

Ruff Ryders, Ghetto Children

(feat. Bunny Wailer, Cross, Infa-Red, Snypah, Sty)

[Aja]

We are the champions, we can't stop
cause you just can't keep them Ruff Ryders down, down, down

[Verse 1: Infa.Red]

By any means necessary I'mma hold down tradition
white tee blue jeans yeah I fit the description
know what's richer for the drugs in our waist
we dark so they put the flashlight in our face
racial profiling send me straight to the island
hit me with the night stick the captain start smiling
the foul smell of the ghetto will burn your nose hair
it's forbidden so no one goes there
the struggle never stops
still we wake up to spoiled milk and roaches crawling out our cereal box
they feed us lies blind our eyes
if your hand the same color as mine's black man rise

[Hook]

To all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings
ghetto children this is how we living
all my gangsta soldiers in the prison
don't worry it's a totally new beginning [x2]

[Verse 2: Styles]

My peoples been in the in the cage for criminal ways
for the fact that we couldn't take minimum wage
we had stacks in the back of the building
brothers is crooks but we still read books to the children
now I keep my mind in the movement
time in the movement cause the ghetto need a lot of improvement
now we gotta plan for the future
and watch for the man
cause they don't cuff you no more they just shoot ya
time for a new beginning revolution is coming
see the bullets out the ruger spinning
and we ain't gon stand down
we gon stand up black man black power
put your black hands up

[Hook]

To all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings
ghetto children this is how we living
all my gangsta soldiers in the prison
don't worry it's a totally new beginning [x2]

[Verse 3: Cross]

I used to wear bow ties and listen to Farrakhan
now I'm on the block like the strip is a marathon
the hood ain't been the same since Malcolm and King gone
tales from the hood is what I sing on a rap song
everybody petrified ever since 9/11
the hood was under attack before 9/11
tell me how we got crack and automatic weapons
my worst nightmare is Bush getting re-elected
the jails is packed everybody stressed out
gimme the key and I'm letting all the lifers out
so they could rebuild and work for a dollar bill
take the shackles off ya mind we running outta time

[Hook]

To all my hustlers pumping cracks behind the buildings

ghetto children this is how we living
all my gangsta soldiers in the prison
don't worry it's a totally new beginning [x2]