

## Ghetto Style

Insane Clown Posse

Inner City Posse holdin' it down  
Playin' that yay yo by the pound  
Gangstas in the South side runnin' things  
[?] straight up 'cause I'm livin' like king  
In the alley roads in the dark of the night  
[?] rolls through tryin' to make things right  
Chaos in the ghetto lasts more than a while  
Lyrically and physically, I'm ghetto style  
Clickin' on a 40, and it's makin' me brave  
If a punk jumps up, then I put him in his grave  
Chill in ICP on a full-time basis  
Your crew's gettin' worried, I can see it on the faces  
Scared 'cause my boys just macked on your freak  
Dropkicked your dad and called your sister a geek  
Should've kept your mouth shut, I'd have let it pass  
Keep talkin' shit, I'ma whip ya ass  
Drop the pieces, quit runnin' your lip  
Or we'll go head up and I'm gonna whip  
Your Kentucky ass straight back to the hills  
I'll be drivin' the car when Kid Villain fills  
Your ass with lead and then laughs about it  
'Cause in Delray, a drive-by ain't shit  
We stay in the slums, steal wine from a bum  
Sell dope to a basehead whose money comes from  
Armed robbery or BNE  
But how he gets his money ain't shit to me  
Gettin' paid, gettin' laid, and my style is cold  
Blowin' holes in a court to follow gansta code  
Ghetto style, the boy don't play  
Kill in Military Southwest Delray  
Inner City Posse fuckin' shit up  
I drink 8-ball from a forty, you drink Kool-Aid from a cup  
Down with Too Much and Violent J  
Pimp a different ho each and every day  
Not the ugly girls with the saggy butts  
Those skanky-ass hoes don't even make me nut  
ICP pullin' nothin' but babes  
If the bitch ain't fuckin', get the hell away  
'Cause we ain't got time for a stingy-ass bitch  
Only want the money, never want to hitch  
Up to one girl, or five at that  
Inner City Posse [?]