

# Late Night Ghetto

Midnite

A tune called late night ghetto, hmm aye  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto

If you tell your woman bout some moving stars in the sky  
Bout some light from out far shining in her eye yeah, yeah  
Every crevasse of the heart Jah love  
As you share and finalize  
Let lone ranger keep on wearing his disguise  
Let the man that she sees, be the man that she hears  
Bring her the fruit from the sun  
Take away her double vision  
Until she say

Red lips again not wheeling  
Oh Jah, she is so appealing  
So sweet to hold that feeling  
Give her the treatment of the late night ghetto  
Give her the treatment of the late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto

Don't you send no dozen roses  
Line no tub with no candlelight  
To return to the vicious kick boxing still overnight  
Don't you see her burden is heavy  
Rude youth and you, traveling light  
You feel like show off, well right now that's the time  
Let the man that she sees, be the man that she hears  
Bring her the fruits from the sun  
Take away her double vision  
Until she say

Red lips again not wheeling  
So sweet to hold that feeling  
Oh Jah, she is so appealing yeah  
Hmm, a chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto

So when you come  
Come bring in fiscal matters yeah  
Come bring in reasoning power  
Come bring in changes for the better yeah  
Man child, man child  
Man child, man child  
Man child, man remember who you used to be, yeah  
Hmm hmm aye

A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto  
Well man child, man child

Man child, man love breaks you heart  
You have to cry  
Like flowers bloom and flowers die  
Life is hard  
But these are the facts of life  
These are the facts of life  
These are the facts of life

A chun called late night ghetto  
Love breaks you heart  
You have to cry  
Even flowers grow old  
Even flowers die  
Life is hard  
But deal with the facts of life  
Deal with the facts of life  
Deal with the facts of life  
A chun called late night ghetto  
A chun called late night ghetto, yeah  
Using up the likkle whey you have why you know  
Late night ghetto