

Mr. Lil' One/Lil' Uno

"The Ghetto"

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[Mr. Lil' One] {*laughing*} It's Lil' Uno Sicko Records
{*laughing*} Yeah Pre-Verse: Mr. Lil' One I'm still up in
your ghetto Still got to go when narrow (Main Verse)
You don't want it with me, but gotta wait too long King
of the west, Mr. Babylon Fools, in the street, wanna
babble on But when they see me in the street, wanna
tag along Shake 'em off, oh, please believe Shoot, for
the kill, oh, yes indeed Pull up your weed, and you can
have my plea Stack my loot so handsomely Better
believe, I'm in the mix all day Y'all wanna hate, got a
price to pay Triple O.G. since back in the day Little
mama, come around, cause she love to play Slang
that, motherfucker, better ask around Karma little way,
to the underground I've been doin' it all, and I'm a do it
again So dangerous, WHO THE MEXICAN? Who is sick
in the mind, Mr. 619 Fine, to their mind, everytime I
rhyme Passin' along, 'bout to kill the game U-N-O, you
remember the name Mr. Sick, in the mind, wanna talk
sublime With a fine ass dame, that I brought on my
side Make up a lie, so I can buck 'em all Say you'll be
alive, then we FUCK YOU ALL If I go, I'm a come, I'm a
bring the pain Everybody in the crowd, that will scream
my name Sayin' "Lil' Uno, man, we love you so Please
never go, when you deal the flow" What am I to do, I
gotta give it to you You been followin' my work and
everything I do I owe it all to my people now The
baddest of them all with a sequel now Heard about the
weak, and the way they speak Got 'em on repeat, when
I'm on the beat Obsolete, still givin' the creeps
Sickofied, seven days a week Better beware, don't take
me there Smile in ya face, everytime you stare In the
world, full of sin, from the hood, to the pen YOU DON'T
WANNA KNOW WHERE THE FUCK I BEEN Can't fuck with
us, I'm ridiculous Ash ya to ash and the dust to dust
Watch who you love, who you lust to trust Miraculous,
everytime I bust Since a little bitty child, I been showin'
you how Lil' Uno in the crowd, can't fade up the style
Salute me, boy, wanna execute You ready for the war,
better get your boots Chorus: Mr. Lil' One I'm still up in
your ghetto Still got to go when narrow Another
homocide guerro Just missed a rap level [Mr. Lil' One]

Ha ha ha Yeah You don't want it with me, boy It's Lil'
Uno, baby Sicko Records Sicko Camp Ha ha To the last
day All day, boy Yeah Yeah (Yeah...)

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