

Dre Dr

"Ghetto Fabulous"

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[Ice-T] I got juice but I can't stop no ocean liner baby!

[Ras] I'm down with you baby, I'm there

[Ice-T] Man don't miss this it's gonna be FABULOUS

...

[Ras] We ghetto fabulous baby

The best food, drink, and women that money can buy

[Verse One: Ras Kass]

Every day of my life is off the ringer

That's guaranteed, like a fistfight on Jerry Springer

I got the hottest flow to hit the street since lava

so holla, we all hustle for dollar dollars

From Sac to Houston, New Orleans to D.C.

girls laughing to beep beep

Bangin, catch me with a dimepiece next to me

My Body all over Your Body like LSG

Neighborhood celeb with the keys to my city like the mayor

Rookies askin us how to be a playa

Get in where you fit in, and never get your ghetto pass revoked

No matter how much money you make

Stay true to the game loc, guest list terror clothes

in jeans and tennis shoes, breakin your strict dress
codes

Spit lyrical bricks, thirteen deep

so I can be richer than Master P sellin Ghetto D

[Chorus: Mack 10]

Ghetto, fabulous

Money make the world go round so let's handle this

Ghetto, fabulous

Broadcastin live from Los Angeles

We ghetto, fabulous

Money make the world go round so let's handle this

Ghetto, fabulous

Broadcastin live from Los Angeles

[Verse Two: Dr. Dre]

You ain't heard of me, you ain't listenin hard enough

Started in Compton servin from a ice cream truck

Now ten years later whippin a custom Navigator

Steppin on your toes playa, stuffin up your alligators

I'm ghetto, like Newport cigarettes, feel me

Boom bap and slap that ass silly

This is for the full time students slash part time
strippers

And young niggaz, clockin at least five figures

Some of us pro atheletes, some of us rap over fat
beats

Some of us hustle in the streets

Twenty deep in Club Nikki's so you know we got to

mingle

[???] off a pocket full of singles, huh

And it's all bueno, musical mafia like Frank Sinatra

Pop a thirteen shot glock to make you Go See the Doctor

Ain't nuttin nice

From hood to hood, love livin the lavish life

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Ras Kass]

Nigga Stu-B-Doo in the GS, three ooh ooh

Playin number two Tekken, zero to sixty

in six point seven seconds [tires screech] hangin out the window

actin up, chickenheads like You doin fo' months!

Flexin the Rolex oyster perpetual, thirty-five diamonds

across the face, still eatin out foam cups and paper plates

We don't call it playa hatin in the nine-eight, it's P.I.

That's pass intereference, automatic first down

Want Juice like Tupac, then Obey Your Thirst clown

Be in the PJ's in NY, rockin DK

Mix EJ with OJ, OK, we say

L.A. niggaz got crazy came

like John Elway got a superbowl ring

The homies down for whatever, we stack the chedda

Swiss bank accounts, and mo' mozzarella fella

[Chorus

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