

## **Scarface F/ Beanie Sigel, Jay-Z**

### **"Lil' Ghetto Boy"**

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[Intro - Speaker] {\*crowd in background\*}  
So, all of you Africans  
All of you Africans that wanna do thangs  
that's workin for other people  
Y'all need to open your own business  
Save your money, quit payin motherfuckers with jheri  
curls  
Quit payin motherfuckers with perms  
Save your money, start your own business  
and you true Africans, will have put hundreds to work  
This is our future right here, this out future right here  
{\*applause\*}  
(This some shit! The new generation is on! The new  
generation!)  
Hey, I'ma tell you right now..  
If if if I have to die today, for this little African right  
here  
to have a future I'm a dead motherfucker  
(You right!)

[Verse One: Snoop Doggy Dogg]  
Wake up, jumped out my bed  
I'm in a two-man cell, with my homie Lil 1/2 Dead  
Murder was the case that they gave me  
Dear God, I wonder can you save me  
I'm only eighteen, so I'm a young buck  
It's a riot, if I don't scrap, I'm getting stuck  
But that's the life of a G, I guess  
Ese's way deep, shanked two in the chest  
Best, run, cause brothers is droppin quicker  
Ughh, too late, damn, down goes another nigga  
Bouncin off the walls, throwin them dogs  
Gettin that rep, as a young hog  
It ain't nuttin like the street life  
You betta be strapped wit yo' shank  
cause ain't no fist fight  
So I guess I gots ta handle mine  
Since I did the crime, I gots ta do my time

[Daz]  
Them say me grow up to be nuttin, look at me now what

do you see  
I am what I am it's only me

[Chorus]

Lil' ghetto boy.. playin in the ghetto streets  
Whatcha gonna do when you grow up.. and have to  
face responsibility?

[Verse Two: Dr. Dre]

Now I'm holdin the dove, sittin on swoll  
Twenty-seven years old, up for parole, stroll  
I'm back up on my feet wit my mind on the money  
that I'll be makin soon as I touch the street  
Thangs done changed on this side  
Remember they used to thump - but now they blast,  
right  
But it ain't no thang to me  
Cause now I'm what they call a loc'd-ass O.G.  
The little homies from the hood wit grip  
are the ones I get with cause I'm down to set-trip  
Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so whatchu wanna do?  
Didn't know we had a twenty-two  
Straight sittin behind his back  
I grabbed his pockets and then I heard six caps  
I fell to the ground..  
with blood on my hands, I didn't understand  
How a nigga so young could bust a cap  
I used to be the same way back  
I guess that's what I get (For what?)  
For tryin to jack them little homies for they grip

[Daz]

Me learn many things of what me see from the streets  
The outcome of what I come to be

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Somethin for the real O.G.'s to get wit  
Some facts, made our made, now you runnin but I'm  
played  
like every single day, really doe  
You know me, I'm the smooth macadamian, gamin  
them for my homie  
No need to be uncalm if you pack right  
And learnin just enough to keep your sack right  
Late nights, I wonder what they gettin fo'  
Early mornin on the corners, what they hittin fo'  
Seven young G's put they serve down  
In a G-ride, Eastside's where they swerve now  
Not thinking about what's really goin on

Got crept on, stepped on, now they gone  
I spent four years in the county  
wit nuttin but convicts around me  
But now I'm back at the Pound  
And we expose ways, for the youth to survive  
Some think it's wrong but we tend to think it's riight  
So make all them ends you can make  
cause when you're broke, you break, check it out  
So ain't no need for your mama to trip  
Cause you's a hustling ass youngsta, clockin your grip

[Daz]

And now me life as you can see, still an O.G.  
for life and always remain to be, a little ghetto boy..

[Chorus]

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