

# Ghetto Serenade

## WC and the Maad Circle

(Gee, I wonder who this poem is about?)[ VERSE 1: W.C. ]  
Back in the days when I was tryin to come up in the rap game  
    Livin like a [?], bustlin spare change  
    Drivin a bucket, livin in a shack  
Tryin to make the best out of what I had, usin a pen and pad  
    There was this girlie that I wanted to get with  
    Who never gave me no play, because I wasn't rollin  
She said I was too ghetto, and that a brother from the ghetto  
    Couldn't give her nothin but hard times and trouble  
    But bein I was young and dumb  
    And just thinkin bout the putang, had me sprung  
I used to play myself late at night goin over her house, drinkin 40s  
    Standin on the front porch singin oldies  
    And even though her father used to run me away  
    I used to creep around the side and hit the backgate  
Tappin on her window, givin her the Ghetto Serenade  
    And it went this way  
    [ CHORUS ]  
    You've got somethin that keeps my head in a spin  
    You've got somethin that makes me wanna give in  
    You've got somethin that turns my head all around  
You've got somethin that takes me all down[ VERSE 2: W.C. ]  
    I used to ask her all the time, "Yo, why do you play me?"  
    It shouldn't matter that I didn't drive a Mercedes  
    She said that I was probably only good for makin babies  
    And my physical appearance makes me look crazy  
    She said that, "You look like you bang, or maybe even slang  
    And if you wanna be with me, you gotta rearrange"  
    But I wasn't bout to get a flattop or go in a suit  
    And come back in a new BM(W)  
She said her parents wouldn't approve of the way that I looked, see  
    "And plus you got nothin to give me  
    You wanna get laid? You gotta keep me paid"  
That's when she lost me, man, cause I ain't payin for the ying-yang  
    And even though I'm feelin bad  
    I feel like this: I can't miss what I never had  
    So I gave it a last shot, and right before I walked away  
    I hit her with the Ghetto Serenade  
    [ CHORUS ]A few years later, now my dues are paid up

I got a record out, now I'm rollin in big bucks  
Flyin all around the world, meetin many girls  
Everywhere that I go, and makin rap videos  
And signin autographs the other day  
I looked up, and guess who was comin my way?  
The same old girl who never gave me no rhythm  
But this time standin in the middle of five children  
She done got fat, and now she's lookin like the cookie monster to me  
Walkin around with the saggy booty  
And runnin that drag about how I done matured so much  
And why I haven't kept in touch?  
I started laughin in her face, cause to me it was funny  
Now she wanted me for my money  
So I turned my back to her, and I walked away  
Leavin her singin the Ghetto Serenade  
And here's what she had to say:[ CHORUS ]Hey Dub, man, what's up, man?  
You done got these braids off your head  
Got rid of those khaki pants  
Man, you sure have matured, man  
How about gettin your telephone number?  
...what's up with that, man?  
Just cause I wasn't givin you no rhythm, that wasn't my fault, man  
Lookin so good, man...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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