

Ghetto Style

Insane Clown Posse

Inner City Posse holdin' it down
Playin' that yay yo by the pound
Gangstas in the South side runnin' things
[?] straight up 'cause I'm livin' like king
In the alley roads in the dark of the night
[?] rolls through tryin' to make things right
Chaos in the ghetto lasts more than a while
Lyrically and physically, I'm ghetto style
Clickin' on a 40, and it's makin' me brave
If a punk jumps up, then I put him in his grave
Chill in ICP on a full-time basis
Your crew's gettin' worried, I can see it on the faces
Scared 'cause my boys just macked on your freak
Dropkicked your dad and called your sister a geek
Should've kept your mouth shit, I'd have let it pass
Keep talkin' shit, I'ma whip ya ass
Drop the pieces, quit runnin' your lip
Or we'll go head up and I'm gonna whip
Your Kentucky ass straight back to the hills
I'll be drivin' the car when Kid Villain fills
Your ass with lead and then laughs about it
'Cause in Delray, a drive-by ain't shit
We stay in the slums, steal wine from a bum
Sell dope to a basehead whose money comes from
Armed robbery or BNE
But how he gets his money ain't shit to me
Gettin' paid, gettin' laid, and my style is cold
Blowin' holes in a court to follow gansta code
Ghetto style, the boy don't play
Kill in Military Southwest Delray
Inner City Posse fuckin' shit up
I drink 8-ball from a forty, you drink Kool-Aid from a cup
Down with Too Much and Violent J
Pimp a different ho each and every day
Not the ugly girls with the saggy butts
Those skanky-ass hoes don't even make me nut
ICP pullin' nothin' but babes
If the bitch ain't fuckin', get the hell away
'Cause we ain't got time for a stingy-ass bitch
Only want the money, never want to hitch
Up to one girl, or five at that
Inner City Posse [?]