

Ghetto-Ology

Goodie Mob

"Uh-huh, been here been real
Still clear South West
Y'all niggas wanna do somethin' with it?
Y'all niggas wanna do somethin' with it?

Now from that ghetto
ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
Got one foot in, one foot out...
of the ghetto
ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
That's why I know the things I know!

In the ghetto
ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
And some of my friends done died befo'
in the ghetto
ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
That's why I can't seem to let go

How do you feel when you judge quick
And you all up in my face and I ain't even spit?
Just like them folk that say they know me from my old days
I know you wonderin' about my spirit and my old ways!
You hearin' me spittin' the piece of mind, got you froze in time
Playin' catch-up with yourself
I'm on another level, and you can say I'm dead wrong
Even if you stay home
They gotta fight because you livin' in a war zone
Head strong
Can't leave it 'lone till they get and they gone
So now I'm stylin', my momma 'bout to travelin'
He be hangin' with them monsters and they smilin'
And my babies' coughin', thinkin' they have TB
And they neva call him daily in that wee-wee
So what I find is to eliminate the problem
Befo' they cause problems
Befo' we have problems
'Cause you thought you had it sewed up
Until that green house grew all of a sudden
Sho' nuff, it showed up
Now you didn't know he had it in him
The venom
It fits the test and I'm gon (win) him
Then the ride, can't be cryin' got it steady now
You need to find out, there ain't no time-outs
You can't sign-out, better than whine out
Don't drop the gun 'cause the street is gettin' packed now
Just let cones bang the ground, don't you back down!
For it's the fate, that brought you to this place now
So let it guide you and take you to that touch-down
And stay ground, so that you can stay proud
'cause one in, and one quick

I got these jokers with their eyes red
drinkin' too much, got dead
I make you shout it if you's in the 'burbs
Herbs beware.

It's from the one that data compare
logistic, chicken biscuit
This Winter, he will forget the cold through a song
And my (party wrong), and my weak is strong
just kept his back turned, yearned
for destruction bustin' microphones
blessed the unprotected soul
lettin' go, call him too much
will get you off for sure
watch top plate
what's gon' save you from the hands of (why)
when them guys gone, and you (bet) home in the ghetto

They trappin' him off within then
Look at the fonky red'ead
Done flipped them all as dead
Paint wet, now I'm set
Fight the shit, watch it hit
Block lot,
Neighborhood charcoals
and that old (mark-o?)
After dawn, on the porch
(Got gone), mind blown
Fashioned like,
Niggas sold, new or old
It's gettin' sold in the ghetto

Now from the go child
my name is Lo
God done gave me this vision quite some time ago
He taught me shout it when you (talk chance the blow?)
You preach that real shit 'till you can't doubt no mo'
Now wait a minute y'all, I am the one
That ride the rhythm from midnight to the morning sun
I do it for the freedom, finance, and forever fun
Now revolution of the mind has already begun
Now just a second y'all
It got to be
For every thought is fulfilled in the prophecy
I'm supernatural and there is no stoppin' me

Even the ghetto is still God's property!

C'mon

Ever since you was a youngster the devil been
Over your soul, like this one-eyed monster
Ain't no in between you either off or on
Never pass judgement
But the feeling is mutual
Pass the hog mog, tryin' to drown me
After years of gravel
You promised no rest to (blow) in weeks
I know you ain't choppin' in the next man footprints
Wobblin' like a duck
Stuck, crawlin' out the same hole
me don't promote no mysterious behavior
(Pimped) and be dead
I used to flow, my high school goal
It come through in the ghetto!

[Chorus]