

Ghetto Music

Bizarre

(Please have a fucked up day!)
Whooo!
This is a wonderful day!
The sun is shining... it's 85 degrees in Detroit, Michingan! (yeeah!)
The kids is outside playin'... (alright!)
And I'm HAPPY!
I'm HAPPY...
Cause I just came from 36 Dichan Court!
And I'm a free man! (alright!)
Now I'm a go to the store... they give me a birdlie...
And a fat, fat weeeed! (hehehe!)

Wakin' up lookin' for a bag of Herbs! (aaaahhhh!)
Smokin'! - Drinkin' - all on the curb. (whooh!)
Christmas tree's, leany B's, all types of weeds
Meds, hydro even mygrill...
Shiit! - I don't rap for weed! (hahaha!)
Freestyles, hooks - whatever you need. (whatever y'all?)
Come to my house, we can go to G-room
Smoke some 'shrooms! - And look up at the moon! (aaahhhh!)
Take off your shoes! - Relax your feet!
While I roll some Earth - and the fat's beat!
Cookies and brownies, whatever you wanna eat?
Cause you know Bizarre! - He be lovin' some sweets!
I smoke so much wee, my (pu)pils is green! (eeeewww!)
Next week - it'll be all clean! (hahahahah!)
Bizarre's in the back - '84 'Lac
Poppin' some pills - listenin' to "Free Want Back! "

Y'all wanna get high! (get high...) ("bitch! ")
And listen to music! (listen to music...) ("YEEAH! ")
Some of that good old Hip-Hop! (Hip-Hop...)
Straight ghetto music! (ghetto music...) (2x)

HA! - I'm from detroit bitch where nothin' is splendid (uh-uh!)
I roll shit and light up trees like the month of december! (sniiiiiff!)
I'm in the kitchen smilin', cookin' brownies, tryna Long Island,
Allow me - to finish this off with a Valium! (ha! ha!)
Now we - isn't go Zombies gettin' in touch with Hip-Hop
And R'n'B - laughin' at shit around me! (YEAH, NIGGAS!)
You overstep your boundaries, I ain't slappin' your hand,
You tryna snatch my gans, O'm in the casino slangin' Vicodine! (ha! ha!)
Cloudy - what can you say a nigga that's slick?
Old dust and Saudi - Arabia and I can pro'bly, (wha'? wha'? wha'? wha'?)
I'll be smoky as a kettle black, if you ain't Clinton!
You inhalin' that! - So I'm a force you to smoke for the hell of it!

I love to see the homie cliqued up, fist up
Khakies on sag, bandanna, rags twist up!
Hood pry, unified! G's up, ride or die!
Livin' by the code of the street, an eye for an eye!
Graffiti on the wall! - Ghetto life! Homies hangin' at the pool hall - out o
n the block - shootin' dice!
Every set of push ups is for my locked up comrads
And for the ones we lost - during combat!
Pourin' out Cogniac - on the concrete
Where the junkies sleep - little kids runnin' the street. My life is full of

pain! - But it's positive still!
Now that I'm hip to the game! - I'm harder to kill!
Ghetto waterfalls comin' from the highers, out the cars lil homie!
You the cards lil' homie! Yes you are lil' homie! We all stars lil' homie!

Some of them good old Jay-Z! (yeeeah!)
I'm high of bladers! (yeeeah!)
Sam cook! booooooyyyy!) - So you know what the hell is the melt greeeeeen (YEEESS!)
I need a bacon! (YEEEAHH!) - Give a bottle AND BATA-TATATATAA!