

# Ghetto Thang

De La Soul

Mary had a little lamb, that's a fib  
She had two twins though an' one crib  
Now she's only fourteen, what a start  
But this effect is ground common in these parts

Now life in this world can be such a bitch  
An' dreams are often torn an' shattered an' hard to stitch  
Negative, the attitude that runs the show  
When the stage is the G H E T T O

Which is the one to blame when bullets blow?  
Either Peter, Jane or John or Joe  
But Joe can't shoot a gun, he's always drunk  
An' Peter's pimpin' Jane an' John a punk

Infested are the halls also the brains  
Daddy's broken down from ghetto pains  
Mommy's flyin' high, the truth is shown  
The kids are all alone  
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

It's just the ghetto thang, word  
It's just the ghetto thang, word

Who ranks the baddest brother? The ones who rule  
This title is sought by the coolest fool  
Define coolest fool? Easy, the one who needs  
Attention in the largest span an' loves to lead

Always found at the jams but never dance  
Just provoke violence due to one glance  
The future plays no matter, just the present flow  
When the greetin' place is the G H E T T O

Lies are pointed strong into your skull  
Deep within your brain, against the wall  
To hide or just erase a glowin' note  
Of how to use the ghetto as a scapegoat

Truth from Trugoy's mouth is here to scar  
Those who blame the G for all bizarre  
So open up your vents an' record well  
For this is where we stand for the true tell

Ghetto gained a ghetto name from ghetto ways  
Now there could be some ghetto games an' ghetto play  
If ghetto thang can have its way in ghetto range  
Then there must be some ghetto love an' ghetto change

Though confident, they keep it kept, we know for fact  
They lie like ghettos form 'cause people lack  
To see that they must all get out the ghetto hold  
The truth they never told  
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

It's just the ghetto thang, word  
It's just the ghetto thang, word

Do people really wish when they blow  
Out the cake candles? An' if so  
Is it for the sunken truth which could arise  
From out the characters in which the ghetto hides?

Roses in the ring supply their shown relief  
Granted it's planted by their shown belief  
Kill an' feed off your own brother, man  
Has quickly been adopted as the master plan

Posses of our people has yet to provoke  
Freedom or death to them is just a joke  
What causes this defect? I don't know  
Maybe it's the G H E T T O

It's just the ghetto thang, word  
It's just the ghetto thang, word

Standin' in the rain is nothin' felt  
When problems hold more value but never dealt with  
Buildings crumblin' to the ground  
Impact noise is solid sound

But who's the one to say this life is wrong  
When ghetto life is chosen strong  
We seem to be misled about our dreams  
'Coz dreams ain't what it seems  
When it's just the ghetto thang

It's just the ghetto thang, word  
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It's just the ghetto thang, word  
It's just the ghetto thang, word  
Word, word, word, word