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
Broadcastin live from Los Angeles
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 intereference, 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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