

## Little Ghetto Boy

The Roots

[Malik Yusef]

You know you ghetto boy, when you got a face, with a scar  
And yo' highest aspirations is a place, and a car  
Shorties pull out and bussssst, like a money shot  
Now he on the run, he hot  
And he hurtin his Granny and she the only one he got  
The hood so shady  
You give up hope, of ever even tryin to find a sunny, spot-  
-light, they caught him at the stop-  
-light, but if he woulda run that yellow  
Then he coulda, run the globe  
But instead, with speed  
They put one in the middle of his frontal, lobe  
like a unicorn  
I'm just tryin to keep you, informed  
To my little ghetto soldiers in they, gold  
green, red, and blue uni-forms - chuuch!  
But I'm feeling like the loneliest monk  
So I pull me a Thelonus Monk and blew, the horn  
And we don the monikers of goons and gangsters  
And are trained to conduct ourselves true, to form  
So we add a Shorty, a Money, a Mack  
A Lil', a Eazy, or a Young to our name  
So all the big ballers grab rims and hung, in the game  
And there's a degree, of difficul-ty  
to make it from the ghetto boy into the man-hood  
Especially when you know that yo' fresh greens  
will help eliminated a canned, good  
Can, good, and bad co-exissst?  
In a place with plenty of off ramps but no ex-its