

# Ghetto Smile (feat. Daryl Hall)

## B-Legit

A young hog in the hood playin' chase, smile on his face  
Havin' fun 'cuz it ain't nothin' like this place and you don't wanna race  
Fool I got the new ones on  
And we can run from the corner to the Newman's home  
And after that we goin' go raid the plum tree  
And stick ball down where those bos be  
Mom's got the door open bumpin' Marvin Gaye  
Let's get it on all day everyday  
At night I pray, Lord, just let me make it  
And if I die before I wake  
Then my soul, you take it  
Never fake it  
My older brother taught me game  
And sometimes even let the young soldier hang  
As a loc, my only duty was to soak  
And pass it on to my comrade and closest folks  
All friends I knew about it as a child  
I stood proud have you ever seen a ghetto smile?  
In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets  
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto, hey, yeah  
In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets  
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto, hey  
I'm at the junior high actin' bad at the dance  
The slow jam got me with a woody in my pants  
And baby with me, her Momma used to babysit me  
And back then she was just plain old pretty  
But nowadays it seems like she done grown  
Jeans fitting and her perm gotta hella long  
Would I be wrong if I whisper and take her down  
And maybe play house sitter with her like the Pound  
It's goin' down about now in the Northern Bay  
The OG's put it down and make they pay  
Flip a 68 'stang with the blew out braids  
The only homey in the hood ridin' on thangs  
And as I peep it thangs have got a little deeper  
And everybody and their Momma done bought a beeper  
And then they post on the lake gettin' loose and wild  
You know the scene it's the ghetto smile  
In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets  
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto, hey, yeah  
In the ghetto there's a smile roamin' through the streets  
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto, hey  
At 18 I graduated and now I'm grown  
About time for the dog to get his own bone  
I left home got a condo out on Quail ridge  
And like a king is how this young playa live  
Swimmin' parties in the pool with my dope to roll  
Wasn't trippin' off nathin' we was all folks  
Hillside in the house and we gettin' perved

Freestylin' gettin' on my neighbor's nerves  
I love the hood so everyday I'm back to visit  
And swoop the young so that they can come through and kick it  
And peep the game just as I did as a kid  
And watch the savage get his cabbage and place his bid  
And even though we fight we still  
remain game tight  
Handle business and always open for forgiveness  
It ain't nothin' like a homey you ain't seen in awhile  
So when you meet him greet him with that ghetto smile  
In the ghetto there's a smile roamin'  
through the streets  
Why don't the homies smile for me? Ghetto  
In the ghetto there's a smile, oh  
All the homies smiles for me, ghetto  
There's a ghetto in the sky, ghetto in the sky  
But all the homies smile for me, ghetto  
The ghetto smile, the ghetto smile  
Homies smile for me  
And the ghetto smile for me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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