

Ghetto Thang

Spice 1

Hey, we tapin', all right let's do this shit
Yo Ant Banks man tell me about your boy Spice
Man, the boy ain't nuttin nice, you know what I'm sayin'
That's the idea man, it's done
Hey check it out boy we fittin' ta do this shit Shorty-B
I want you to get on the god damn guitar,
Fittin' ta lay a funky ass beat
And my boy gonn' come tight you know what I'm sayin'
That's all it take ya know,
So we fittin' ta do this shit and get paid like a mutha fucka
Spice kick it

187 is fuckin' it up cause we be blowsin'
Takin' out weak mutha fuckas wit the explosion
I put my finger on trigger and he was rolled up
Was it my nine, my nigga that had him fold up
I kep' on bustin' and bustin' and cappin' cappin' y'all
Until I emptied the clip out cause I was snappin' y'all
The was the S-P-I-C-E-187 the murda
I put the nine in my pocket all of a sudden I heard a
Siren, A-K shots firin'
It was the fuzz so I figured the room was wired an'
Broke out the backdoor because the backdoor was open
So when the cop told me freeze, Yo he fuckin' gotta be jokin'
Fuck all the bullshit, I'm poppin' two in the brain
Was it a 187 or just a ghetto thang

Ghetto thang, ghetto thang (2x)
"Ah yeah, you know what I'm sayin'
Hey Spice do that shit nigga"

A be for acres and J be likely ta jack
By the Faculty mutha fucka for short it's the Fac
Blast, like a hurricane and blow out you fuckin' brains
I can't be tamed I'm insane to the membrane
Doper than D-boys, B-l-a-s-t toys
Wanna get static then homie you can just bring the noise
Spice I'll put the vision in black, can you fuck wit that

You know I like the funky rata-tata-tat-tat
Of a U-Z-I, cause it sound fly
When your sayin' die mother fucker die
S-P-I C-E and wit the Faculty
A quarterback throwin' a rhyme now could you tackle me
Boy, you must'a had an almond joy
Huh, this ain't no child's play I'm worse than Chuckie he' a toy

Ghetto thang, ghetto thang (2x)
"Shorty-B break it down homie
Ah yeah, you know what I'm sayin', it ain't nuttin' but a"
Ghetto thang, ghetto thang
"Shorty-B is in the house, hey yo Spice
Bring the dope shit right about now"

Well it's the mutha fuckin' S the P the I the C-E
Not in a homicide nigga you might as well be
Lifestyles of ruthless, thought he was juicy and tried to juice this

Fuck wit the posse but yo was useless
Can't stop the jack of the fuckin' Fac
The bum rush'll crush a mutha fuckas back
Spice 1 comin' straight outta Alkatraz
Wit a posse that'll probably fuck up the task
A lot of niggas try ta step to the murderism
But all they get is a mutha fuckin circumcis'm
The 187 the Fac comin' right and exact
You got a static you phoned, you better call me back
Cause I don't sucker round, nor do I fuck around
And you can tell this by the mangled body stuck around

Ghetto thang, ghetto thang (4x)
"This shit is on in the '91
Out this muther fucker
Do that shit homie
Ah yeah Ant Banks is in tha mutha fuckin' house
Spice 1 is takin' over shit in the '91 boy
Triad records is in the house
Ant Banks is in the house, Shorty-B is in the muther fuckin' house
And we out the mutha fuckin' house
For all those muther fuckers who didn't know"