

# Mother Ghetto

## Papoose

(Intro)

Brooklyn, rise to the occasion

Papoose, PK(Hook)

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?(Verse)

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

(Bridge)

The mother ghetto went in first up, want the crook bone

My bud will light the tunnel crash, Brook no

Yall outsiders better come right, don't look wrong

My bud will light the tunnel crash, Brook no(Hook)

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?

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(Verse)

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 best up, 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(Bridge)

The mother ghetto went in first up, want the crook bone

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Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?(Verse)

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 summers  
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  
Wherever you from, represent the hood you live  
Well keep it that way, don't come across the Brooklyn Bridge(Bridge)  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>