

## (some) Chitchat

### Urban Dance Squad

This ain't no middleclass, talkin' some ghettotrash  
but the whole ghettofash(ion) seems to spread quickfast  
nowadays you can't tell who's a hoodlum  
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everyone tries be packin' to suspense to  
like robert ludlum  
and every cupid proclaims that he shoots it  
and front with a stunt to move - troop it  
all portray, quick to say  
that they're hard all the way  
but he play seems to fade  
when they have price to pay  
well I know so brother who buck you down for nothin'  
listen up stupid, 'cos I tell a little something  
Some chitchat, some pull a gat for that  
some chitchat, some pull a gat for that  
One day I had to witness this sort of heavy riff  
it seemed like a trip  
how they moved that quick  
this pitiful vic never knew what hittem  
glock on the temple  
make the dome just drip some blood  
sure he was a young blood, physical prime and fit  
and the whole neighbourhood shook heads negative  
but he had it comin', ending stiff  
later on I figured out motormouth  
talkin' loud, now stonecold on the ground  
turnin' blue, these bodies do  
but not because of shame  
talkin' untamed 'bout some name  
make your family mourn your name  
so some don't start lookin'  
when some words are spoken  
Once again, I ain't the one who pulls all the stunts  
low pro, this I know  
calmer than one on the blunt  
never do what I'm told  
and my head I hold  
then again I'm prepared for the man who acts bold  
and my folks they know I love the glock  
but I ain't packin' for luck  
'cos then I'm stuck  
the way you live is the way you die  
some food for thought, for ego bigheads who fly too high  
and the brothers at the gym  
well they know gat on the lap, selfesteem grows  
but I keep it as a secret, don't really live by the trigger  
just figure when you chat about that  
life ends much quicker