

Little Ghetto Boys (feat. CappaDonna)

Wu-Tang Clan

Put them cracks down you just started slangin' two months ago
Whattup with Larry Francisco tell him to let that bitch go
Why you standin' there posin' you like Donna Karan wear
Nigga save that, the same shit you had it last year You be runnin' 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 niggaz in Medina askin' me
You know some niggaz in the gold E-Class splash to me Yo that shit you had in Vegas
Yo, it coulda got us both sprayed up, they seen the Ac
Know this traitor, hair sa-laundry and Shorty like Karan
Her fam major swing kingpins you won't dare front on Octavia with all the ice on, yo
She own a carwash now, her little Keon doin' 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, playin' in the ghetto street Yo all of
y'all niggaz 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 niggaz whose style is more liver This is not a act this is more actual fact
Nuttin' but experience placed upon track
With the true sound, not lyin' out the crown
When we not workin' 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 soundin' 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, Cappachino the great
Fly cherry head niggaz like planes out of state I ain't friends with you, only my CD hit you
If you want some then stop frontin' is the issue
It's my turn, live niggaz could pass
Two-face-ted rappers push they shit last Straight off the edge, into the rubbish
Peep my new style fuck Cristal and Moët
I drink Evian water while my thoughts 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

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