

# Child Of The Ghetto

Cam'ron

Let's do the Eastside one time  
Metro North, Eastriver, Wilson, Club 99  
Jefferson, Charleston, A.K., Jackie Rob, Clinton, Taft, Carver  
Lakeview, 1990, Wagner, Taihino, Harlem

I don't care if you a old head, or a young bud  
I'm not a elevator, I'm no come-up  
Nor do I go down, do like Brand Nubian, slow down  
Whole clip, blow pounds  
Silencers steady, that's no sound  
Circle ya block ock, merry-go-round  
Here we go now, I'm the owner  
You're the pitcher, this block is your mound  
Buildin' a beast so villians can eat  
I reside on the west, chilled on the east  
If I say that I rock, then sayin' is gossip  
I lived in the Nine, stayed in the projects  
Scored 35 then I wait for a profit  
Talk, pull the .9, then I spray up an object  
Homie, don't confuse me, pardon mine  
I'm the Harlem World Karlton Hines  
Get it right nigga  
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A child of the ghetto, nobody explained it to me  
I'm livin' in scripture, the picture they painted for me  
Knew that it wasn't, and wasn't the game of degree  
Rippin', they runnin', the gunnin', they name it from me  
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I don't really buy jewelry, I take 'em  
I don't listen to artists dog, I break 'em  
I don't really look at movies, I make 'em  
I'm filet megnione, you a steak 'em  
Any beef, I'ma open it probably  
I got some dudes hopin' ya try me  
I got hoes, sell coke in the lobby  
I'm rich bitch, sellin' dope is a hobby  
Beefin' with Cam be heat did they hand me  
I be in the Lamby, you wit' your family  
Talkin' gangsta, the church ya visit  
Your roller bladin', circus, and picnics  
The underworld, the circuit I live in  
You keep your biscuit, we'll work her with chickens  
That's the rules that were laid to me  
Why you think they call me KFC

You don't know me homie

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'91 to '96, yeah Harlem was out  
Grant's tomb brought out of Laguardia house  
Huh, stand in the lobby, Cam and his posse  
Steak and cheese sandwich from Heaugies  
They come to heroin, the biggest of Dons  
Since Guy and Nicky, Fisher and Barnes  
Snitched, triggers and bombs hit the alarm  
I would kick in the door, click on ya moms  
I fell to the arms, in jail we roasted  
The bail was there, bail got posted  
Like, in Boston at 1 point boo  
The bail it was 1 point 2  
Get the money nigga

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