

**King Just f/ Starr****"Ghetto Girl"**

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[Intro: King Just] Yeah I always thought I wanted a Vivica Fox, Beyonce type of chick, you know? But I love my girls in the ghetto, man I can't turn from them, man

[Chorus: King Just] You will always be my... Right by my side... Til the day I die... Wrong or right, she's mine, mine, mine, mine... [King Just] Man listen, I wouldn't have it no other way I need a ghetto girl to satisfy KJ Some come with babies, some go both ways But some of them, don't even come home for days They be standing on the bus stop, sucking on a lollipop Asking me when the next album gon' drop She had Timbs with stilleto's, bubble goose echo Skin tight jeans with an ass like "whoa" But you don't hear me though, I mean really though My GG know how to roll, plus she love a bro Complexion like an eskimo, soft as sensual Rough when it's sexual, glad that I met you though It's a festival, and your girls is invited No need to get excited, they all gon' like it, when I pipe it Feels like you on top of the world, I love me some ghetto girls

[Chorus: King Just & Starr (Starr)] You will always be my... (ghetto girl) Right by my side... (ghetto girl) Til the day I die... (ghetto girl) Wrong or right, she's mine, mine, mine, mine... (ghetto girl) [King Just] My ghetto girl make Kool-Aid too sweet And love to see me with only Timbs on my feet And the streets, she's descrete, and so unique If I was caught in a jam, man, she'll bust the heat At the club, once a week, you know she a freak In the back of the restaurant, she season my meat She like it spicy, nicey-nicey, a little bit feisty Flavor like an Italian icy Use the stove to heat the house up, books hold the couch up Section 8, straight she put in, for a voucher Lounger told me, if she ghetto, she got a Metro And hold cracks for you, when you see po-po, I'm flying solo Until I meet this down ass chick That hock a lungie when she spit, straight from the bricks And no one I'm with, is gon' help me rule the world I love me some ghetto girls, girls, girls [Chorus] [King Just] She got door knocker earrings, belly button piercings Tattoos that she don't like, but still wears 'em Name brand shoes, atleast twenty pair of them One to three kids, and always takes care of them Miss Ghetto

America, you wear the hood crown And I love when  
you, go down You got an attitude, slightly rude And  
when it comes to sex, you always in the mood, on my  
interlude We toast together, to make our life better  
How could I love this ghetto girl, when I just met her  
Thug at first sight, I knew she wasn't Miss Right But she  
was Miss Right-For-Now Yo she dug my style, and I dug  
hers And she wasn't impressed by my diamonds and  
furs She wants the simple things in life... my wife and  
my seed And me, to fuck her all night [Chorus 2X]

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