

Ghetto Fabulous

E-Max

Artist: Ras Kass featuring Dr. Dre, Ice-T, Mack 10
[Ice-T] I got juice but I can't stop no ocean liner baby!

[Ras] I'm down with you baby, I'm there
[Ice-T] Man don't miss this it's gonna be FABULOUS

...

[Ras] We ghetto fabulous baby
The best food, drink, and women that money can buy

Verse One: Ras Kass

Every day of my life is off the ringer
That's guaranteed, like a fistfight on Jerry Springer
I got the hottest flow to hit the street since lava
so holla, we all hustle for dollar dollars
From Sac to Houston, New Orleans to D.C.
girls laughing to beep beep
Bangin, catch me with a dimepiece next to me
My Body all over Your Body like LSG
Neighborhood celeb with the keys to my city like the mayor
Rookies askin us how to be a playa
Get in where you fit in, and never get your ghetto pass revoked
No matter how much money you make

Stay true to the game loc, guest list terror clothes
in jeans and tennis shoes, breakin your strict dress codes
Spit lyrical bricks, thirteen deep
so I can be richer than Master P sellin Ghetto D

Chorus: Mack 10

Ghetto, fabulous

Money make the world go round so let's handle this

Ghetto, fabulous

Broadcastin live from Los Angeles

We ghetto, fabulous

Money make the world go round so let's handle this

Ghetto, fabulous

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Verse Two: Dr. Dre

You ain't heard of me, you ain't listenin hard enough

Started in Compton servin from a ice cream truck
Now ten years later whippin a custom Navigator
Steppin on your toes playa, stuffin up your alligators

I'm ghetto, like Newport cigarettes, feel me
 Boom bap and slap that ass silly
This is for the full time students slash part time strippers
 And young niggaz, clockin at least five figures
Some of us pro atheletes, some of us rap over fat beats
 Some of us hustle in the streets
Twenty deep in Club Nikki's so you know we gots to mingle
 [???] off a pocket full of singles, huh
 And it's all bueno, musical mafia like Frank Sinatra
Pop a thirteen shot glock to make you Go See the Doctor
 Ain't nuttin nice
 From hood to hood, love livin the lavish life
 (Chorus)
 Verse Three: Ras Kass
 Nigga Stu-B-Doo in the GS, three ooh ooh
 Playin number two Tekken, zero to sixty
in six point seven seconds *tires screech* hangin out the window
 actin up, chickenheads like "You doin fo' months!"
 Flexin the Rolex oyster perpetual, thirty-five diamonds
 across the face, still eatin out foam cups and paper plates
 We don't call it playa hatin in the nine-eight, it's P.I.
 That's pass interference, automatic first down
 Want Juice like Tupac, then Obey Your Thirst clown
 Be in the PJ's in NY, rockin DK
 Mix EJ with OJ, OK, we say
 "L.A. niggaz got crazy came
 like John Elway got a superbowl ring"
The homies down for whatever, we stack the chedda
 Swiss bank accounts, and mo' mozzarella fella
 (Chorus)

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