

# Ghetto

Noyd, Big

(Ghetto) (ghetto) (ghetto) (ghetto)

(Infamous)  
(The world's most)  
(Infamous)  
(We do this shit for real)

Six blocks ghetto child, runnin wild causin terror  
Crack slinger, rap singer from the Juice Crew era  
Sippin OE, blowin trees, gun up in my leather  
I'm live with them 45 nines and Berettas  
I'm (ghetto), you can find me in the hood  
Sippin on a cold brew, twistin backwoods  
If the spot get rushed, then drugs get flushed  
And if you not down to ride niggas can't bang with us  
We runnin round Mobbin, runnin round robbin  
You lookin like food and my niggas is starvin  
So share your spoon or meet my goons  
I got homies up north that'll be home soon  
That keep it (ghetto) and man they don't stunt  
All they need is a 20, a kush and one blunt  
Don't front, you can't blame us, we made the hood famous  
The 41st side where we speak that Dunn language

We keep it ghetto, everyday stackin dough  
Never slippin, pimpin, mackin hoes  
Gangsters, hustlers, you already know  
(Infamous) (Niggas can't bang with us)

Yo N-o-y-d (I got you) You got me? Aight then  
Let's run the frontline together, these niggas hypemen  
Background clowns who ain't never spent a night in  
The gutter where jokin on muthafuckas lead to fightin  
But not fists, I'm talkin 'bout Glocks, 5ths, ninas  
Mac-11's, .38's, specials, choppers and street sweepers  
Rarely will you see a nigga throw up meat beaters  
Hands only do damage, with canons you meet Jesus  
Loud shots till the cow stops, I mean the beef ceases  
Either one, you still numb, stuck in a deep freezer  
In the hood it's winter all year round, we keep heaters  
Hollow tips in that clip, you don't drip, you leak liters  
Every other day a nigga get smoked like cheap reefer  
Every 10 minutes a hoe get coked and skeet-skeeters  
Put a helmet on your man, these bitches dangerous  
The Infamous (Infamous) (Niggas can't bang with us)

Hey yo  
Dunn, that shit that kill me - MC's claimin they ghetto and don't live it  
You know, how they bust they guns and stay killin  
Or how they did time for crimes in state prison  
Or how they sold drugs on they block - but who didn't?  
It's the (ghetto) where we stay pissy drunk and weeded up  
We flip work on the hill, nigga, then re it up  
You know the homies in the hood g'd up  
We keep bitches in the cut and 22's on the truck  
Give a fuck, I ain't playin, I been thuggin since a juvenile  
A young g slingin dope, weed and runnin wild

The fiends know me as the kid who got it  
Up and down the strip, 24/7 I will supply it  
In the (ghetto) I dug pockets, started riots, I'm the flyest  
Psychotic MC who emerged from the projects  
Son, I get it rockin, for the cake I get it poppin  
The jakes wanna knock him and the haters can't stop him

[Chorus]