

# Lifestyles Of A Ghetto Child

## M.o.p.

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Watch your back, yo, kid, it's on, it's time on time  
Take ten of theirs 'cuz they took one of mine  
Them niggas sound sweet, ain't nothing  
I think they packin' heat, ain't nothing we cuttin'  
Nigga, get up, pick your motherfucking head up  
Somebody gon' get whet up, does this look like a set up?  
See that bitch over there? Yeah, she tryin' to get attention  
Watch them niggas to your left, oh, see you mention and they flinchin'  
Get down, hit the ground, goddamnn, my gun jammed  
Why the Hill Street Blues make me refuse to leave my man?  
Nigga, leave when I jump up and squeeze, nigga, breeze  
Down upstairs, get Pacino and bees and more toast  
They gettin' close, nigga, Larry  
These niggas should be buried  
The situation's a tough decision  
I'm going to get some more ammunition  
So we can continue this mission  
Lifestyles of a ghetto child  
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Bring it to 'em, kid, catch them niggas before they slide  
True dat, you get the front, I creep from the side  
Take 'em down, soon as you hit the dough let your shit go  
I figured that them young punks was scheming from the get go  
Kill that noise, watch your back  
Nigga, get back, Bill, where you at?  
Over here kid, I spot him

Come on, but I'm comin' your way, kid  
I got him, watch yourself, blowin' them herbs  
What now? Let them slugs calm your nerves  
Let's motivate, wait, Pacino still chasin'  
We bringin' this home, leave him alone, kid, he lacin' 'em  
That's how it is when it's time to roll  
M.O.P. home never fold  
They try to set us up, dumpin' you a sin  
I'ma, chill, nigga, you know we gon' see them chumps again  
Lifestyles of a ghetto child  
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Five O, go, yo, stash the hammer  
Where your's? I just left my shit right there under the bammer  
Make moves, kid, it ain't no time for debatin'  
Why go straight when you know the man gon' be waitin'?  
Dip in the building, what if the door's locked?  
Damn, we can't stop, the cops's surrounding the block  
And them chumps are comin' fast  
Nigga, dig up in the building, hit the hazard and bear last  
Nigga, they right behind us, I ain't tryin' to get caught by the law  
Oh, shit, they comin' in the building, open up the door  
Hurry up, I ain't sittin' in no pen, nigga  
Five O comin' it's us, let us in, nigga  
Lock the door, cut them lights off, stash the crack  
Crack the safe and see where them chumps is at  
They all over the place and we facin' hard times at trial  
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Alright, now you two, come out with our hands up  
I give you ten seconds, come out with our hands up  
We got the place surrounded, don't run  
[Incomprehensible] team respond, I need some back up down here  
Send me some back up, I need some back up, damn it  
Fuck 'em, yeah, fuck 'em, fuck 'em