

# More Than One Way Out Of The Ghetto

Showbiz & A.G.

Now a while ago,  
I had to do a little bid  
Cause of the things I wanted,  
as a little kid  
I wanted to be like the dealers a lot  
Cause of the things they had and the respect that they got  
All the girls used to jock 'em  
And I wondered why my parents used to knock 'em  
I had a talent, or a hobby you should say  
I like rap, or poetry, but anyway  
Stay away from drugs,  
I paid it no mind  
I wanted to hustle for bread,  
Instead of writin rhymes  
So I said to hell with it  
Instead of stayin away from drugs  
I was sellin it I was out all day until the job was done  
Instead of rockin the parties I was robbin 'em  
The females, paid me no mind, not a Giant  
Andre Barnes at the time  
But the rock started sellin, the dough was comin in  
Dealers wanted in, girls started runnin in  
Some said I'm crazy how I'm livin I must be,  
crazy cash and crazy women  
Yeah my gear was right  
They called me  
Andre the Giant and it wasn't cause of my height  
Losin G's in celo I never sweat it;  
Cause my connect got kilos  
My bank, two thou that's what's in it  
Rollin celo, headcrack makin G's in a minute  
Oh yeah I'm all for dis  
Yeah I'm handsome,  
But the money made me gorgeous  
Now the girls wanna see me  
The little kids around the block wanna be me  
I was chillin, in thousand dollar coats  
I had links and ropes, and yo the shit was dope  
I had the jewels oh did I have the jewels  
The talk of the town, the neighborhood news  
But friends weren't true inside  
They were passengers, goin along for the ride  
And it makes you say damn!  
Because I feel so hard  
I had scars on my hands  
I thought I'd be fine  
But I got bagged and snagged and then I had to do a little time  
Friends don't hang it's a waste of time I got one dollar,  
One girl and some great rhymes I pursued the wrong dream  
Now to make a fast buck I gotta scheme Find a celo game, yo  
Bank I gotta buck  
I ace to a deuce, yeah that's just my luck  
I gotta go right and exact Instead of a package,  
I wanted a mic and a hype track Instead of robbin the parties,  
I'm rippin 'em  
MC's were gettin done, every week a different one  
It's time to put my talent to use

There's no excuse, I just gotta get loose  
And now I'm really convinced  
I got raw with Lord Finesse,  
And been straight since  
Now you see how I lost it  
But I bounced back,  
You might not be as fortunate  
So take heed my friend  
Before you take a shortcut that leads to a dead end  
Take my advice cause the Giant said so  
And remember -- there's more than one way out the ghetto