

Ghetto Wisdom

Bugzy Malone

(You are now listening to Young Chencs)

It's an organisation I'm running, are you listening?
Only got here through my knowledge and my wisdom
Heard they made a diss track, I really should've dissed them
But I was busy in my hot tub, just listening to my system
The way that I'm playing is I'm basic
I really take the game serious that you can see it in my face
When I heard the MOBOs were coming north of the lake
I hit my tailor up, told them, "Make it tight around the waist"

I'm not drinking right now, though I'm partial to the taste
Call me Don Julio, I like tequila when it's straight
We drink 1942 and there's really no delay
Plus we do a lot of winning so we like to celebrate
Ah, forget that, it's the MOBOs
I forget we came up watching this when we were shotting from the polo
American dream, that was Scarface and Manolo
We're Great British dreaming on the low-low
You don't know these streets the way I know these streets, no
You don't know defeat the way I felt defeat, bro
Yeah, I know these beats, that's why I got a deep flow
You can't take my seat unless you've really been broke
Me, I've been face-down, bust up, leaking
Me, I've been chased down, jucked up, bleeding
Unless you seen your mother with a broken nose, don't ever chat to man about
your feelings
I wouldn't have joined a gang if I really had my family
My face would have been fucked if I really wasn't handy
Couple times I made a nigga dance like Bambi
We came up disposing of the whiskey and the Brandy
Now they say I'm ADHD, check my AMG Team
I never done a drive-by, but I've had to duck teeth
They won't get this lyric cause' it's hot like deep heat
I shot trainers, not weed, tell the plug to repeat
Man are looking at me like I'm doing tai chi
I got couple TKOs on my CV
I got the sauce, but I still got dry beef
I'm like Freddy to these rappers cah they see me in their sleep
She didn't message back 'cause she thinks I'd be a cheat
Post a picture of my crib, give it a week, give it a week
She said that, "I thought rappers were silly and broke," 'til I pulled up in
the bone, now she wants me to give her the D
I'm like the black James Bond
If they get my government name wrong, I just tell him that it's Aaron
When I was hungry, I would catch a man with his chain on
And turn him into a sprinter like it was the Dave song
But that's bad karma, me, I've had to pay
Man pulled out his flick knife, I had to run away
He made the mistake of running onto the estate
And when I got him on the floor, I broke a brick on his—
Ah, forget that, I'm in films now
I forget I'm paid like I signed a major deal now
I forget I healed from the trauma that I went through
There's a bigger picture and lead inside the pencil
I bring my pain with me and that's why they wanna listen
I just say, "Nizzy," when they ask for my position

Them man tried to jump me, I had my blade with me, I didn't flick it
'Cause I don't mind fighting with my fists, it's a miss

Am I doing too much, J? Tell me if I'm doing too much (My brother, nah, you're doing too much)

Am I going too far, Zykes? Tell me if I'm going too far (My brother, nah, you've gone too far)

Do you think that I should chill a bit? (Nah, bro, you're killing it)

Do you think I should go in a little more hard?

Uh-huh, uh-

huh, I said, you're Great British dreaming when you're tryna raise the bar

I bring my pain with me and that's why they wanna listen

I just say, "Nizzy," when they ask for my position

Them man tried to jump me, I had my blade with me, I didn't flick it

'Cause I don't mind fighting with my fists

Me, I'm no stranger to taking couple digs

Got my tooth snapped in half by an older and that really took the piss

You learn danger when you come up in the mix

Visiting my uncle in the mental hospital, I understood the risks

See, when your rago ghetto thugged out

Takes a toll on your mental health, you better watch out

You can end up by bipolar if you go hard

You can end up schizophrenic if you're a menace

You can end up anxious, paranoid, depressed

It's rare that man hang up that bally with no regrets

It's rare that man do the shottin' and then say less

Me, I thought, "Fuck the bragging, let me save this"

I invested in myself 'cause I kept saving up my wages

Turns out, it's money over ladies

Turns out, it's get your dough up before you're ready to have babies

For me to blow up, I'm not gonna lie, it took me ages

Call me Noah, I built a boat and done it in stages

And Meek Mill's not enough when you're dream chasing

I refill the biro and desecrate pages

We're NWA like it was the late '80s

Zyke (Keep going)

Alright, I'll keep flowing

Cah this one's bigger than a little grime poem

He's pissed off, says I'm acting like I didn't know him

I'm big time now, my phone book's forever growing

JB (Yo)

Should I stop? (No)

Should I take 'em back? (Show 'em what you got, bro)

I never told 'em that I cried when my mom was in a hostel

Sat listening to ghetto gospel

But if there's no pain, there's no gain

And if there's no sunny days, then there's no such thing as the cold rain

The struggle made us insane

But if you get your vision right, you'll complete the full game

It's an organisation I'm running, are you listening?

Hope they pay attention, I call this "Ghetto Wisdom"

I heard they made a diss track, I really should have dissed them

But I was busy in my hot tub, just listening to my system

The way that I'm playing is I'm basic

I really take the game seriously, you can see it in my face

When I heard the MOBOs were coming north of the lake

I hit my tailor up, told them, "Make it tight around the waist"

Did I too much, J? Tell me if I've done too much (My brother, nah, you done too much)

Did I go too far, Zykes? Tell me if I went too far (My brother, nah, you wen

t too far)

Do you think I should have chilled a bit? (Nah, bro, you killed this shit)

Do you think I should have gone a little more hard?

Uh-huh, uh-

huh, they say you're Great British dreaming when you're tryna raise the bar