

# Ghetto-Ology (feat. Chiefton)

## Goodie Mob

Uh-huh Ben Hill been real  
Still trill, Southwest  
Y'all niggas wanna do somethin' with it?  
Y'all niggas wanna do somethin' with it? Now from that ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
Got one foot in, one foot out  
Of the ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
That's why I know the things I know! In the ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
And some of my friends done died befo'  
In the ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
That's why I can't seem to let go How do you feel when you judge quick  
And you all up in my face and I ain't even spit?  
Just like them folk that say they know me from my old days  
I know you wonderin' about my spirit and my old ways!  
You hearin' me spittin' the piece of mind, got you froze in time  
Playin' catch-up with yourself  
I'm on another level, and you can say I'm dead wrong  
Even if you stay home  
They gotta fight because you livin' in a war zone  
Head strong  
Can't leave it 'lone till they get and they gone  
So now I'm stylin', my momma 'bout to travelin'  
He be hangin' with them monsters and they smilin'  
And my babies' coughin', thinkin' they have TB  
And they neva call him daily in that wee-wee  
So what I find is to eliminate the problem  
Befo' they cause problems  
Befo' we have problems  
Cause you thought you had it sewed up  
Until that green house grew all of a sudden  
Sho' nuff, it showed up  
Now you didn't know he had it in him  
The venom  
It fits the test and I'm gon (win) him  
Then the ride, can't be cryin' got it steady now  
You need to find out, there ain't no time-outs

You can't sign-out, better than whine out  
Don't drop the gun cause the street is gettin' packed now  
Just let cones bang the ground, don't you back down!  
For it's the fate, that brought you to this place now  
So let it guide you and take you to that touch-down  
And stay ground, so that you can stay proud  
Cause one in, and one quickNow from that ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
Got one foot in, one foot out  
Of the ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
That's why I know the things I know!In the ghetto  
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In the ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
That's why I can't seem to let goI got these jokers with their eyes red  
Drinkin' too much, got dead  
I make you shout it if you's in the 'burbs  
Herbs beware  
It's from the one that data compare  
Logistic, chicken biscuit  
This Winter, he will forget the cold through a song  
And my (party wrong), and my weak is strong  
Just kept his back turned, yearned  
For destruction bustin' microphones  
Blessed the unprotected soul  
Lettin' go, call him too much  
Will get you off for sure  
Watch  
Top plate  
What's gon' save you from the hands of (why)  
When them guys gone, and you (bet) home in the ghettoThey trappin' him off within then  
Look at the fonky red'ead  
Done flipped them all as dead  
Paint wet, now I'm set  
Fight the shit, watch it hit  
Block lot  
Neighborhood charcoals  
And that old (mark-o?)  
After dawn, on the porch  
(Got gone), mind blown  
Fashioned like  
Niggas sold, new or old  
It's gettin' sold in the ghettoGhetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto

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Of the ghetto  
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In the ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
That's why I can't seem to let go Now from the go child  
My name is Lo  
God done gave me this vision quite some time ago  
He taught me shout it when you (talk chance the blow?)  
You preach that real shit 'till you can't doubt no mo'  
Now wait a minute y'all, I am the one  
That ride the rhythm from midnight to the morning sun  
I do it for the freedom, finance, and forever fun  
Now revolution of the mind has already begun  
Now just a second y'all  
It got to be  
For every thought is fulfilled in the prophecy  
I'm supernatural and there is no stoppin' me Even the ghetto is still God's property! Come on Ever since you was  
a youngster the devil been  
Over your soul, like this one-eyed monster  
Ain't no in between you either off or on  
Never pass judgement  
But the feeling is mutual  
Pass the hog mog, tryin' to drown me  
After years of gravel  
You promised no rest to (blow) in weeks  
I know you ain't choppin' in the next man footprints  
Wobblin' like a duck  
Stuck, crawlin' out the same hole  
Me don't promote no mysterious behavior  
(Pimped) and be dead  
I used to flow, my high school goal  
It come through in the ghetto! Now from that ghetto  
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Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto

That's why I can't seem to let go

Songwriters

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