

# Miss Ghetto

## Poor Righteous Teachers

Yo for truly, we representing for the love of this (this is a love story)  
Yeah, This one is dedicated to all my niggaz in central New Jerusalem  
All the brothers who picked up that ring after I put it down  
And took Miss Ghetto to be their unlawfully wedded wives  
Poor Righteous Teachers representing the nine

It's like that and you don't stop  
She's like cocaine, running around my brain  
Miss Ghetto be like cocaine, running around your brain

I know some crack slingers, crack slingers and cracker shankers  
They soldier-train us, teaching their kids to murder strangers  
They live for danger, they express the "I a Nigga"  
Miss Ghetto got 'em dreaming of loot and Swiss bankers  
The finest weapons, packing tri-action Smith and Wessons  
Unlike the 80's, ladies packing 680's(?)  
The shit is crazy, but it's like the ghetto babies  
They gotta eat, so the streets provide the gravy  
I thought that maybe I could show them that other way G  
of Gods and Earths, resurrected through mental birth  
From death to life, teaching niggas of every type  
The wrongs and rights, to put an end to living trife  
The black man is God, the 12th jewel is thirteen  
The pursuit of it can make savages out of kings  
Cause blush, to live with these niggas is in a rush  
In God they trust, so they sell crack to us  
Lust for what whitey got and whitey has  
Can see your ass on pursuit to get cash  
To look thrash, to driving the latest jags  
To rock rags made by Italian fags  
See, I never meant to fall in love with this shit  
But Miss Ghetto you's a slut so I'm divorcing you bitch  
Bust it

[Chorus:]

I ain't marrying Miss Ghetto again  
First chance I get to bounce world life I'm bouncing (2x)

She's like cocaine running around my brain  
(No matter how much loot I get I'm staying in the projects) (2x)

Down in my gutter  
Just like others there's teenage mothers  
There's dying brothers, shooting out with one another  
They wanted badly, for sisters to call them Daddy  
To drive a Caddy, stories unheard by Dear Abby  
They're dressing flashy  
Can't be caught in fatigue khakis  
They're rocking cool G(?), versace and cold boots G  
These brothers do it for the love of the life  
But I refuse to fall twice and take Miss Ghetto to wife  
I used to sex her, bust my nut, get my cash real fast  
But that was all that she produced, I felt my life wouldn't last  
We used to go to New York, traffic guns of all sort  
When killing became sport street life became short  
I thought, "Are we junkies like these baseheads, Yo  
They addicted to the crack while we addicted to dough"

For truly, I never meant to fall in love with this shit  
But Miss Ghetto you's a slut so I'm divorcing you bitch  
Bust it

[Chorus]

See, there go some niggas that I used to roll with  
Still on that crack and gun shit  
Endless pursuit to rush shit, bust it  
Miss Ghetto got 'em strung out on the putang cream  
That does up Wu-Tang fiends  
For slingin cocaine, dig it  
We used to do the bumper crack for the sex  
While making love to the checks, Miss Ghetto's steelo complex  
Living trifling, no matter where my life went  
Miss Ghetto, my new wife, went she made it more exciting  
Fighting, shooting out, doing all types dirt  
Being these, seeing G's putting in much work  
Word, we used to keep a sisters underwear laced  
With ganja and freebase and bo juice to parlay  
Flip! Me and my niggas ran the strip pushing dips  
Black cats and plastics, f\*\*king the minds of black kids  
Till one day, I was confronted by this wise old chap  
He said, "I know you sell crack, but what, you out to kill blacks?"  
I wasn't trying to hear it, my excuse sorta weak  
I said that we gotta eat, that's why we running these streets  
Then he said, "Don't you know that whitey give you that coke,  
that bullshit pursuit of plush that got you killing your folk?"  
Life, I didn't understand that shit back then  
But now I do so I refuse to roll with whitey again  
Bust it  
I ain't marrying Miss Ghetto again  
First chance I get to bounce word life I'm bouncing, niggas.

I ain't marrying Miss Ghetto again  
First chance I get to bounce word life I'm bouncing, niggas.

[Chorus x2]

See Gods, you like cocaine, f\*\*king with my brain  
You like cocaine, running around my brain  
For the love of this...