

Little Ghetto Boys

Wu-Tang Clan

Put them cracks down you just started slanging two months ago
What up with Larry Francisco tell him to let that bitch go
Why you standing there? Posing you like Donna Karan wear
Nigga save that, the same shit you had it last year
You be running with them outsiders
That shit is fucked up yo, we never turn to dick riders
Your Mac is big, got a little grip, yo
You think that shit gon live what he did -- what this nigga said
Remember when his mans got there, the whole shit was set up
Shut up, whole fam want the science and the letter
It got back to me some niggas in Medina askin me
"You know some niggas in the gold E-Class," splash to me
Yo that shit you had in Vegas
Yo, it could have got us both sprayed up
They seen the Ac, noticed Jada
Hair salon, treating shorty like Quran
Her fam major swing kingpins you won't dare front on
Octavia with all the ice on, yo
She own a car wash now, her little Keon doing triple life
Marry a Son who got baked, it coulda been
For a half a cake, play the shank, maybe bite her
Shit is fucked up when they got us yo
She fainted at her baby wake now watch the breakdown
"..face responsibility"

She fainted at her baby wake now yo watch the breakdown "Little ghetto boy, playing in the ghetto street" Yo all
of y'all niggas got the whole story wrong
Talk what you talk but twist the real song
When it comes down to this, not a licensed driver
Show y'all niggas whose style is more liver
This is not a act this is more actual fact
Nothing but experience placed upon track
With the true sound, not lying out the crown
When we not working we hardly be around
Yeah see the light, right now we could fight
You not a real brother you just a fake type
That get on the mic then throw your cliché
Half the East coast sounding just like Rae
If you a Gambino, give credit to the flow
If you not a part of this kid act like you know

Fuck the studio, Cappaccino the great
Fly cherry head niggas like planes out of state
I ain't friends with you, only my CD hit you
If you want some then stop fronting is the issue
It's my turn, live niggas could pass
Two-faced rappers push they shit last
Straight off the edge into the rubbish
Peep my new style fuck Cristal and Moet

I drink Evian water while my darts get published "What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face
responsibility?" "Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto streets

What you gonna do when you grow up" "What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face
responsibility?" "Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto streets

What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility?" "One is invulnerable, in fact

It involves strenuous breath control

Out of all techniques, it's the most difficult

The human body has a hundred and eight pressure points

Thirty-six of these can be fatal

The remainder, paralyzing

Songwriters

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