

Ghetto Zone

Insane Clown Posse

They got uzis, they got shotguns, they got explosives
They got access to any kind of weapon they want within 24 hours
We got over 50,000 gangbangers out there
Violent j serving ghetto hard street shit
You know it's potent when the funky-ass beat hit
Rolling the dice and we's hittin' point
Icp out of southwest detroit
Running with a gang of 20 street hoods
Hookers on my back 'cause I'm selling them cheap goods
Looking through the motherfucking alleyway
They can't catch violent crazy-ass psychopath j
But I guess I wasn't so crazy this time
Now I'm chillin in the back of car 49
Yes, rhyme grippin that metal
They put a man on the moon, but can't do shit for the ghetto
I look at all that and it makes me sick
I wanna grab them motherfuckers make em swallow a brick
So I grab anybody I can find
Beat a fiend in the head with a goddamn stop sign
Flex one of us and I'm a find you
Bullet rips through your chest and hits the bitch behind you
Killed two birds with one stone
You're laying in the street with a bullet in your dome
And to those hillbillies listening down south
Talk shit about the city with my nuts in your wife's mouth
And keep stringing on your banjo
'cause we don't like that shit we're we come from, bro
Now the icp stands alone in the southwest ghetto zone
Ah, for christ's sake
Ah, you don't talk about that garbage here
That's for the hell-hole where you come from
This is the good part of town
We let you deal with that type of bullshit
Your problems don't concern us
Go home now, well go on
Southwest detroit is condemned one's home
The cops just don't know what to do
Jump steady, rude boy, and the psr
They got my back, o.g., you won't make it far
I got my nine at my gut and it's startin' to hurt
Where can you keep a gat wearing skins and a t-shirt?
Now I'm roaming like a true ghetto thug
Fiends on the sac 'cause I'm booming that crack
I know you heard aloud what j said
When I told you that I sold to that bitch, that basehead
Know you can't argue with the truth
If I hit you in your mouth, you're gonna spit out a tooth
And I laugh at a motherfucking cop
Sittin' with his fat ass in a donut shop
At the party where the icp shows take face
Billy throws the handcuffs all over the place
"we're here to protect and protect we do"
Then I ask who the fuck protects us from you
Cops are always beatin on someone
Shot a mute in the back, he told him not to run
And the motherfucking black panthers know it
That's why some cops now are catching a bullet

I'm runnin, I'm runnin, we'll end the chase
When jump steady puts his gauge in your motherfuckin face
Mind your own in the southwest ghetto zone
Hey, yo, g, who the fuck do you think you are, man?
You know who you're fucking with the ic motherfuckin p, g
Why don't you all step the fuck up before you get shot, boy
Keep running your lips, see what happens motherfuckers
Yea, g, see what I'm saying, now what's up with that shit
Come to del ray and drive by in shit
The cops just don't know what to do
These are my homeboys, vato
See, are home right here is all we have, man
I love them and they love me back, man
Well I guess I'm a bad guy
'cause I cuss a lot I say "fuck" a lot
And I rap to tell you how I'm feeling
When I'm in the old spot sit and we reeling
Through del ray, call it hell ray
It's where icp stay, yo g
And the forces that always talk shit get beat
And if I'm out numbered I gotta gauge in the backseat
'cause if I feel I am mack dead
In the trunk of my car I got weapons I'd a never had
A thousand motherfucker in the back make the car saw
Rodney's fat ass make the whole damn muffler drag
Rappin to a sac-chasing heidi
I told the bitch I ain't never even seen a mazaratti
Ever sell out to a freak, fuck no
That why I'll tell ya I'll never end up in a box for a ho
When the check comes I ignore it
And the bitch is gonna ask me to fucking pay for it
I give the ho an empty 12-pack
Take your ass to the store and bring some faygo back
That's all I pay for bitch now get the fuck on ho
Stick around I got something you can suck on ho
Violent j won't be ganked
By no nappy-headed, bare-footed, crackheaded sewer skank
You gotta handle your own
In the southwest ghetto zone
Icp
And to all the sets running in southwest detroit
Good luck and stay strong
Latin counts
Young guns
Cfp
X-men
To the cobras
And dt
Icp
They got uzis, they got shotguns
They got explosives