

Ghetto Smile (feat. Daryl Hall)

B-Legit

A young hog in the hood playin' chase, smile on his face
Havin' fun 'cuz it ain't nothin' like this place and you don't wanna race
Fool I got the new ones on
And we can run from the corner to the Newman's home And after that we goin' go raid the plum tree
And stick ball down where those bos be
Mom's got the door open bumpin' Marvin Gaye
Let's get it on all day everyday At night I pray, Lord, just let me make it
And if I die before I wake
Then my soul, you take it
Never fake it My older brother taught me game
And sometimes even let the young soldier hang
As a loc, my only duty was to soak
And pass it on to my comrade and closest folks
All friends I knew about it as a child
I stood proud have you ever seen a ghetto smile? In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto, hey, yeah
In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto, hey I'm at the junior high actin' bad at the dance
The slow jam got me with a woody in my pants
And baby with me, her Momma used to babysit me
And back then she was just plain old pretty But nowadays it seems like she done grown
Jeans fitting and her perm gotta hella long
Would I be wrong if I whisper and take her down
And maybe play house sitter with her like the Pound It's goin' down about now in the Northern Bay
The OG's put it down and make they pay
Flip a 68 'stang with the blew out braids
The only homey in the hood ridin' on thangs And as I peep it thangs have got a little deeper
And everybody and their Momma done bought a beeper
And then they post on the lake gettin' loose and wild
You know the scene it's the ghetto smile In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto, hey, yeah
In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto, hey At 18 I graduated and now I'm grown
About time for the dog to get his own bone
I left home got a condo out on Quail ridge
And like a king is how this young playa live Swimmin' parties in the pool with my dope to roll
Wasn't trippin' off nathin' we was all folks
Hillside in the house and we gettin' perved
Freestylin' gettin' on my neighbor's nerves I love the hood so everyday I'm back to visit

And swoop the young so that they can come through and kick it
And peep the game just as I did as a kid
And watch the savage get his cabbage and place his bid And even though we fight we still remain game tight
Handle business and always open for forgiveness
It ain't nothin' like a homey you ain't seen in awhile
So when you meet him greet him with that ghetto smile In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto
In the ghetto there's a smile, oh
All the homies smiles for me, ghetto There's a ghetto in the sky, ghetto in the sky
But all the homies smile for me, ghetto
The ghetto smile, the ghetto smile
Homies smile for me
And the ghetto smile for me

Songwriters

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