

Ghetto Serenade

WC

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
me?'
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...