

# My Sperm

Ghetts

So, we're doing it real big right now  
You know what I'm talking about  
But do you find everybody-  
Well these are people that are really putting joints out  
Sounds like Ghetto (No)  
Everyone  
(Yeah, I'm saying it's like-) everyone  
(Nah, I'm saying-) UK sounds like Ghetts  
(Yeah, because what-)  
Always a Ghetts wannabe  
A Ghetts- soundalike, a mini Ghetts  
What is that, Ghetts?  
(Parring a lot of guys)  
Have you got a lot of children out there or something?  
(No, haha, I don't know, DNA's running wild)

Nowadays, every MCs got me in 'em  
Not one, not two, not three of them  
Looks like an army of me when I'm seeing them  
Can't be G but it's G in them  
There must be a place where MCs get my DNA  
And I ain't never heard "thanks"  
2000 & Life was a sperm bank  
I gave you flows, ideas and more  
How could you think that I fear the war?  
I was technical light years before  
Last year, man said I'm overly lyrical  
Now, they wanna try and multi with syllables  
Going on like my ideas are yours  
When I was on Déjà, right near the door  
I was every MC's worst nightmare  
Now man are going on like they don't know the scores  
Oh my lord  
G-H, I be so hardcore  
Raw, send a soundboy to the morgue  
I only war when I'm bored  
Or when I got a CD going in stores  
I was on tour, 2004  
When I came back, you know the rest got ignored

I gave a lot of artists life, my sperm  
I'm the mastermind behind a lot of guys, my sperm  
I gave a lot of artists life, my sperm  
I'm the mastermind behind a lot of guys, it's my turn  
If you think you heard my style  
You ain't because I'm versatile  
Even if you found the blueprint, you couldn't search the files  
MCs are copying me  
Nobody's stopping them, see  
Flows, I got a lot of them  
Them man are thieves

Oi, sound alike  
Something ain't sounding right  
Sounds like a sound of mine  
But the fans ain't clock because I left that sound behind  
They're trying to find their self but all you found is I

And you ain't even around the guy  
Let me know when your album's priced  
I'm getting a [?]  
I know you ain't got no lyrics  
That don't sound like I ghost writ it  
My wordplay and my flow, riddim  
My swagger on the stage, my whole image  
There's no limit  
If you're identical, not sensible  
I'll end it all  
G-H, the real G-H  
Which means I be what none of these ain't  
If you wanna use something I've create  
Best thing to do, tell me straight  
You can burrow it  
Taste it but don't swallow it  
For Pete's sake  
You man still repeat 8s  
It's gonna be obvious if you're using my style  
I'm abusing my child

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Who's saying I'm celibate?  
I got so many kids in this game I might start claiming benefits  
A lot of them are still bottle-fed  
I feed them when I'm squeezing  
I don't wanna keep on reading  
But I'm releasing that potent semen  
It's the season  
Twins, triplets even  
Quadruplets, I do this  
Meaning, when it comes to music I'm achieving  
Imitations, the best form of flattery, keep patting me  
When my sperm wanna battle me  
I be like, "son, go to your room", reality check  
Check reality  
Don't be mad at me  
Hahaha  
Some used to say I sound like Kane  
Until I found my way  
I don't agree with them  
The other day, I got given a tape from back then  
Me, Kane over MAC-10  
And that's when I realised, you can easily tell the difference  
No one carried me  
We're both fucked, that's the only similarity

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Them man are thieves  
Them man are thieves  
It feels- it feels like my sperm  
Too many ladies, you know  
(Not even my yout, you're my sperm)  
Yeah  
You're right  
If you're [?] 10 o'clock, then we do apologise  
You dun know  
For MySpace