

## Young Ones Band

### "Ballad For Tha Ghetto"

Visit "[Ballad For Tha Ghetto](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Come on, yo, yo

[Verse]

Aiyoo my Street Code killas, we are not a crew  
We're more like a movement, more like in tuned with  
The moon and the stars, some say I'll soon be doomed  
for them bars  
But I could be caught, pissy clubs, saloons and some  
bars  
Industry think that they grooming a star nah  
I'm more like a thug misproving the odds, run around  
my city all crazy  
With my goons in some cars

[Bridge:]

I tell 'em  
Wake up, wake up  
Gotta go get that cake up, break up  
Divide that payroll, aiyoo  
Go get that ya-yo, ya-yo  
Kill 'em, paper, holla at Pedro  
On the 8-0 and wait for my son the lay low  
Ba' bro

When I beef, names will be said tool will be spread  
Two in your head, body be bagged, eulogy read  
Dog in the news will get read, cause what I deal with is  
usually feds  
On the first

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Aiyoo, aiyoo, aiyoo, aiyoo, aiyoo, aiyoo  
It's the first of the month..  
Ya-yo, ya-yo, ya-yo, ya-yo-, ya-yo, ya-yo, ya-yo, ya-yo,  
ya-yo  
It's the first of the month..

Now I'm the type of dude, post up sell drugs on your  
property  
Stone cold hustler, ain't no fucking denying me  
I sell drugs in varieties, you want it, I got it

You see it, you like it, we count it, you buy it from me  
I'm what the people call a menace to the public society  
Fuck 'em I'm riding, my gun on the side of me  
Fuck it I'm driving, I'm puffing high as can be  
I'm speeding, I'm weaving, I'm bugging my eye on the street  
it's time that we eat  
Dc's here, this time it's for keeps  
You rolling or not?  
The Takeover's now, y'all focused or not?  
We been ready it's just that our promotion was not  
But I can't blame no one for this, I'm all right with that

Can't be racist cause I sell too much white for that  
So I decided I'mma milk these crackers for all they milk and crackers  
Until I'm rich and these mills don't matter  
Uh, you niggaz follow my plot?  
If not, swallow these shots, Santana swallow your block  
I run with enforcers, big dudes and bosses  
Black, British and Walter, the phone call will cost ya'  
Keep rolling in them caravans acting  
We got big trucks with chrome Taliban action  
Send one up to Jabar, my nigga maxed in  
T-Money's home and he's never going back in

[Chorus]

Aiyo, I swear to God, you think I had a violin the way I fiddle triggers  
How you older than me, and still a little nigga  
On the first, I hate these chickens  
Get their check, hair, nails done, steak and chicken, for they friends  
And they kids fly, I ain't open friend, on the 11th, you gonna be broke again  
Word to Jehova man, hoes in they shoes, barking like a Doberman  
Coming to see Wolf, for some coke again

Shit, it's the first of the month  
Yo, I'm the first on the block for the cycle  
A rock that is first like shoots from a rifle  
See they tainted our image, it's fucked up how the game painted our image  
They say we dangerous people, why, because we sell caine to the people  
That don't be the reason I be aiming this eagle, my aims to get equal  
The first and fifteenth's got some restraints on my people

[Chorus]

Street Code nigga  
Harlem, my Taliban  
Eastside, B's up  
The first and fifteenth  
We still going through it  
Welfare, medicade, some liquor stores  
Saratoga, 5th, Taylor, and Park  
Y'all know the struggle  
Holla

Visit [Young Ones Band](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.