck, and then I struck one in the chest  
Nigga shoulda wore a vest but now his ass is put to rest  
But now I got three mo' niggaz, pullin triggers  
Strays are ricochetin off the bricks, zigga zigga  
But who got the biggest strap? Who's bustin bigger  
caps?  
My BOOM BOOM BOOMS against they PAP PAP PAPS  
No haps, G. Rap ain't goin out like a sucker  
I reloaded the shot and dropped another motherfucker

Quick, I duck and shit to dodge the bullets comin at me  
Cause I won't be too happy with a slug inside my nappy  
Two more niggaz left, they scared to death, but I'm  
leary  
Shit gets kinda scary when I got bulletholes near me  
I went between two cars, lettin off the quarter pound  
I see another body fallin down to the ground  
Quick I run up on him cause I don't think that he's dead  
Standin over his ass I put two more inside his head  
That's three niggaz down, only got one nigga to go  
I gots to send his ass to the gravedigger so  
I lay low in the cut and wait for moneygrip to slip up  
Nearly shot my whole clip up, I got one more slug to rip  
up  
Look over by the GS, see his ass stickin his head out  
Boom, let the lead out, blew a piece of his brain dead  
out  
the back of his head, now he's dead, because he fell  
face down  
right on the motherfuckin streets that he dwelled

Chorus 2.5X

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