

# So Ghetto

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]  
Back at 'cha  
How we do  
Primo, Jigga-Man  
History in the making  
Let's go

Uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH  
Uh-huh-uh-uhh, uhh  
I spit the murder-murder-murderous  
Mur-mur-ma-murderous SHIT  
Uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-UHH  
I keep the gangsta-gangsta-gangsta  
Gah-gah-ga-gangsta beat, feel me? Uhh  
I spit that Brooklyn-Brooklyn-Brook  
Uh-uhh, uh-huh-uh-uhh, uh-uhh  
Uh-huh-UHH

Yo.. career crook, nobody rap Brooklyn like me  
Jigga-Man, Volume 3, I'm back lookin like me  
Stop the presses, baby girls, drop your dresses  
B-K lick a shot for Big Pop' in heaven  
Ever since I came through, niggaz got the impression  
everything I drop, out of the question, stop the guessin  
it's hot, flows provin I pack cause my dough's movin  
My whole crew up in this muh'fucker  
We spray corners, stand there like you got a cape on ya, fine  
You'll be wearing a black suit a long time  
I put your crew in hard bottoms  
The priest is like, "God's got him  
He never did nuttin to nobody but them boys shot him"  
Brandish iron, outlandish buyin  
Bentley Coupes, not braggin just simply the truth  
We all from the ghetto, only difference, we go back  
Back up in D&D on this Primo track, listen

[Chorus: Jay-Z {scratching by DJ Premier}]  
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me  
"Iceberg, Slim baby ride rims"  
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me  
"You know him well.." "...by the name of Jigga"  
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me  
"You can love me or hate me.." "...Jay-Z"  
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me  
"Roc-a-Fella lock the whole block down"

[Jay-Z]  
Wednesday's I'm up in Shine, Cheetah's Monday night  
I'm fuckin with the model chicks Friday night at Life  
So I'm cruisin in the car with this boozy broad  
She said, "Jigga-Man you rich, take the doo-rag off"  
Hit a U-turn; ma I'm droppin you back off  
Front of the club, "Jigga why you do that for?"  
Thug nigga til the end, tell a friend bitch  
Won't change for no paper plus I been rich  
Eighty-eight been hustlin, linen been crushin em  
Women been fuckin them HUH?

You see I live for the love of the street  
Rap to the ruggedest beats  
Hall closet cluttered with heat  
I spit that murder-murder-murder  
that Brook-Brook-a-Brooklyn shit  
Furthermore ma..  
We tote guns to the Grammy's, pop bottles on the White House lawn  
Guess I'm just the same old Shawn

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]  
I'm from the M-to-the-A-baby-R-C-Y  
So it's hard for me to let the larceny die  
Niggaz see me in the streets with no bodyguards  
just two big guns that'll body your squad  
Could niggaz be scheamin on me? Probably are  
Think Jigga's a joke nigga? Hardy har  
I spit Brook-Brook-Brooklyn every time I bust  
Radio's gotta play me though I cuss too much  
Magazine said I'm shallow, I never learned to swim  
Still they put me on they cover cause I earn for them  
Soon as I sell too much, watch them turn on him  
cause that seem to be the shit that'll earn for them  
I spit that murder-murder-murderous everytime a verbalist  
iller than Verbal Kint is or O-Dog in "Menace"  
I'm ill, start to finish, I rip apart contenders  
I'm hot.. hehehehe..

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]  
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me, uhh  
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls ..  
Heheh, (uhh, uhh, uh-huh-uh-uhh), yeah  
Uhh, yeah, funk, yeah, with me, yeah, beyotch, yeah  
Jigga, yeah, Primo, yeah, gangsta, yeah, niggaz, yeah  
Brooklyn, yeah