

# Out Of The Ghetto

Donald Fagen

You've come a long way baby,  
From wealth and food stamp lines,  
You're moving on up,  
And leaving poverty behind.

You've had a good education,  
And seen the best of the schools,  
But when you take a drink,  
The ghetto comes out of you.

I took you out of the ghetto,  
(I took you out of the ghetto)  
I took you out of the ghetto,  
(I took you out of the ghetto)  
I took you out of the ghetto,  
(I took you out of the ghetto)  
But I could not get that ghetto out of you.

You're a foxy lady,  
Your mamma had a beautiful child,  
You're built like a brick house,  
And that's no lie.

When we go to the disco,  
You drive the fellas wild,  
When you shake your booty,  
Ghetto style.

You're a hunk of raw sugar,  
Got some real sweet hips,  
Your love, your love, your love,  
Is like a honey drip.

Your roots are in the mean streets,  
That'll never change,  
Ghetto mamma,  
Stay the same.

Ghetto mamma, don't you change,  
Ghetto mamma, stay the same.