

Out of the Ghetto

Isaac Hayes

You've come a long way, baby
From welfare and food-stamp lines
You're moving on up
And leaving poverty behind
You've had a good education
And seen the best of 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
But I could not get that ghetto out of you

You're a foxy lady
Your mama had a beautiful child
You're built like a brick house
And that's no lie
When we go to a disco
You drive the fellas wild
When you shake your booty
Ghetto-style

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 hunk of brown sugar
You got some real sweet hips
Your love, your love, your love
You're like a chocolate chip
Your roots are in the song's beat
That'll never change
Ghetto mama
Stay the same

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

Ghetto mama, don't you change
Ghetto mama, stay the same