

Ghetto

Big Noyd

(Ghetto) (ghetto) (ghetto) (ghetto)

(Infamous)
(The world's most)
(Infamous)
(We do this shit for real)

Six blocks ghetto child, runnin wild causin terror
Crack slinger, rap singer from the Juice Crew era
Sippin OE, blowin trees, gun up in my leather
I'm live with them 45 nines and Berettas
I'm (ghetto), you can find me in the hood
Sippin on a cold brew, twistin backwoods
If the spot get rushed, then drugs get flushed
And if you not down to ride niggas can't bang with us
We runnin round Mobbin, runnin round robbin
You lookin like food and my niggas is starvin
So share your spoon or meet my goons
I got homies up north that'll be home soon
That keep it (ghetto) and man they don't stunt
All they need is a 20, a kush and one blunt
Don't front, you can't blame us, we made the hood famous
The 41st side where we speak that Dunn language

We keep it ghetto, everyday stackin dough
Never slippin, pimpin, mackin hoes
Gangsters, hustlers, you already know
(Infamous) (Niggas can't bang with us)

Yo N-o-y-d (I got you) You got me? Aight then
Let's run the frontline together, these niggas hypemen
Background clowns who ain't never spent a night in
The gutter where jokin on muthafuckas lead to fightin
But not fists, I'm talkin 'bout Glocks, 5ths, ninas
Mac-11's, .38's, specials, choppers and street sweepers
Rarely will you see a nigga throw up meat beaters
Hands only do damage, with canons you meet Jesus
Loud shots till the cow stops, I mean the beef ceases
Either one, you still numb, stuck in a deep freezer
In the hood it's winter all year round, we keep heaters
Hollow tips in that clip, you don't drip, you leak liters
Every other day a nigga get smoked like cheap reefer
Every 10 minutes a hoe get coked and skeet-skeeters
Put a helmet on your man, these bitches dangerous
The Infamous (Infamous) (Niggas can't bang with us)

Hey yo
Dunn, that shit that kill me - MC's claimin they ghetto and don't live it
You know, how they bust they guns and stay killin
Or how they did time for crimes in state prison
Or how they sold drugs on they block - but who didn't?
It's the (ghetto) where we stay pissy drunk and weeded up
We flip work on the hill, nigga, then re it up
You know the homies in the hood g'd up
We keep bitches in the cut and 22's on the truck
Give a fuck, I ain't playin, I been thuggin since a juvenile
A young g slingin dope, weed and runnin wild

The fiends know me as the kid who got it
Up and down the strip, 24/7 I will supply it
In the (ghetto) I dug pockets, started riots, I'm the flyest
Psychotic MC who emerged from the projects
Son, I get it rockin, for the cake I get it poppin
The jakes wanna knock him and the haters can't stop him

[Chorus]