Ghetto's of the Mind

Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth

Ghetto of the Mind...I catch a body at a party, sort of herbal with the verbal
Look above and see the vultures fly around in a circle
Baggin' while you're lollygaggin', raggin', tow-taggin'
Assassin with the millimeter roars of a dragonHere stood the black hood, thirsty for the end
And for the love of money, kind of funny, new friends
Public housing, a thousand in a tent
So I'm forced to sell hell just to pay the rent
Killin' my own people, I put 'em out of order
Just like the liquor store scene on every corner
I'm tryin' but the kids keep cryin', and the bullets keep flyin'
Look, a boy, he's on the curb just dyin'
Finally the cops come dumb to the slum
Pull out a gun and arrest the wrong one
Wax all the Puerto Ricans and blacks
So they can never relax
I dwell, might as well learn the facts
Pete Rock and C.L. can radio a shack up
Sparkin' off and have 'em all callin' for backup
"Watch another crime and you're gonna do time"
All this you'll find in the ghettos of the mindAin't that somethin'?...
Listen to cats and rough rats war under the window
When the ghetto forts flarey, never was a Tom and Jerry
Livin' ain't cheap, my survival is deep
In this part of town where the city never sleep
A Barney Miller roller, you can bet the car's stolen
Or static with your BM, only when you see them
Speakin' on your baby's mom, a best for the drama
Always tryin' to make a movie, little stark-ravin' looney
Stressin' it, but you know the ghetto keep ya busy
A place that when I die it would never even miss me
Crack phials in the aisles as one pimp smiles
Dope piles workin' hookers by the miles
But still my pop's got three jobs to stable
A family household and food on the table
So as we pray for all our souls to keep
Somebody's on the project roof, ready to leap
I want to stop the pain or the bad situation
But backwards wisdom I can't afford to give 'em
Self savior is much braver with the conscious behavior

Designed in the ghettos of the mindAin't that somethin'? C'mon...It's like that y'all...I could never look forward to an early retirement
But still I maintain in a hostile environment
Hustlin' the concrete jungle for loot
My parents hated blood money so they gave me the boot
Take a risk 'cause the peer pressure has the edge
It was a blessin' when I saw my life dangle on the ledge
The streets coulda swallowed me whole
But the pain was all gone when I got to see my healthy son born
And now I bring him home to the ghetto,
Only to make a stronger fellow
Maybe do some good for the neighborhood
It's hard playing hero livin' less than a zero
Raging Bull like DeNiro, the modern day pharoah
A concentration camp with the Section 8
Welfare checks given at a monthly rate
Apply for the get high, or just plain lazy
Many steady collect right around the fifth baby
The hawk is out but the niggaz never pack it
A hundred dollar sneakers with the skimpy-ass jacket
When people are deaf, dumb, and blind they get left behind
Imagine in the ghettos of the mind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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