Ghetto Children (feat. Snypah & Bunny Walker)

Ruff Ryders

We, we are the champions, we can't stop
Cause you just can't keep them
Ruff Ryders down, down, downBy any means necessary, I'mma hold down tradition
White tee, blue jeans, yeah, I fit the description
Know what's richer for the drugs in our waist
We dark so they put the flashlight in our faceRacial profiling send me straight to the island
Hit me with the night stick, the captain start smiling
The foul smell of the ghetto will burn your nose hair
It's forbidden, so no one goes thereThe struggle never stops 'til we wake up to spoiled milk
And roaches crawling out our cereal box
They feed us lies, blind our eyes
If you're hand's the same color as mine's, black man riseTo all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings
Ghetto children this is how we living
All my gangsta soldiers in the prison
Don't worry it's a totally new beginningTo all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings
Ghetto children this is how we living
All my gangsta soldiers in the prison
Don't worry it's a totally new beginningMy people's been in the cage for criminal ways
For the fact that we couldn't take minimum wage
We had stacks in the back of the building
Brothers is crooks but we still read books to the childrenNow I keep my mind in the movement
Time in the movement 'cause the ghetto need a lot of improvement
Now we gotta plan for the future and watch for the man
Cause they don't cuff you no more, they just shoot yaTime for a new beginning, revolution is coming
See the bullets out the Kruger spinning
And we ain't gon' stand down, we gon' stand up
Black man, black power, put your black hands upTo all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings
Ghetto children this is how we living
All my gangsta soldiers in the prison
Don't worry it's a totally new beginningTo all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings
Ghetto children this is how we living
All my gangsta soldiers in the prison
Don't worry it's a totally new beginningI used to wear bow ties and listen to Farrakhan
Now I'm on the block like the strip is a marathon
The hood ain't been the same since Malcolm and King gone
Tales from the hood is what I sing on a rap songEverybody petrified ever since 9/11
The hood was under attack before 9/11
Tell me how we got crack and automatic weapons?
My worst nightmare is Bush getting re-electedThe jails is packed, everybody stressed out

Gimme the key and I'm letting all the lifers out
So they could rebuild and work for a dollar bill
Take the shackles off ya mind, we running outta timeTo all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings
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Songwriters
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