

Ghetto Rock

Mos Def

Hello children
Black Jack Johnson NYC, R-O-C-K-I-N-G
Sun and the moon, earths, stars, and planets
Before song done y'all goin' all understand it
Like, hot
The haters can't fuck with it
Cause they mom and they sister and girl in love with
It (and they niggas)
Sound man holla black come with it
Sping the record 'till the record done spinning
Up top is you getting up with it?
Dirty dirty is you getting crunk with it?
Smokey smoke from coast to coast
Be careful our first draw be that overdose
Who stay holding it from brooklyn? you know is mos!
Ha, jackpot I (sing yo) got to go for broke
Is this the only way the smith family now to go
Right here to my youngest one is older folks
I'ma put down like a dirty so and so
Freak daddy came here to work the mojo, oh
Because the, high is high and the low is low
And that goes for the sinner man to holy folks
Put your shit in the sky like I know you, oh
(Brooklyn stand up!)
Ha, my ghetto nation get toe to toe
Stay rocking steady steady 'cause I told you so
And after y'all get it go I let it go some more
That black jack about something for sure) for sure
(say what!)
For sure for sure
Let me see you in the world making your shoulder role
And if it get good tell your nigga throw your 'bows'
Cause we are so ghetto
Yes we are rock and roll
Yes we are so ghetto
Yes we are rock and roll
Yes we are so ghetto
Yes we are rock and roll
Yes we are so ghetto
Yes we are, rock and motherfucking roll
Ha, I am a fighter and a lover
I'm the freaky baby daddy, I'm a bad motherfucker
I'm the earth, wind, fire, and the thunder

I said I am, go ask my mother
You don't believe that shit believe what you want to
Alright, ok, so, shut-up!
Speak language come straight from the gutter
Observe the terms that we trade with one and other
Like, what's good, what's popping, what's cracking
What it is, how you living, what's happening
Work songs that the slaves sang back then
The playground chants, with little girls clapping
Blackjack Johnson NYC, R-O-C-K-I-N-G
Son and the moon, earths, stars, and planets
Before the song done y'all going all understand it
Blackjack Johnson NYC, R-O-C-K-I-N-G
Son and the moon, earths stars and planets
Before the song done y'all going all understand it
Space!
Gimme the space!
Back up, gimme the space!
Let a nigga rock!
Gimme the space!
Let a nigga rock!
Let a nigga rock, ha!
This is the sound
Ghetto rock
This is the sound
Ghetto rock
This is the sound
Ghetto rock
This is the sound
Ghetto rock
This is the sound
Ghetto rock
This is the sound
Ghetto rock and, motherfucking roll!

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