

Ghetto Heroin(e)

By: Tysheema Reid

The word on the streets is that they call me the ghetto heroin(e)
Feisty chick with a shysty side
Nothing to hide
Steady waiting for the fish to bite
All a hot mess over some little cat fight
I got bitches entertaining these niggers
Running that same shit all the time
I get yah high like the roof top sitting on a Brooklyn Heights
building
With a flow so nice
So when she starts hitting me up like a weak child with the who
the hell are you?
I give a meek smile meet the future wifey, boo she on some baby
mama bull
Take a view of the sweep it's an iced out sweet I'm living with
the right style
Music booming from the walls between every door in the room
you hear a tight sound
Niggers trying to come hard at me with the lines but you couldn't
catch me with a walk like mines
Words float like thin air
Get the picture while you try to put it in perspective
I already got it down packed I'm so intellectual
Let me give you a tip before you let it register
If you knew me well enough, wait you can't even get it on the
regular
Not with a hole to piss in listen I'm not some cheap shot like your
used to getting from
Them heroin drugs you conjure up in a crack pot