

Mad About Bars

Ghetts

I don't even know if my voice could even give enough justice to what you're
about to hear right now
But I know you pree the title
So we're gonna get it anyway
Who would've thought it?
Ghetts, on Mad About Bars
Wow

They only know what ends I'm from
But don't know what I'm a descendent of
Or who the fuck my ancestors were
Ask me how I'm doing and I'll just reply I can't complain
I own my masters but I still got the slave master's name
In the eyes of the news I'm just another black guy rapper
How can I talk 'bout killing my opps and in the same breath say Black Lives
Matter?
My issues are deep rooted, original Israelites, Hebrew kid
Man wan' shut down the system and don't even reboot it
Somebody tell Tommy that we do this
I might catch a body with these two sticks
I'm not sorry my scene do bits
Fill up the lorry with Gs units
You know what the payola says
Them mandem have got llello for days
And I got a lot of money in Lloyd's bank
I'm real cakey, I'm way overweight
That's fifty in a rucksack
My man's coming up five bags short I'm like nah blud fuck that
Gimme the car and get bus back
Ain't seen my man in years but I remember the year that I done that
I was out ere with the scumbags
Real life, knockdown ginger
Come like Dr Dre on a drumpad
She can't recall where I live cause that's not the way that I come back
And that's not the way that I got there
Mum sent man to the shop I forgot what she wants from here
Took the Canada Goose and left the credit card and the Moncler
Got a lot on my mind right now I'm black and my problems don't stop there
Right now I don't feel too social
Start writing a tweet and delete it
Just cah I ain't too vocal
It don't mean that I'm keeping a secret
It's been a fucked up year but I'm hopeful, if we unite it's a serious achie-
vement
Crabs in the barrel, it's always me and my own people competing
I don't 'ear these rockstars comparing numbers
The nerve of these old boys, how dare these youngers
I'm a wordsmith
Whenever I spell you should fear what I conjured
I'm a master in which craft?
This craft
Don't care where you come but it's only substance I submit submarine flow
Them man are in a sunken place
Bar after bar after bar after bar
Right now I'm in a drunken state
I'm so tapped in to this ting I wonder if Ghetts feels Justin's pain?
Nan told me keep my head up I walk around with an adjusted frame

Over ten years deep still Justin to some and still adjusting to fame
My music is all I play boy
I ain't accustomed to games
I know 'rona's lurking somewhere
All I can do is pray she don't come this way

Hang tight Ten Billy on the beat
Teeeezy on the cut
The albums en route
G double I G
Yeah