

Shorties Kaught In The System

Lord Finesse

Check it
It's all real in the nine-fo'
Shorties kaught up in the system
Just close your eyes
Picture a ghetto break it down

Back in the days I was livin' swell see
I was ridin' bikes, rollerskatin' and playin' skelzies
But nowadays shit is different
Little kids be riffin' the motherfuckers won't listen
Instead of shootin' tops they shoot glocks
They point em at cops and that's the way they get props
Yo, they do what they want to
Fuck a nine to five, they makin' G's on the corner
Material things is what they want to scoop
They can't get shit like that, workin' for no Summer Youth
They got clients, they livin' like giants
They got the whole drug shit to a science
They got, jewels and beepers, hundred dollar sneakers
Lexus Coupes; windows down boomin' the speakers
They got, bitches in flavors, probably fuckin' your neighbor
C'mon they got shit under control like the mayor
Man, you see the news today
So how you gonna tell these little kids that school's the way?
Yo it ain't about I.Q.; some of these kids
Are makin' more than doctors, and didn't finish high school
Teenagers are caught up in the system
And God forbid if you front on em or try to diss 'em
They got everything, from nines to shotguns
And they'll put two in your chest and lounge til the cops come
If you ain't from the ghetto this is undercover
But in ninety-four, shit is real like a motherfucker
Tryin' to strive nine-to-five out in the street
There's no rain or shine, trying to get ends to meet
Fuck the cops they don't obey the law
And if you ain't catch on by now, I ain't even tryin' to say no more

Shorties be wildin'
I don't give a fuck!
I'm just a squirrel, that's out to get a nut
Get a nine to five
What? That shit sucks!
And besides, I wouldn't make enough

In this time and day, kids get paid in all kinds of ways
And get more respect, than niggaz that's three times they age
I know a child that's runnin' wild
That say fuck playin' tag, he's tryin' to get a hundred thou'
So it's hard to find a stable child
Kids are watchin' violent movies, or either got cable now
And they catch on so quick
Bout time they hit sixteen they be on some Nino Brown, G.I. Joe shit
When school is out, they just want to lamp
The last thing on they mind, is motherfuckin' summer camp
And eighty out of a hundred
All they want to do is clock dough, scoop bitches and get blunted
Kids is strapped, they be packin' shit

I seen shorties get iller than villains in some action flick
They say times is rough Jack
And when you tell em cool out
Man they quick to say, "Fuck that!"