

Mother Ghetto

Papoose

Brooklyn, rise to the occasion
Papoose, PK

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?
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All the thorough bread borough heads, where yall from?
All the hundred dollar billers villains, where yall from?
All the low key OG's, where yall from?
Got a gat, cock it back, let me hear yall gun
Come and take a walk through my horde, I'll guide yo vision
When niggas who ain't ready to die get shot for livin
Stepped out the building another day, my time was tickin
But had to make a U turn, damn forgot the biskey
I stashed it on the side of the sink, behind the dishes
On Sundays I praise gun plays, that's my religion
Walking down the block with a boppin rhythm,
Had to take a leak behind the green garbage can,
Who needs a pot to piss in?
That's when I bumped heads with my man, he out of prison
Wuddup son? Noticed his grin looked kinds different
He had a long scar on his face, somebody jigged him
I got away when he got knocked, wish I was with him
They put the green light out, know how the game go
Niggas die for they colors, gotta respect the rainbow
Take John through the slums just to get a coliday come
Hoodlems through they guns in the sewers and swallow they jums
Snitches stopping the funs, when they hear the drama they run
So we throw the slugs to their tumors and silence they tongues
Raw ball heist, hand to hand is far more trife
Customers be bangin on the spot doors all night
I told the last customer your next time not like
He knock hard so I copped and took his heart not life

The mother ghetto went in first up, want the crook bone
My bud will light the tunnel crash, Brooknam
Yall outsiders better come right, don't look wrong
My bud will light the tunnel crash, Brooknam

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Home of the time of hoax with money missin and drama talks
And you can tell a nigga from Brooklyn just how he walks
Them Brownsville dudes carry gas in they draws
Come through rockin a Rollie, better have it ensured
This New Yorkers will stab a millionaire til he bleed riches
Cop work from uptown niggas, fuck Queens bitches
4 green killas run up in yo living room quick
Them boys at canal, see you lay yo clique on the strip
Nobody politics in Bed-stuy, who cares for that political shit?
We're robbin dog for his kibbles and bits
Bushwick got beat cops, they actin like they own the streets

That's why we drop em like a verse and lay em on the beat
Celebrate easter by goin to Cony Island when heap
Just to have a slash out and bang it out on the beach
In Crown Heights they be workin them 2's, run hoop hoolups
Come around yo way or put yo turf on the news
Down town in Pican Ave got the flyest niggas
Youngins takin over the trains, cursin over the loud speakers
Flatbush they be totin, lean yo top smoking
Since the trains had tokes them boys kept it locan
From LG to Albany we was born to be thorough
Cypress Hill's the kings but now we the king borough
I'm from Bang Bridge, we broke the law for the fun
The cats at Marcy will make you cough up a lung
Wherever you from, represent the hood you live
Well keep it that way, don't come across the Brooklyn Bridge

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In the heaven of Bob, my hood, them pearly gates is locked
We the reason that cops traded 38's for Glocks
We the reason them cabs drive by, never trust you
We the reason you couldn't rock shines in the tunnel
Niggas be starin and walkin, lookin back
But I rob a nigga blind and ask him what the fuck he lookin at?
Patrol cars just wanna get essential book in pack
Don't get caught in alleys with Brooklyn cats
Face the fact that what you worship
So I pray with my backs towards the serpent
Hit the underground and changed all the rappers to the circus
Celebrated Ike after he was murdered
Due tradition we had him cremated
Put his ashes in the shone and I wish I could've did magic when they burned
him
Cuz the depths of this devilish fire within these matches don't deserve him
It's when life stay on the abs of the earth and where the staff givin summer
s
Knowledge beneath the records of a target
Security stay harassin and lurkin
When a Brooklyn thug walk in the club, bounce his ass or skin they search us
Why pattin by my burners? You actin like you nervous
Make a mistake and get shot by accident on purpose
7 were made, when they sever yall faggots must've heard us
I area code have the same factors of a murder
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