

White Zombie "Ghetto Stardom"

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Now when I just made 12 years old
My mama told me: 'Baby boy, you know you gotta be strong
And even though they lead you wrong, stay on the right track
Cause it ain't no get right without some get back.'
Yeah, I heard that, but back then I didn't feel it
Cause I was rollin' do or die, tryna see me a ticket, just kickin'
G-block, I said I'll never leave
Even when the rollers chase me down til I can't breathe
Nigga freeze, who me? Oh, never that!
I'm hittin' fence after fence until I'm chillin' at my doormat
Like a mack I had to get away
Cause I'm a smooth operator, ask Shanda
But the rollers in the V is so shady
If they could, they would plan something on me
But really, them ain't the fools I gotta worry 'bout
Cause white folks goin' loxed in the white house
And I doubt a republican or democate
Gives a fuck about us young inner city blacks
It's a trap, Uncle Sam keeps cursing me
Rather have me in the pen than the university
Yeah, it's a shame but mane, that's how it is
So ya better peep game and try to lace ya kids
Cause it ain't no tellin' what's soon to come
When the punk president might drop the bomb
Got me all stressed out with my brain on numb
My little cousin asking me where dope come from

Chorus:

They try to tell us in the verses and the scriptures
But I guess the real message must have missed us
In '96 all my brothers and my sisters
Is on a mission, we're trippin' livin' senseless
Tell me, will I see the sun in days to come
Will blacks be the victors instead of victims
Or will my people keep killing over fuckin' crumbs
Pushin' dope just to reach ghetto stardom

If you ask Mac Mall who I'm voting for
I say: 'Farrakhan' as I'm hittin' the bomb
I .. to the swisher or the dohja spliff
Get elevated to another as I reminisce
About fresh candy paint and peanut butter tops
Young hustlers havin' paper, livin' top notch
And then the D-game straight decline
And all you Sawyer turf niggas makin' headlines
10 o'clock news or America's most
Unsolved mysteries, you better soak some dope
Then the judge starts droppin' the injuries
On all the gangstas, playahs, macks and G's
And you know you wont see 'em til about 2 thou'
Cause ya boy got washed with a faulty assed trial
But at least one day he gone be free
Some soldiers ain't never gonna see the streets
That's why I keep servin' game over my beats
So all my people, in and out, can straight feel me

Chorus

There is nowhere for me to run
Nowhere for me to hide from reality
But I don't wanna be a casualty
Of another tryna smother a brother just cause my
salary
And dog, I tell ya that these times' so sick
That my sister's smoking dohja, 8 months pregnant
My brother bubble on the grind and he's way legit
Working on his third strike and he still won't quit
But I can't tell him nuttin' bout a salary job
So in order to get tha paper the boy gotta mob or sob
All will fall to the waistside
While the rollers overlook they wanna take lifes
Youngstas they gettin' raised off the T.V.
Got white kids around the country wanna be me
And the way they point the finger ain't even shob
Television replace religion, now the gangsta's god
And old folks wonder why we so crazy
90 knuckleheads and 70 high babies
And can't nobody tell me that I'm wrong
Uncle Sam finding ways to fit computer chips in my
dome
So I should ask before you slip
See it's higher than the ultimate trip

Chorus

You know, dedicated to DJ Cee, S-Double the Mac
Reach Ghetto Stardom

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