

## Warren G "Ghetto Village"

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Would you like to go with me, down my dead end street?

Would you like to come with me, to village ghetto life?

Let me tell you 'bout the village where I dwell, it's a Living Hell still tryin' to make a Heaven outta this right here

Watching fo' the postman hopin' fo' paper  
Please stop the bus mister driver, wait up we got  
Rock fights where the dead end meets  
The stop lights is out so it's dead in the streets  
The countyline look long, but I'm kinda hungry  
So I pack a sack lunch, and got on

Late for class again, it's half past 10  
And moms gonna whoop ma ass again  
Now and then I get the feelin' that the world is mine  
I start sittin' back watchin' time fly by  
But uh, but I'm so proud to say  
That the ghetto is the reason that I'm loud today  
And you come get a glimpse of what's happenin'  
See for yourself how it is where I live at

Would you like to go with me, down my dead end street?

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It shouldn't take long to see, the place that belongs to me

It's all good, ain't nothin' like home to me  
No Diplomas but I, got some knowledge out of  
My other partners that made it up outta here  
And now not a whole lot of us get rich  
But like the old saying goes, "Ain't life a bitch?"  
Ah shit, the Landlord just raised the rent, fuck that  
Dem old days that came and went like this

There's more ways you can use your time instead of  
Looking for shit that you used to find  
By the age of 16 ya finally come to grips  
Livin' life like this and nothin' else mean shit  
Looking for a smooth getaway

Cool, 'cuz soon I'll see a better day  
And if not, then I gots to deal with it  
I ain't makin' this, up Hell naw it's real nigga

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street?  
Would you like to come with me, to village ghetto life?

No more supprises hopin' I can open your eyes  
And so I'm trying, instead of lookin' up in the sky  
I'm in the fast lane speed dreaming  
Nappin' on cruise control please believe it  
In my city when you see it at night, look different than it  
does in the day  
Ain't no tellin' what'd happen if it wasn't this way  
I ain't trippin' off of shit it's a good thing  
I made a name off the local neighborhood gang

And at that time I started rhyiming  
And, set up a hill without help to start climbing  
And I've been around this for a minute  
You gotta get your own mix and get wit' it  
I made myself, learn to pay myself  
Nigga the game don't wait so I'ma stay myself  
And now you can go and tell another nigga  
On how the real ones is livin' in the ghetto

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