

Child of the Ghetto

G. Dep

Yo, yeah, yo

Uhh, uhh, yeah, yo

Uhh, uhh, yeah, yo

Uhh, uhh, G. Dep

A child of the ghetto, nobody explain it to me
Livin' the scripture, the picture they painted for me
Rippin' it, runnin' and gunnin' and aimin' for me

Yo, yeah, uhh, yeah

I guess you niggaz told me right and exact

Shak, shak, right in his back

I might just crack while I'm writin this rap
From even, a tire that snap, I'm light in the sack
I tell you how I feel and that's part of the deal
I'm like Seagal with the steel but harder to kill

It's real, big beans up for lettin' me know

Fifteen bet and you blow, better get dough

Won't be a second we won't, they lettin' me go

Since pay's wisen your ways, allow me to grow

Aiyyo, swing, yeah, back to the scene

Seven-four-eight-oh, can't recall in between

Whole state pulsate, we can wrinkle the town

Park jams, dark shams niggaz breakin' it down

Niggaz rock the heaters, my clique rocked Adidas

Didn't know the blocks were where the spots would lead us

But hey

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Knew what it wasn't, it wasn't the game or the greed
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Niggaz that know me they told me the game it could be crazy

I take you back to the scene of the stunt

Scene of that rhyme and you can think what you want

And if, and if you tell me you can get it from here

Got boom got boom, put shit in the air, yeah

Get us some gear to get us in here

Waited years to get a premier and did it from here

Harlem, citizen where the kid is in gear, guard him
Niggaz in here, who get it in here, we are them
Take you back to the 80's around
Polo grounds, uptown, eight-eighty a pound
Niggaz hit the rooftop, y'all was roofin' the rocks
Other niggaz shoe tops, only youth from the block
You dig me, movin' in tops and movin' these rocks
You get it, we movin' them blocks to move in them drops
Skiddin', I guess the niggaz told me right and exactly
When they said stop fightin' and stack it, get the money nigga
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Eighty-one I had fun, eighty-two I was new
Eighty-three I did me, eighty-four I had grew
Eighty-five it got live, eighty-six in the mix
Eighty-seven in the kicks, eighty-eight in the whips
Eighty-nine I had the grind, now I know it was flow
Ninety-one we got guns, ninety-two it was dough
Ninety-three was the key, ninety-four was sure
Ninety-five took a dive, ninety-six I was poor
Ninety-seven did eleven, now I'm made out the gate
Ninety-nine spit rhymes two-thousand and straight
Shit, I thought I'd give housing a break
Sit back, countin' the cake and lounge in estates but yo
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