

# Ghetto Rock

Mos Def

Black Jack Johnson N.Y.C., R-O-C-K-I-N-G  
Sun and the moon, earths, stars, and planets  
Before song done y'all goin' all understand it  
[Verse 1: Mos Def]  
Like - Hot  
The haters can't fuck with it  
'Cause they mom and they sister and girl in love with  
it (and they niggaz)  
Sound man holla black COME WITH IT  
Sping the record 'till the record done spinning  
Up top is you getting up with it?  
Dirty dirty is you getting cronk with it?  
Smokey smoke from coast to coast  
Be carefull our first draw be that overdose  
Who stay holding it from Brooklyn? YOU KNOW IS MOS!  
Ha, Jackpot I (Sing yo) got to go for broke  
Is this the only way the Smith Family now to go  
Right here to my youngest one is older folks  
Im'ma put down like a dirty so and so  
Freak daddy came here to work the mojo - oh  
Because the - high is high and the low is low  
And that goes for the sinner man to holy folks  
Put your shit in the sky like I know you - oh  
(Brooklyn stand up!)  
Ha, my ghetto nation get toe to toe  
Stay rocking steady steady 'cause I told you so  
And after y'all get it go I let it go some more  
That Black Jack about something for sure) for sure  
(SAY WHAT!)  
For sure for sure (HA!)  
Let me see you in the world making your shoulder role  
And if it get good tell your nigga throw your 'bows  
[Chorus 2: Mos Def]  
'Cause we are so ghetto  
Yes we are rock and roll  
Yes we are so ghetto  
Yes we are rock and roll  
Yes we are so ghetto  
Yes we are rock and roll  
Yes we are so ghetto  
Yes we are - rock and motherfucking roll (WOOOO!)  
[Verse 2: Mos Def]  
Ha, I am a fighter and a lover  
I'm the freaky baby daddy, I'm a bad motherfucker  
I'm the earth, wind, fire, and the thunder  
I said I am, go ask my mother  
You don't believe that shit believe what you want to  
Alright, OK, So, Shut-up!  
Speak language come straight from the gutter  
Observe the terms that we trade with one and other  
Like - what's good, what's popping, what's cracking  
What it is, how you living, what's happening  
Work songs that the slaves sang back then  
The playground chants, with little girls claping  
[Chorus 2: Mos Def + (Girls chanting)]  
Black John Johnson N.Y.C., R-O-C-K-I-N-G  
Son and the moon, earths, stars, and planets

Before the song done y'all going all understand it  
Black John Johnson N.Y.C., R-O-C-K-I-N-G  
Son and the moon, earths stars and planets  
Before the song done y'all going all understand it  
[Outro: Mos Def]  
SPACE!  
GIMME THE SPACE!  
BACK UP, GIMME THE SPACE!!!  
LET A NIGGA ROCK!  
GIMME THE SPACE!  
LET A NIGGA ROCK!  
LET A NIGGA ROCK, HA!  
This is the sound  
Ghettos rock  
This is the sound  
Ghettos rock  
This is the sound  
Ghettos rock  
This is the sound  
Ghettos rock  
This is the sound  
Ghettos rock  
This is the sound  
Ghettos rock  
This is the sound  
Ghettos rock  
This is the sound  
Ghettos rock and - MOTHERFUCKING ROLLLLLLLLLL!