

# 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 responsibility"  
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 cliche  
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?" \*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 <https://www.omusic.in/>