

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 dragon Here 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 mind Ain'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 mind
Ain'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.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>