

# Child Of The Ghetto

P. Diddy

Yo, yeah, yo

Uhh, uhh, yeah, yo

Uhh, uhh, yeah, yo

Uhh, uhh, G. Dep!

[G. Dep]A child of the ghetto, nobody explain it to me

Livin the scripture the picture they painted for me

Rippin it runnin and gunnin and aimin for me

Yo.. (yeah, uhh, yeah)

I guess you niggaz told me right and exact

Shak, shak, right in his back

I might just crack while I'm writin this rap

From even, a tire that snap, I'm light in the sack

I tell you how I feel and that's part of the deal

I'm like, Seagal with the steel but "Harder to Kill"

It's real, big Beans up for lettin me know

Fifteen bet and you blow, better get dough

Won't be a second we won't; they lettin me go

Since pays wisen your ways, allow me to grow

Aiyyo (yo) swing yeah back to the scene

Seven-four-eight-oh, can't recall in between

Whole state pulsate, we can wrinkle the town

Park jams dark shams niggaz breakin it down

Niggaz rock the heaters, my clique rocked Adidas

Didn't know the blocks were where the spots would lead us

But hey..

[Chorus]A child of the ghetto, nobody explain it to me

Livin the scripture the picture they painted for me

Knew what it wasn't, it wasn't the game or the greed

Rippin it runnin and gunnin and aimin for me

A child of the ghetto, nobody explain it to me

Livin the scripture the picture they painted for me

Niggaz is gamin they ain't who they claimin to be

Niggaz that know me they told me the game it could be - CRAZY

[G. Dep]I take you back to the scene of the stunt

Scene of that rhyme and you can think what you want

And if you.. and if you tell me you can get it from here

Got boom got boom, put shit in the air (yeah yeah yeah)

Get us some gear to get us in here

Waited years to get a premier and did it from here  
Harlem - citizen where the kid is in gear, guard him  
Niggaz in here, who get it in here, we are them  
Take you back to the 80's around  
Polo Grounds, Uptown, eight-eighty a pound  
Niggaz hit the rooftop, y'all was roofin the rocks  
Other niggaz shoe tops, only youth on the block  
You dig me - movin in tops and movin these rocks  
You get it - we movin them blocks to move in them drops  
Skiddin - I guess the niggaz told me right and exact  
When they said stop fightin and stack it - get the money nigga  
[Chorus][G. Dep]Eighty-one I had fun, eight-two I was new  
Eight-three I did me, eight-four I had grew  
Eighty-five it got live, eight-six in the mix  
Eighty-seven in the kicks, eighty-eight in the whips  
Eighty-nine I had the grind, now I know it was flow  
Ninety-one we got guns, ninety-two it was dough  
Nine-three was the key, nine-four was sure  
Nine-five took a dive, nine-six I was poor  
Nine-seven did eleven now I'm made out the gate  
Nine-nine spit rhymes two-thousand and straight..  
Shit, I thought I'd give housing a break  
Sit back, countin the cake, and lounge in estates, but yo  
[Chorus] - 2X { \*to fade\* }

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