

# Ghetto Show

## Talib Kweli

Ghetto to ghetto, backyard to yard  
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the Gods, come on  
Precious metals round our necks and arms  
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the Gods  
Ghetto to ghetto, backyard to yard  
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the Gods, come on  
Precious metals round our necks and arms  
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the Gods  
Whatever's in your heart is where you wanna be  
My hood is the ghetto  
Even when you look, it's never what you see  
My hood is the ghetto  
I've been down before, up is just a reach  
'Cause my hood is the ghetto  
Catch a second wind, then begin again  
My hood is the ghetto  
Black magic in the hood, it's tragic but understood  
Crack addicts, crack windows, crack wood  
Even what's bad becomes good, status becomes stood  
Upon the pedestal welcome to the ghetto show  
Federal buildings, pissy hallways filled with children pushin'  
children  
Fiends lips peelin', shit seems real and  
What's real is the estate of mind that we're in  
The situation feels great  
My man peels weight, so we can fill plates  
You might get love but you still feel hate  
Through and chain plates, we communicate  
Chicago to Brooklyn, niggas real ones do relate  
If lyrics sold then truth be told  
I'll probably be just as rich and famous as Jay-Z  
Truthfully I wanna rhyme like common sense  
Next best thing I do a record with common sense  
'Cause it's the music, the blues, it's the jazz, it's acoustics  
Soul, rock and roll, the hip hop that we producin' yea  
It's the gear, it's the flare, it's the stare  
Nowadays they'll shoot you where they used to shoot the fair  
Remember the lost soldiers, pour a beer, shoot the  
air  
We got our own elected officials, no matter who the mayor  
I know you know what I'm talkin' about, from New York to the South  
Take off your shoes when you walk in the house  
Whatever's in your heart is where you wanna be  
My hood is the ghetto  
Even when you look, it's never what you see  
My hood is the ghetto  
I've been down before, up is just a reach  
'Cause my hood is the ghetto  
Catch a second wind, then begin again  
My hood is the ghetto  
Yo, I grew up where they're playin' skele in the parkin' lot

And sell paintings of Aaliyah, BIG and Pac up in the barbershop  
Buildings too big so you don't really see the stars a lot  
But rappin', drinkin', and goin' to prison you see them bars a lot I feel the spirit in the dark and hear it in my  
heart  
And always keep my ears to the block till I dearly depart  
Hip hop is really the art, we have to express the part of ourselves  
That make us want to martyr ourselves It ain't harder to tell when somebody stick you up  
And put the hammer to you  
They want them dead presidents like Stickman and Mutulu  
With a gun to your jaw, these kids don't run anymore  
Kicks is a hundred or more A man in front of the store, beggin' for money and mercy  
I told him say a prayer under his breath, he cursed me  
Niggaz is thirsty, I heard it's a drought  
Up early, servin' from their grandmother's house Sometimes the ghetto feels desolate  
The eyes of the hood, yo, is desperate, effected by the deficit  
Times and lessons get hard, either get by or get God  
But you try to get by, it's like the block keep blockin' You try to make moves, it's like the car just keep stoppin'  
We shorties in the court, need Cochran, yea  
I tell them why the weed seeds poppin', in the game you need options  
No time for feet watchin', me and Kwe keep rockin' for the ghetto Whatever's in your heart is where you wanna  
be  
My hood is the ghetto  
Even when you look, it's never what you see  
My hood is the ghetto I've been down before, up is just a reach  
'Cause my hood is the ghetto  
Catch a second wind, then begin again  
My hood is the ghetto Whatever's in your heart is where you wanna be  
My hood is the ghetto  
Even when you look, it's never what you see  
My hood is the ghetto I've been down before, up is just a reach  
'Cause my hood is the ghetto  
Catch a second wind, then begin again  
My hood is the ghetto It's the, it's like the world is ghettos, ghettos 'round the world  
Be rockin' for the universe and the world, yea  
For me personally I feel like, you know I see  
I travel from city to city, state to state  
Heavy rock gold and check out, the hood  
You know I'm sayin' it's like the ghetto show

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