

# Ghetto

## Mz.Champagne

From hood to hood, they see what's hood and know who I be  
I got the Yankee leanin' just sittin' over to browse  
And the G four is just gettin' over the clouds  
You can't tell me that I ain't, what's up right now  
I got a bottle of Tequila upside down  
There's some chicks wit boyfriends that are up tight now  
'Cause they know the big dog had a pups like wow  
I'm stuck in my city ways  
Headin' overseas wit a zip of New York City's haze  
You rats can keep runnin' through your city's maze  
Until you get sprayed with the pesticide  
I know you in that hole, you best to hide  
Like the rest who tried, who went and testified  
Of course your girl wanna slide over and be rubbed  
And don't mind taking rides over the G dubs  
I ride Rovers on Spre dubs  
Please don't be another dude who died over a ski dub, chill  
From hood to hood, they see what's hood and know  
who I be  
From block to block, they see it, not can't know who I be  
From state to state, they cannot hate, they know who I be  
From the east to west, through the Midwest and down south it's ghetto!  
It's ghetto! It's ghetto! It's ghetto! It's ghetto!  
I get it jumpin' like a lo lo six four  
And bet they hop on it like a pogo stick pro  
I'm chillin' wit these go go chicks though  
That do the kinda things that belong in a porno flick yo  
You know it's him and the gang  
Wit the bling worked on, that remind you of lemon meringue  
But remember the thangs, ain't too far  
And y'all wanna hear 'em go bang, bang, bang  
Like John Witherspoon, I'm watchin' 'em closely  
I know the snakes goin' slither soon  
The two toned Maybach's gettin' delivered soon  
The back feels like sittin' in the livin' room  
I'm so hard bodied like the suit on Batman  
It's that man that back to back plat' scan  
I'm back for the third time, I make words rhyme for a livin'  
You probably heard I'm still ghetto, nigga!  
From hood to hood, they see what's hood and know who I be  
From block to block, they see it, not can't know who I be  
From state to state, they cannot hate, they know who I be  
From the east to west, through the Midwest and down south it's ghetto!

It's ghetto! It's ghetto! It's ghetto! It's ghetto! They tried to put two nines on me, just like Gretzky  
But my lawyer saw through it just like wet tees  
I smoked till my eyes look just like Jet Li's  
On islands where the water's blue just like Pepsi  
Yeah, the trigger just might get squeezed  
And the slugs will skip over your waves, just like jet skis  
Hoes know ghetto from New York, call 'em the Fresh Prince  
And throw rose petals when I walk  
They love how I came back hard like good blow  
And I'm still a heart throb to a hood hoe  
That's what hood though, yes, I would know  
That's 'cause I'm in the streets like manhole covers  
Rims look like blades when a fan blow brother  
I'm waitin' on a storm to land, roast others  
The man no other, 'cause I been in it  
My time is money, y'all couldn't buy ten minutes  
I'm gon' catch up! From hood to hood, they see what's hood and know who I be  
From block to block, they see it, not can't know who I be  
From state to state, they cannot hate, they know who I be  
From the east to west, through the Midwest and down south it's ghetto!  
It's ghetto! It's ghetto! It's ghetto! It's ghetto!

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