

# Ghetto Stories

## Swizz Beatz

Ruff Ryders  
1, 2, 1, 2  
Full Surface  
Ghetto stories  
Yeah yeah  
Swizz Beatz makin' it happen  
Listen what the fuck I gotta say  
I'm not a rapper, dog I'm from the hood  
I love the hood  
I rep the hood  
Lived in the hood  
Started on the grind  
Started with a nine  
Motherfucker, I had to earn mine A lot of niggas hatin'  
A lot of niggas watching  
A lot of niggas plotting  
A lot of hearts stopping I'm banging with the beats  
I'm banging with the streets  
I'm banging with the heat  
S to the double  
I to the double Z  
Niggas look at me  
Want no trouble B I'm just minding my business  
Making money, stacking chips  
Just minding my business  
You can catch me in a 360L or [Incomprehensible]  
Going down to Pasadena The rubber will peel  
Your head will peel  
Your bitches will squeal  
That's when these hoes dying  
Cause if I'm in court, guaranteed I'm lying  
Fuckers, I had to get my business right  
Had to get my money right  
Had to get my label right You can hate all you want  
I'm here forever  
Swizz Beatz part, whatever  
I'm here forever, bitch  
I'm the monster, get it all right  
Me and my niggas is dogs

And we guaranteed to bite Inf gon' pop ya  
Cross gon' pop ya  
Waah gon' pop ya  
Dogs gon' stop ya We working out the building  
I started the beats, coming up out of the building  
Nigga, 2E and the building 700  
The Bronx Tenements, where I came up  
Ain't nothing funny playa  
For this money, these niggas is hungry, playa That's right, I love the hood  
Respect the hood  
Support the hood  
Lived in the hood  
This is Swiss talking  
This is Swiss rocking  
Mother fucking thug nigga  
Up and New Yorking We love the hood  
We run the hood  
We own the hood  
Fuck what you sayin' dog  
You got a problem we gon' solve 'em  
You got beef we gon' bed that  
You got lead we gon' pop that  
I got heat I'ma rock that  
Motherfucking radio stations I drop that I'm the one that had ten songs  
At one time on the countdown  
Get your mind right  
Y'all fuckers thought I bounced forever  
Y'all niggas better get together or whatever I got beats galore  
I got beats that'll blow off your project doors  
Beats that'll flip over your Bentley X-R's  
Beats that'll make niggas ready for wars  
Beats for deaf, beats for blind  
Beats that'll make a thug nigga wanna cock his nine, oh Y'all niggas ain't hard to find  
Y'all niggas ain't out your mind, fuckers  
We love the hood  
From the hood  
In the hood  
Swizz Beatz and I'm here for good This is my ghetto story  
This is my ghetto story  
This is my ghetto story  
Oh, my God! Inf gon' pop ya  
Waah gon' pop ya  
Cross gon' stop ya  
Dogs gon stop ya Listen, doing this here  
Y'all niggas know this, we doing this here

Beyotch

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