Back in the days when I was tryin to come up in the rap game Livin like a ?, bustlin spare change Drivin a bucket, livin in a shack Tryin to make the best out of what I had, usin a pen and pad There was this girlie that I wanted to get with Who never gave me no play, because I wasn't rollin She said I was too ghetto, and that a brother from the ghetto Couldn't give her nothin but hard times and trouble But bein I was young and dumb And just thinkin bout the putang, had me sprung I used to play myself late at night goin over her house, drinkin 40s Standin on the front porch singin oldies And even though her father used to run me away I used to creep around the side and hit the backgate Tappin on her window, givin her the Ghetto Serenade And it went this way You've got somethin that keeps my head in a spin You've got somethin that makes me wanna give in You've got somethin that turns my head all around You've got somethin that takes me all down I used to ask her all the time, 'Yo, why do you play It shouldn't matter that I didn't drive a Mercedes She said that I was probably only good for makin babies And my physical appearance makes me look crazy She said that, 'You look like you bang, or maybe even slang And if you wanna be with me, you gotta rearrange' But I wasn't bout to get a flattop or go in a suit And come back in a new BM(W) She said her parents wouldn't approve of the way that I looked, see 'And plus you got nothin to give me You wanna get laid? You gotta keep me paid' That's when she lost me, man, cause I ain't payin for the ying-yang And even though I'm feelin bad I feel like this: I can't miss what I never had So I gave it a last shot, and right before I walked away I hit her with the Ghetto Serenade A few years later, now my dues are paid up I got a record out, now I'm rollin in big bucks Flyin all around the world, meetin many girls Everywhere that I go, and makin rap videos And signin autographs the other day I looked up, and guess who was comin my way? The same old girl who never gave me no rhythm But this time standin in the middle of five children She done got fat, and now she's lookin like the cookie monster to me

Walkin around with the saggy booty

And runnin that drag about how I done matured so much And why I haven't kept in touch? I started laughin in her face, cause to me it was funny Now she wanted me for my money So I turned my back to her, and I walked away Leavin her singin the Ghetto Serenade And here's what she had to say: Hey Dub, man, what's up, man? You done got these braids off your head Got rid of those khaki pants Man, you sure have matured, man How about gettin your telephone number? ...what's up with that, man? Just cause I wasn't givin you no rhythm, that wasn't my fault, man Lookin so good, man...