

# Mother Ghetto

Papoose

Brooklyn, rise to the occasion  
Papoose, PK

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?  
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All the thorough bread borough heads, where yall from?  
All the hundred dollar billers villains, where yall from?  
All the low key OG's, where yall from?  
Got a gat, cock it back, let me hear yall gun  
Come and take a walk through my horde, I'll guide yo vision  
When niggas who ain't ready to die get shot for livin  
Stepped out the building another day, my time was tickin  
But had to make a U turn, damn forgot the biskey  
I stashed it on the side of the sink, behind the dishes  
On Sundays I praise gun plays, that's my religion  
Walking down the block with a boppin rhythm,  
Had to take a leak behind the green garbage can,  
Who needs a pot to piss in?  
That's when I bumped heads with my man, he out of prison  
Wuddup son? Noticed his grin looked kinds different  
He had a long scar on his face, somebody jigged him  
I got away when he got knocked, wish I was with him  
They put the green light out, know how the game go  
Niggas die for they colors, gotta respect the rainbow  
Take John through the slums just to get a coliday come  
Hoodlems through they guns in the sewers and swallow they jums  
Snitches stopping the funs, when they hear the drama they run  
So we throw the slugs to their tumors and silence they tongues  
Raw ball heist, hand to hand is far more trife  
Customers be bangin on the spot doors all night  
I told the last customer your next time not like  
He knock hard so I copped and took his heart not life

The mother ghetto went in first up, want the crook bone  
My bud will light the tunnel crash, Brooknam  
Yall outsiders better come right, don't look wrong  
My bud will light the tunnel crash, Brooknam

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Home of the time of hoax with money missin and drama talks  
And you can tell a nigga from Brooklyn just how he walks  
Them Brownsville dudes carry gas in they draws  
Come through rockin a Rollie, better have it ensured  
This New Yorkers will stab a millionaire til he bleed riches  
Cop work from uptown niggas, fuck Queens bitches  
4 green killas run up in yo living room quick  
Them boys at canal, see you lay yo clique on the strip  
Nobody politics in Bed-stuy, who cares for that political shit?  
We're robbin dog for his kibbles and bits  
Bushwick got beat cops, they actin like they own the streets

That's why we drop em like a verse and lay em on the beat  
Celebrate easter by goin to Cony Island when heap  
Just to have a slash out and bang it out on the beach  
In Crown Heights they be workin them 2's, run hoop hoolups  
Come around yo way or put yo turf on the news  
Down town in Pican Ave got the flyest niggas  
Youngins takin over the trains, cursin over the loud speakers  
Flatbush they be totin, lean yo top smoking  
Since the trains had tokes them boys kept it locan  
From LG to Albany we was born to be thorough  
Cypress Hill's the kings but now we the king borough  
I'm from Bang Bridge, we broke the law for the fun  
The cats at Marcy will make you cough up a lung  
Wherever you from, represent the hood you live  
Well keep it that way, don't come across the Brooklyn Bridge

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In the heaven of Bob, my hood, them pearly gates is locked  
We the reason that cops traded 38's for Glocks  
We the reason them cabs drive by, never trust you  
We the reason you couldn't rock shines in the tunnel  
Niggas be starin and walkin, lookin back  
But I rob a nigga blind and ask him what the fuck he lookin at?  
Patrol cars just wanna get essential book in pack  
Don't get caught in alleys with Brooklyn cats  
Face the fact that what you worship  
So I pray with my backs towards the serpent  
Hit the underground and changed all the rappers to the circus  
Celebrated Ike after he was murdered  
Due tradition we had him cremated  
Put his ashes in the shone and I wish I could've did magic when they burned him  
Cuz the depths of this devilish fire within these matches don't deserve him  
It's when life stay on the abs of the earth and where the staff givin summer  
s  
Knowledge beneath the records of a target  
Security stay harassin and lurkin  
When a Brooklyn thug walk in the club, bounce his ass or skin they search us  
Why pattin by my burners? You actin like you nervous  
Make a mistake and get shot by accident on purpose  
7 were made, when they sever yall faggots must've heard us  
I area code have the same factors of a murder  
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