

# Ghetto Thang

## Spice 1

Hey, we tapin', all right let's do this shit  
Yo Ant Banks man tell me about your boy Spice  
Man, the boy ain't nuttin nice, you know what I'm sayin'  
That's the idea man, it's done  
Hey check it out boy we fittin' ta do this shit Shorty-B  
I want you to get on the god damn guitar,  
Fittin' ta lay a funky ass beat  
And my boy gonn' come tight you know what I'm sayin'  
That's all it take ya know,  
So we fittin' ta do this shit and get paid like a mutha fucka  
Spice kick it

187 is fuckin' it up cause we be blowsin'  
Takin' out weak mutha fuckas wit the explosion  
I put my finger on trigger and he was rolled up  
Was it my nine, my nigga that had him fold up  
I kep' on bustin' and bustin' and cappin' cappin' y'all  
Until I emptied the clip out cause I was snappin' y'all  
The was the S-P-I-C-E-187 the murda  
I put the nine in my pocket all of a sudden I heard a  
Siren, A-K shots firin'  
It was the fuzz so I figured the room was wired an'  
Broke out the backdoor because the backdoor was open  
So when the cop told me freeze, Yo he fuckin' gotta be jokin'  
Fuck all the bullshit, I'm poppin' two in the brain  
Was it a 187 or just a ghetto thang

Ghetto thang, ghetto thang (2x)  
"Ah yeah, you know what I'm sayin'  
Hey Spice do that shit nigga"

A be for acres and J be likely ta jack  
By the Faculty mutha fucka for short it's the Fac  
Blast, like a hurricane and blow out you fuckin' brains  
I can't be tamed I'm insane to the membrane  
Doper than D-boys, B-l-a-s-t toys  
Wanna get static then homie you can just bring the noise  
Spice I'll put the vision in black, can you fuck wit that

You know I like the funky rata-tata-tat-tat  
Of a U-Z-I, cause it sound fly  
When your sayin' die mother fucker die  
S-P-I C-E and wit the Faculty  
A quarterback throwin' a rhyme now could you tackle me  
Boy, you must'a had an almond joy  
Huh, this ain't no child's play I'm worse than Chuckie he' a toy

Ghetto thang, ghetto thang (2x)  
"Shorty-B break it down homie  
Ah yeah, you know what I'm sayin', it ain't nuttin' but a"  
Ghetto thang, ghetto thang  
"Shorty-B is in the house, hey yo Spice  
Bring the dope shit right about now"

Well it's the mutha fuckin' S the P the I the C-E  
Not in a homicide nigga you might as well be  
Lifestyles of ruthless, thought he was juicy and tried to juice this

Fuck wit the posse but yo was useless  
Can't stop the jack of the fuckin' Fac  
The bum rush'll crush a mutha fuckas back  
Spice 1 comin' straight outta Alkatraz  
Wit a posse that'll probably fuck up the task  
A lot of niggas try ta step to the murderism  
But all they get is a mutha fuckin circumcis'm  
The 187 the Fac comin' right and exact  
You got a static you phoned, you better call me back  
Cause I don't sucker round, nor do I fuck around  
And you can tell this by the mangled body stuck around

Ghetto thang, ghetto thang (4x)  
"This shit is on in the '91  
Out this muther fucker  
Do that shit homie  
Ah yeah Ant Banks is in tha mutha fuckin' house  
Spice 1 is takin' over shit in the '91 boy  
Triad records is in the house  
Ant Banks is in the house, Shorty-B is in the muther fuckin' house  
And we out the mutha fuckin' house  
For all those muther fuckers who didn't know"