

# Ghetto Music

Boogie Down Productions

"If you like the sound of what you've heard so far.."

Ghetto music  
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Ghetto music..

.. You're tuned into that easy listening sound  
with a cap and gown, not a CROWN  
No glitter, no makeup  
Just smashin lyrics, that make up  
the B, D, and the P  
You pay for the hits, the advice is free  
In this industry, we gotta grow  
Commercial some go, but, y'know  
just as important as they are  
so is the underground superstar (like me)  
You gotta ask yourself one question  
Do I speak facts, or do I start guessin?  
Learn the lesson, before you plan your career  
Commercial or underground, where  
do you fit, cause BOTH sides write hits  
And all is rap, I'll admit  
But what I've come to EXPLAIN  
is that these people LOVE to play a game  
They wanna make it seem like YOU'RE WRONG  
for writin the reality song

(Don't touch those issues, don't talk about dat  
We don't take knowledge rap)

What? They want you on their bases  
Cause if you bring out the brown, you're racist  
But if you bring out the pink, well wait, it's OK  
Yeah, they won't stop it  
I guess it's alright to act demonic  
I guess it's alright to act demonic  
But that's another chapter, in another book  
I've come to show a different look  
And that look is the WHOLE of rap  
Not just the commercial pap  
but the UNDERGROUND, that RAW ghetto sound  
from which rap music was found  
So you can't deny it, you cannot refuse it  
I'll be rockin that GHETTO MUSIC

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People keep tellin me, "Kris! You need more radio  
Yeah man, that's the way to go!  
You gotta be like so-and-so to go platinum,"  
then I attack em!  
I rhyme for the ghetto, I teach the ghetto  
I cannot let go, change up? Heck no  
In the ghetto, I stay mellow  
We're in effect yo, ready, set, go  
FRESH, for nineteen eighty-nine you suckers

Peace to P.E., and the Jungle Brothers  
Others, have come, to master the art  
They start, with heart, then fall apart  
Like a dart I shoot for one target (BO BO)  
Ghetto music, yeah they'll never chart it  
Cause now in eighty-nine, the purpose of a rhyme  
is to strengthen and uplift the mind  
Although I'll achieve and achieve and achieve  
it's simple, I'll never leave  
Cause every time you front for respect you LOSE it  
I'll rock GHETTO MUSIC

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