

Little Ghetto Boys

Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, you know what I mean? Chillin within
Word up, niggaz is stupid
Look out for the cops man, look out for the cops
Yo it was on last year Son
Huh? Fuck them cops
Word
Scrape them niggaz
Niggaz want two hundred grand over the table
Like this
That shit looks pretty
Yo
I don't know what the fuck made em in they own mind
Pass the weed off man
think they could come f, they could fuck wit this Dunn
Yo G, the Mexican niggaz is definitely buggin the fuck

Mike's was crystal, erythang
other Mexicans be all the fuck up on your shit nigga

Aiyyo you got a light?
Excuse me can you put that out please?
Oh shit
For what? For what?
Jiggy
Could you please put that out?
For what? I ain't puttin..
Put the shit out now!
I ain't puttin shit out!!
UP AGAINST THE FUCKIN WALL!

UP AGAINST THE FUCKIN WALL!!!
The fuckin bitch? Get that bitch!
Slap fire out!
Oh no no no no no no
Get your shit right
Get what?
We gonna swerve on these niggaz one time that's my word

"What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility"
That's comin from Louis Rich
Baggin, you know what time it is, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo

Put them cracks down you just started slangin two months ago
Whattup with Larry Francisco tell him to let that bitch go
Why you standin there? Posin you like Donna Karan wear
Nigga save that, the same shit you had it last year
You be runnin with them outsiders
That shit is fucked up yo, we never turn to dick riders
Your Mac is big, got a little grip, yo
You think that shit gon live what he did -- what this nigga said
Remember when his mans got there, the whole shit was set up
Shut up, whole fam want the science and the letter
It got back to me some niggaz in Medina askin me
"You know some niggaz in the gold E-Class," splash to me
Yo that shit you had in Vegas
Yo, it coulda got us both sprayed up, they seen the Ac, know this traitor
Hair sa-laundry and Shorty like Karan

Her fam major swing kingpins you won't dare front on
Octavia with all the ice on, yo
She own a carwash now, her little Keon doin triple life
Marry a Son who got baked, it coulda been
for a half a cake, play the shank, maybe bite her
Shit is fucked up when they got us yo
She fainted at her baby wake now watch the breakdown
"..face responsibility"
She fainted at her baby wake now yo watch the breakdown

"Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto street"

Yo all of y'all niggaz got the whole story wrong
Talk what you talk but twist the real song
When it comes down to this, not a licensed driver
Show y'all niggaz whose style is more liver
This is not a act this is more actual fact
Nuttin but experience placed upon track
with the true sound, not lyin out the crown
When we not workin we hardly be around
Yeah see the light, right now we could fight
You not a real brother you just a fake type
that get on the mic then, throw your cliché
Half the East coast soundin just like Rae
If you a Gambino, give credit to the flow
If you not a part of this kid act like you know
Fuck the studio, Cappachino the great
Fly cherry head niggaz like planes out of state
I ain't friends with you, only my CD hit you
If you want some then stop frontin is the issue
It's my turn, live niggaz could pass
Two-face-ted rappers push they shit last
Straight off the edge, into the rubbish
Peep my new style fuck Cristal and Moet
I drink Evian water while my thoughts get published

"What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility?"

"Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto streets
What you gonna do when you grow up..."

"What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility?"

"Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto streets
What you gonna do when you grow up, and have to face responsibility?"

One is invulnerable, in fact
it involves strenuous breath control
Out of all techniques, it's the most difficult
The human body has a hundred and eight pressure points
Thirty-six of these can be fatal
The remainder, paralyzing