

## Ghetto Boys

### "Be Down"

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[ VERSE 1: Prince Johnny C ] From Brooklyn New York  
I'm down with Brother Radee Trenton's the land of  
truth, I'm down with Waduski I'm down with J from  
Houston and I think you should know That when I'm  
down in LA I'm down with Harry-O Now undercover  
runnin from the mafios My boy was makin ill moves and  
no one ever knows A long white Lincoln pulls up, says,  
"Yo" My boy said, "Hey, what's up bro" They asked a  
question, he said, "No" Out comes the chauffeur, I  
stepped back to observe If he was down he'da told me,  
I watched my boy get served A few nights later we  
rocked a show, get paid So we can take a trip to  
Houston and be down with J Made our reservations and  
the very next day Received a call sayin, "Johnny man, it  
got away" Crackheads, no, you could never trust 'em  
Not even if it's your brother or your very best friend  
Cause they wanna be down, try to be down But still can  
get you shot down Over a 5 or a 10, yo You gotta be  
down, you gotta be down You gotta be down, you gotta  
be down Word You gotta be down, you gotta be down  
Now if you gonna be down, then be down Word [ VERSE  
2: Prince Johnny C ] He had serious intentions on bein a  
star Fame was his name and he planned to go far I  
knew it would happen, but never thought it was you  
Preached Balls and My Word and still deserted the  
crew But now you're lost in the sauce and your talent  
would leave ya And now that I'm on top I'm gonna  
damn sure tease ya Way down beneath is where he's  
gonna send ya Cause you're nothin but a liar and a ( ? )  
You thought we'd never make it, to you that's how it  
seemed But now I'm high and rockin from believin in  
dreams Box is down with rock 'n roll and I'm with the  
league Hardcore champ and my bullets received  
Ghetto Boys is a posse and I'm down because I wanna  
be Billy is a man, pinch his cheek, freak, and you will be  
down But only on the ground spittin out sand Forget it,  
Red is sharp, man, he's cuttin like a sword Jersey boys  
are jealous cause we're down with 5th Ward Some say  
we're traitors cause it's not our hometown But it's hittin  
and fittin and like I said you gotta be down Word,  
Grand Wizard, enter with a breakdown [ VERSE 3:

Prince Johnny C ] Now he was brought up in the ghetto,  
taught to be a bad kid Never thought twice about the  
things he did Robbed a lot of stores and had never  
been caught Until now - still say it wasn't his fault He  
had a homebody and cuz said he was deep He'll meet  
him on a spot about a quarter to three The plan was to  
rob a small store named Pops It was in the  
neighborhood, no one has ever seen cops Approached  
the destination and his boy got afraid Never knew a  
man who was scared to get paid Looked into his eyes  
and all he saw was regret Grabbed his gun and said,  
"You're ready?" Shook his hand, he said, "Bet" Wheels  
started screamin, lights started flashin He panicked,  
saw the cops, then down the alley started dashin They  
gave chase, he missed out on the cut 3:30 on the dot,  
Pops' wife was lockin up Ramshacked the door, the old  
lady dropped Pulled out his gun, said, "Where's the  
money, Pops?" They tried to play Spanish like they  
didn't understand (No English! No English!) Dugged  
into her bra and pulled out at least a grand Movin fast  
Pops sweatin and red He said, "( ? ), make a move and  
you're dead" Bust him cross the head with a bottle of  
wine Loaded up his pockets in his Louis Vuitton Ran  
outside and all he heard was, "Boy, freeze!" Reached  
for the sky, fell to his knees Threw down the gun and  
towards the law he started draggin Handcuffed,  
beaten down and thrown into the wagon On the corner  
smokin cheeb' supposed to be down ( ? Dale ? ) He  
said, "I thought about it, man, and I'm not down with  
goin to jail" Cause robbin and stealin is not the way that  
we're livin And to be down with the Boys you gotta be  
down with givin Cause there's joy in our hearts, we're  
really all about peace So if you see a crook in action, be  
down and call the police Yo Come on You gotta be  
down, you gotta be down You gotta be down, you gotta  
be down Word You gotta be down, you gotta be down  
Now if you gonna be down, then be down Word The  
Prince Johnny C We the Ghetto Boys send peace Ease  
and seckle

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