

Various Artists "Ghetto Jam"

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Here we go, here we go as the tune starts to bloom
With a phat phat phat chorus
1 2 3 if this is O.G.
The freaks would ya move ya bootys?
The Ghetto Jam is about to slam
With some notes from the diggady-D
As I key what's really goin' on
Would ya reminisce with me-E?

Saturday mornin' just gettin' up
With a hangover smellin' like a fuck
I really can't remember 'cause I'm still kinda fady
So I close my eyes and thank God that I made it
Now I'm gettin' flashbacks of some O.J.
With a green glass that says, tanqueray
Took it to the hand gulped it down with the quickness
Now I need a bitch so I can handle my business

What do you know, a freak's in my reach
Threw her on the flo, suckin' in her deep
She's screamin' and she's screamin' and she's
screamin'
Gettin' horrors, but then I busted a nut, and that was
that
So kick the chorus

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My homies are down, chillin' in the hood
Nuthin' my bitches but they ain't no good
To another man well she might be some good cat
But the homies in the hood label her as a hood rat
She's scared to love so those with game can fuck
And ooh, she'll pound yo ass real fast, if you're quick
enough

And when you're in that thing, she'll make that homie
sing
Dabambwe, dabambwe, dabambwe

But you don't hear me doe
Ain't nuthin' wrong with bein'
A trojan man, when ya ridin'
So let's kick the chorus please if ya like it

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My homey's clownin' in his doped yellow chevy
Too O.D.'ed to be dropped
Kenwood's kickin' that funk in the trunk
Clean with the rag on top, yeah
Rollin' down the store, guess what we saw, some
bootys
The finest one is knockin' me, she's showin' booty
So I approached the freak of the week
And I played it like a game of blackjack

And for all that ass that she towed in around
Well I offered a backpack
And since I'm a Mack, well you know how the story goes
So all ya bros freaks your nerves, here we go

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