In The Ghetto

Eric B. & Rakim

Planet Earth was my place of birth
Born to be the soul controller of the universe
Besides the part of the map I hit first
Any a rhyme that I can adapt when it gets worstThe rough gets going, the going gets rough
When I start flowing, the mic might bust
The next state, I shake from the power I generate
People in Cali used to think it was earthquakes'Cause times was hard on the Boulevard
So I vote God and never get scarred and gauled
But it seems like I'm locked in hell
Looking over the edge but the are never fellA trip to slip 'cause my Nikes got grip
Stand on my own two feet and come equip
Any stage I'm seen on, a mic I fiend on
I stand alone and need nothing to lean onGoing for self wit a long way to go
So much to say but I still flow slow
I come correct and I won't look back
'Cause it ain't where you're from, it's where you're atEven the (ghetto)I learn to relax in my room and escape from New York
And return through the womb of the world as a thought
Thinking how hard it was to be born
Me being queen wit no physical formMillions have settled wit one destination
To reach the best part, it's life creation
9 months later, a job well done
Make way, 'cause here I comeSince I made it this far, I can't stop now
There's a will and a way and I got to know how
To be all I can be and more
And see all there is to see beforeCalled and go back to the essence
It's a lot to learn so I study my lessons
I thought the ghetto was the worst that could happen to me
I'm glad I listen when my father was rapping to me'Cause back in the days, they lived in caves
Exile from the original man, a straight way
Now that's what I call hard times
I rather be here to exercise the mindThen I take a thought around the world twice
From knowledge to born back to knowledge precise
Across the desert, that's how to store a radiant
But they couldn't cave me in 'cause I'm the AsiantReaching for the city, a Mecca, visit medina
Visions of Neffertiti then I seen a
Mind keeps traveling, I'll be back after I
Stop and think about the brothers and sisters in AfricaReturn the thought through the eye of a needle
For miles I thought and I just fought the people

Under the dark skies on a dark side
Not only there but right here's an apartheidSo now is the time for us to react
Take a trip through the mind and when you get back
Understand you're third eye seen all of that
It ain't where you're from, it's where you're atEven the (ghetto)
Even the (ghetto)No more props, I want property
In every borough, nobody's stopping me
Because I'm thorough, rhymes are making real estate for me to own
Wherever I bless a microphone007 is back and relaxing
On poignant reacting and ready for action
I'm so low key that you might not see me
Incognito and taking it easyQuiet, it's kept on a hush hush
In front of a crowd, I get loud, there's a bumrush
Be calm, keep a low pro, and play the background
Over the wack rapper, put the mic back downSo rip it, break it in half, go head and slam it
'Cause when it's time to build, I'm a mechanic
I'm bonding and mending, attaching and blending
So many solos, there is no endingPeople in my neighborhood, they know I'm good
From London to Hollywood, wherever I stood
Footprints remain on stage ever since
As I walk the street, I leave fossils and dentsWhen I had sex, I left my name on necks
My trademark was left throughout the projects
I used to get rich when I played celo
When I rolled 4, 5, 6, they go we knowSo I collect my cash then slide
I got my back, my gun's on my side
It shouldn't have to be like that
I guess it ain't where you're from, it's where you're atEven the (ghetto)
I'm from the (ghetto)
Word up, peace

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BARRIER, ERIC (PKA ERIC B.)/GRIFFIN, WILLIAM (PKA RAKIM)Published by
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