

Ghetto Thang

De La Soul

Mary had a little lamb, that's a fib
She had two twins though an' one crib
Now she's only fourteen, what a start
But this effect is ground common in these parts

Now life in this world can be such a bitch
An' dreams are often torn an' shattered an' hard to stitch
Negative, the attitude that runs the show
When the stage is the G H E T T O

Which is the one to blame when bullets blow?
Either Peter, Jane or John or Joe
But Joe can't shoot a gun, he's always drunk
An' Peter's pimpin' Jane an' John a punk

Infested are the halls also the brains
Daddy's broken down from ghetto pains
Mommy's flyin' high, the truth is shown
The kids are all alone
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

It's just the ghetto thang, word
It's just the ghetto thang, word

Who ranks the baddest brother? The ones who rule
This title is sought by the coolest fool
Define coolest fool? Easy, the one who needs
Attention in the largest span an' loves to lead

Always found at the jams but never dance
Just provoke violence due to one glance
The future plays no matter, just the present flow
When the greetin' place is the G H E T T O

Lies are pointed strong into your skull
Deep within your brain, against the wall
To hide or just erase a glowin' note
Of how to use the ghetto as a scapegoat

Truth from Trugoy's mouth is here to scar
Those who blame the G for all bizarre
So open up your vents an' record well
For this is where we stand for the true tell

Ghetto gained a ghetto name from ghetto ways
Now there could be some ghetto games an' ghetto play
If ghetto thang can have its way in ghetto range
Then there must be some ghetto love an' ghetto change

Though confident, they keep it kept, we know for fact
They lie like ghettos form 'cause people lack
To see that they must all get out the ghetto hold
The truth they never told
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

It's just the ghetto thang, word
It's just the ghetto thang, word

Do people really wish when they blow
Out the cake candles? An' if so
Is it for the sunken truth which could arise
From out the characters in which the ghetto hides?

Roses in the ring supply their shown relief
Granted it's planted by their shown belief
Kill an' feed off your own brother, man
Has quickly been adopted as the master plan

Posses of our people has yet to provoke
Freedom or death to them is just a joke
What causes this defect? I don't know
Maybe it's the G H E T T O

It's just the ghetto thang, word
It's just the ghetto thang, word

Standin' in the rain is nothin' felt
When problems hold more value but never dealt with
Buildings crumblin' to the ground
Impact noise is solid sound

But who's the one to say this life is wrong
When ghetto life is chosen strong
We seem to be misled about our dreams
'Coz dreams ain't what it seems
When it's just the ghetto thang

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Word, word, word, word