

# 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, down By 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 face Racial 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 there The 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 rise To 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 beginning To 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 beginning My 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 children Now 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 ya Time 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 up To 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 beginning To 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 beginning I 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 song Everybody 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-elected The 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 time  
To all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings  
Ghetto children this is how we living  
All my gangsta soldiers in the prison  
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Songwriters

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