

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.