

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