

# 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\*  
Aiiyyo 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, aiyyoOne: 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: CappaDonnaYo 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>