

# Ghetto Knows

Kool G Rap

(2x)

Yo you gotta go you gotta go you gotta go

(G: And aiyyo what you don't know believe the ghetto knows)

New York New York the city that never sleeps  
Bodies covered in white sheets are layin' in the streets  
Shit gets deep as we creep up the block by the kids slangin' rocks  
And holdin' glocks stolen from the cops to get props

You gotta split a top on the regular  
Or get plugged in your mug, from a slug, by your competitor  
Gunshots echo throughout the city like thunder, no wonder  
Another brother six feet under

You know it ain't no jokin' when the streetlights are broken  
So keep your eyes open, or get ready for a, smokin' 'loc  
Step out of line, I hope you got your nine gun son  
The Smith and Wess', you better press 9-1-1 (word up)

Or make a run for it there's too many to tackle  
The Big Apple will put your ass on ice like a Snapple  
So even though I rap I gots to stay strapped  
Niggas act up I back up (PI-YAH)

I bust a cap inside your fuckin' hat  
Don't even pose with them hoes, the swinger that you chose  
Just might be down with the foes, only the shadow knows  
And ain't no lollipop, lollipop over here only the shottie pops

(BOOM) Now just sit back and watch the bodies drop  
The younger gunmen got the bigger niggaz runnin'  
The shorties (what) the shorties (what) the shorties are comin'  
To push a nigga wig back, and leave his ass flat on his back

The motherfuckin' ghetto knows, and it's like that

Today's headlines, another nigga dead  
Six to the body and fo' to the head  
Followed the red bitch in the bed full of lead  
A drug-related case and now the place is filled with Feds

Ramshacked the shack, disclose 'bout two kilos of dope  
Two ounces of coke's caught in the pocket of his coat  
So, another brother caught the ultimate surprise  
With blown out brains, to drop stains on his eyes

Dazed as I sit back and watch the channel two news  
Watchin' his family goin' through all the boo-hoos  
You lose, like an Ill Street, the Blues are gettin' deeper  
Nothin' left in the room except for him, the Grim Reaper

Police are takin' snapshots, scoop up some blood drops  
Pull out a file on a juvenile child of mugshots  
The cops knew he fell victim to laws on the street  
So they just, pull out the white sheets, to cover up the dead meat

Seal off the area with yellow tape, draw the white

chalk around the body now the party has to motivate  
One more outlaw, was murdered on the scene for the green  
Died at the age of seventeen

Strollin' the concrete, packin' my heat, walkin' the backstreets  
I seen niggaz pull up, peepin' me out the side a black Jeep  
Six feet deep, that's where I'm goin' if I'm slippin'  
Steady cockin' my shit cause I already got the clip in

Now who's the first nigga to run up, here they come up  
The block hardrocks with glocks rollin' holdin' they guns up  
I buck, I buck, and then I struck one in the chest  
Nigga should of wore a vest but now his ass is put to rest

But now I got three mo' niggaz, pullin triggers  
Strays are ricochetin' off the bricks, zigga zigga  
But who got the biggest strap? Who's bustin' bigger caps?  
My BOOM BOOM BOOMS against they PAP PAP PAPS

No haps, G. Rap ain't goin' out like a sucker  
I reloaded the shot and dropped another motherfucker  
Quick, I duck and shit to dodge the bullets comin' at me  
'Cause I won't be too happy with a slug inside my nappy

Two more niggaz left, they scared to death, but I'm leary  
Shit gets kinda scary when I got bulletholes near me  
I went between two cars, lettin' off the quarter pound  
I see another body fallin' down to the ground

Quick I run up on him cause I don't think that he's dead  
Standin' over his ass I put two more inside his head  
That's three niggaz down, only got one nigga to go  
I gots to send his ass to the gravedigger so

I lay low in the cut and wait for moneygrip to slip up  
Nearly shot my whole clip up, I got one more slug to rip up  
Look over by the GS, see his ass stickin his head out  
Boom, let the lead out, blew a piece of his brain dead out  
The back of his head, now he's dead, because he fell face down

Right on the motherfuckin' streets that he dwelled

[Repeat Chorus]