

# In The Ghetto

Eric B. & Rakim

Planet, Earth, was my place of birth  
Born to be the soul controller of the universe  
Besides the part of the map I hit first  
Any environment I can adapt when it gets worst  
The rough gets goin', the goin' gets rough  
When I start flowin', the mic might bust  
The next state I shake from the power I generate  
People in Cali used to think it was earthquakes

'Cause times was hard on the Boulevard  
So I vote God and never get scarred and gauled  
But it seems like I'm locked in hell  
Lookin' over the edge but the R never fell  
A trip to slip 'cause my Nikes got grip  
Stand on my own two feet and come equipped  
Any stage I'm seen on, or mic I fiend on  
I stand alone and need nothin' to lean on

Going for self with a long way to go  
So much to say but I still flow slow  
I come correct and I won't look back  
'Cause it ain't where you're from, it's where you're at  
Even the ghetto

I learn to relax in my room and escape from New York  
And return through the womb of the world as a thought  
Thinkin' how hard it was to be born  
Me bein' cream with no physical form  
Millions of cells with one destination  
To reach the best part as life's creation  
Nine months later, a job well done  
Make way, 'cause here I come

Since I made it this far I can't stop now  
There's a will and a way and I got the know-how  
To be, all I can be and more  
And see, all there is to see before  
I'm called to go back to the essence  
It's a lot to learn so I study, my lessons  
I thought the ghetto was the worst that could happen to me  
I'm glad. I listened when my father was rappin' to me

'Cause back in the days, they lived in caves  
Exiled from the original man, they strayed away  
Now that's what I call hard times  
I'd rather be here to exercise the mind  
Then I take a thought around the world twice  
From knowledge to born back to knowledge precise  
Across the desert, that's hot as the Arabian  
But they couldn't cave me in, 'cause I'm the Asian

Reachin' for the city of Mecca, visit Medina  
Visions of Nefertiti, then I seen a  
Mind keeps traveling, I'll be back after  
I stop and think about the brothers and sisters in Africa

Return the thought through the eye of a needle

For miles I thought and I just brought the people  
Under the dark skies, on a dark side  
Not only there, but right here's an apartheid  
So now is the time for us to react  
Take a trip through the mind and when you get back  
Understand your third eye seen all of that  
It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at  
Even the ghetto  
Even the ghetto

No more props, I want property, in every borough  
Nobody's stoppin' me, because I'm thorough  
Rhymes I make gimme real estate for me to own  
Wherever I bless a microphone  
Double-oh-seven is back and relaxin'  
On point and reactin', and ready for action  
I'm so low key that you might not see me  
Incognito, and takin' it easy ghetto

Quiet as kept on a hush hush  
In front of a crowd, I get loud, there's a bum rush  
Be calm, keep a low pro and play the background  
Hopin' the whack rapper put the mic back down  
So rip it, break it in half, go 'head and slam it  
'Cause when it's time to build I'm a mechanic  
Of bondin' and mendin', attachin' and blendin'  
So many solos, there is no endin'

People in my neighborhood, they know I'm good  
From London to Hollywood, wherever I stood  
Footprints remain on stage ever since  
Sidewalks and streets, I leave fossils and dents  
When I had sex, I left my name on necks  
My trademark was left throughout the projects  
I used to get rich when I played c-10  
When I rolled 4, 5, 6, they go, "We know"

So I collect my cash then slide  
I've got my back, my gun's on my side  
It shouldn't have to be like that  
I guess it ain't where you're from, it's where you're at  
Even the ghetto  
I'm from the ghetto  
Word up  
Peace