

## Ghetto We Love

## Poor Righteous Teachers

Roots!

Praise for the days when I couldn't get paid  
In the fix on the mix in the damn projects  
Cracks for the blacks but I couldn't sell that  
Even though blacks couldn't get jobs and shit  
Hit after hit from the Sugarhill Gang  
Hear a Pow Wow, hear a Big Bank Hank  
It was strange, I was broke but I still got the record  
Even though I was poor and about butt naked  
Rats in my front room, roaches in the back  
Junkies in the alley running styles for the crack  
It was ill on the real, I be still bugging off it  
In the ways I will walk it so today I can talk it  
It's a shame how the games in the ghetto get played  
On the cracks they paid for the tricks they laid  
I'm afraid for the youth in this time we're living in  
Just about 13 on the scene scrambling  
Gambling small-time, apologize nice  
I'm about to roll 10 7's for the crap I rolled twice  
Rough business, it's a rich mon time  
When you ain't got the loot, you resort to the crime  
From the cess house, the youth house, the jail house, the Cult house  
Where I perfected these skills I be doggin  
Love to teach the facts but the brothers in the back  
Can't see what I'm saying cause the blunt smoke is foggin  
Still I proceed with degrees of the wisdom  
Cause this shit's thick, it kicks and I know it  
Lickle do you know there's a God and so  
Born just like Christ in a damn ghetto

From ghetto to ghetto, from project to project  
Bookbag of lessons but I ain't have dough yet  
From knowledge to wisdom, from wisdom to see  
And understand me if you don't dance, G  
It's a god in the house, it's a god in the house  
And I'm godding it out, and I'm godding it out  
I've come a long way, the strong way, the wrong way, I lived it  
The right way, you might say, I got it, I'll give it  
But praise for the days when I used to be tramp  
And had to freeload of my Earth's food stamps  
Til I stopped, paused, start the pop's stores  
It was ill on the real, but who's to die for us?  
Say that I rock my own community  
Ain't a damn thing owned by the you or the me  
It's Koreans I be seeing on the neighborhood corners  
With the guns and the stores and love the ??? owners  
So beg my parton, peace Natasha Harton  
See I won't forget, I know for shit's starting  
From my way to LA, from JA to UK  
I am who I am, I say what I say  
I gots no time to love a slave trader  
Cause according to the constitution, they'll always hate us  
Play this, say this, and say it like I said it  
Cause a magazine edit can get your ass beheaded  
I'm thorough breaded, black slave dreaded  
The shit that y'all doing, I already did it!

But lickle do you know there's a God and so  
Born just like Christ in a damn ghetto

Praise for the days when I used to be trife  
With a lack of understanding anything about life  
So thanks to Malcom, Martin, Wylee Ferartin  
Father Allah talk the talk that I'm starting  
Peace to Elijah, we can't forget about ya  
Teaching us how ta, get up out the  
Project complex caves  
Another damn rave for the damn ex-slave  
My ghetto noise ringing from a project hallway  
Don't want to hear my mom say "Blacks have come a long way"  
How can she see that when we haven't eaten all day  
Haven't had a job since the ending of the slave trade  
Then they give us church, attempt to try and ease this  
But I check it out, had to learn about Jesus  
Told em he was black and they called me a hater  
Then he's on the church wall, yeah like a slave trader  
Something real funny's going on boy I'll tell ya  
Send you up sell ya, free ya try to kill ya  
Martin taught me much when he simply tried to love em  
Brother all about peace but the devils had to snuff him, but  
Lickle do you know there's a God and so  
Born just like Christ in a damn ghetto  
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