

Little Ghetto Boys (feat. CappaDonna)

Wu-Tang Clan

Wu-Tang Clan F/ CappaDonna
Miscellaneous
Little Ghetto Boys
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 *inhale*
think they could come f, they could fuck wit this Dunn
Yo G, the Mexican niggaz is definitely buggin the fuck
cop's walkie talkie is heard
Mike's was crystal, erythang
other Mexicans be all the fuck up on your shit nigga
cop's walkie talkie still babbling
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!
everything gets chaotic
UP AGAINST THE FUCKIN WALL!!!
The fuckin bitch? Get that bitch!
Slap fire out!
Oh no no no no no no no
Get your shit right
Get what?
We gonna swerve on these niggaz one time that's my word
music fades in
"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
 One: Raekwon the Chef
 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 responsiblity"
 She fainted at her baby wake now yo watch the breakdown
 "Little ghetto boy, playin in the ghetto street"
 Two: Cappa
 DonnaYo 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 Moët

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?" *35 seconds of
instrumental pass until the martial arts samples *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

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