

## Infa-Red & Cross, Snypah, Styles P, Bunny Wailer "Ghetto Children"

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[Aja]

We are the champions, we can't stop  
cause you just can't keep them Ruff Ryders down,  
down, down

[Verse 1 - Infa.Red]

By any means necessary I'mma hold down tradition  
white tee blue jeans yeah I fit the description  
know what's richer for the drugs in our waist  
we dark so they put the flashlight in our face  
racial profiling send me straight to the island  
hit me with the night stick the captain start smiling  
the foul smell of the ghetto will burn your nose hair  
it's forbidden so no one goes there  
the struggle never stops  
still we wake up to spoiled milk and roaches crawling  
out our cereal box  
they feed us lies blind our eyes  
if your hand the same color as mine's black man rise

[Hook]

To all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings  
ghetto children this is how we living  
all my gangsta soldiers in the prison  
don't worry it's a totally new beginning (\*repeat 2X\*)

[Verse 2 - Styles]

My peoples been in the in the cage for criminal ways  
for the fact that we couldn't take minimum wage  
we had stacks in the back of the building  
brothers is crooks but we still read books to the  
children  
now I keep my mind in the movement  
time in the movement cause the ghetto need a lot of  
improvement  
now we gotta plan for the future  
and watch for the man  
cause they don't cuff you no more they just shoot ya  
time for a new beginning revolution is coming  
see the bullets out the ruger spinning  
and we ain't gon stand down

we gon stand up black man black power  
put your black hands up

[Hook]

To all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings  
ghetto children this is how we living  
all my gangsta soldiers in the prison  
don't worry it's a totally new beginning (\*repeat 2X\*)

[Verse 3 - Cross]

I used to wear bow ties and listen to Farrakhan  
now I'm on the block like the strip is a marathon  
the hood ain't been the same since Malcolm and King  
gone  
tales from the hood is what I sing on a rap song  
everybody petrified ever since 9/11  
the hood was under attack before 9/11  
tell me how we got crack and automatic weapons  
my worst nightmare is Bush getting re-elected  
the jails is packed everybody stressed out  
gimme the key and I'm letting all the lifers out  
so they could rebuild and work for a dollar bill  
take the shackles off ya mind we running outta time

[Hook]

To all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings  
ghetto children this is how we living  
all my gangsta soldiers in the prison  
don't worry it's a totally new beginning (\*repeat 2X\*)

Visit [Infa-Red & Cross, Snypah, Styles P, Bunny Wailer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.