

(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
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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