

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...