

Child Of The Ghetto

Cam'ron

Let's do the Eastside one time
Metro North, Eastriver, Wilson, Club 99
Jefferson, Charleston, A.K., Jackie Rob, Clinton, Taft, Carver
Lakeview, 1990, Wagner, Taihino, Harlem

Verse 1:

I don't care if you a old head, or a young bud
I'm not a elevator, I'm no come-up
Nor do I go down, do like Brand Nubian, slow down
Whole clip, blow pounds
Silencers steady, that's no sound
Circle ya block ock, merry-go-round
Here we go now, I'm the owner
You're the pitcher, this block is your mound
Buildin' a beast so villians can eat
I reside on the west, chilled on the east
If I say that I rock, then sayin' is gossip
I lived in the Nine, stayed in the projects
Scored 35 then I wait for a profit
Talk, pull the .9, then I spray up an object
Homie, don't confuse me, pardon mine
I'm the Harlem World Karlton Hines
Get it right nigga

Hook:

A child of the ghetto, nobody explained it to me
I'm livin' in scripture, the picture they painted for me
Knew that it wasn't, and wasn't the game of degree
Rippin', they runnin', the gunnin', they name it from me
A child of the ghetto, nobody explained it to me
I'm livin' in scripture, the picture they painted for me

Verse 2:

I don't really buy jewelry, I take 'em

I don't listen to artists dog, I break 'em
I don't really look at movies, I make 'em
I'm filet megnione, you a steak 'em
Any beef, I'ma open it probably
I got some dudes hopin' ya try me
I got hoes, sell coke in the lobby
I'm rich bitch, sellin' dope is a hobby

Beefin' with Cam be heat did they hand me
I be in the Lamby, you wit' your family
Talkin' gangsta, the church ya visit
Your roller bladn', circus, and picnics
The underworld, the circuit I live in
You keep your biscuit, we'll work her with chickens
That's the rules that were laid to me
Why you think they call me KFC
You don't know me homie

Hook

Verse 3:

'91 to '96, yeah Harlem was out
Grant's tomb brought out of Laguardia house
Huh, stand in the lobby, Cam and his posse
Steak and cheese sandwich from Heaugies
They come to heroin, the biggest of Dons
Since Guy and Nicky, Fisher and Barnes
Snitched, triggers and bombs hit the alarm
I would kick in the door, click on ya moms
I fell to the arms, in jail we roasted
The bail was there, bail got posted
Like, in Boston at 1 point boo
The bail it was 1 point 2
Get the money nigga

Hook

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