

## **Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ C-Murder, Eddie Griffin "Ghetto Cheese"**

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Intro:(Master P)

Ha hah

Master P

Silkk in this bitch

This is how we be doing in the hood like Gs(In the hood,  
nigga)

The fiends be marchin through my hood (Hoorah,  
Hoorah)

The fiends be marchin through my hood  
It's nineteen ninety scrilla bitch, I'm up to no good  
And we all gone break some bread (Ghetto Cheeze)  
By selling the motherfuckin lemonade

Chorus:(Master P,Silkk Da Shocker)

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid  
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum  
wage  
Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid  
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum  
wage

Verse 1: (Master P, Silkk Da Shocker)

Change the date on your rolex if you a timer  
Versache and Louis, nigga that's my designer  
Stone age slangin, space age hustlin  
Sendin fiends to da moon, me and Silkk just ghetto  
hustlin

Ya'll oughta know, ya'll must be off some dumb shit  
Cuz me and P run this, 12:00 count up hundreds  
In a clock crack house, nigga, back out the back route  
I stacks trip til I trip, pop the clip when I smash out

Puttin in work for some pamper money  
Sellin fiends them gummies, mouths full of fifties and  
hundreds  
But ain't stoppin til I fall on my knees

And be up the next day wit ghetto cheeze  
Servin fiends dem double-ups and bubble ups  
And meet me at the front of the block, nigga to get  
some bubble up

Chorus: (Master P)

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid  
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum  
wage  
Pullin all nighters, I got the day shift  
(Silkk) I got the night shift  
Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid  
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum  
wage  
I got the day shift  
(Silkk) I got the night shift

Verse 2: (Silkk Da Shocker)

I flip D like a light switch  
Games short like a spike, bitch  
You ain't got my money I might go, Everybody go  
tonight bitch  
I gotta be cold like a snake cuz nigga these days I  
playa hate  
But I keeps that nine by my waistline  
Everybody quick to dump a million like pimp me from  
the bassline  
Fuck I ain't askin fo shit  
I'm gonna make mine, I gots to take mine  
And have OZs like the wizard  
Cut keys like some scissors  
Cold like a blizzard  
Slimy like a lizard  
Cause fuck it, Ima dump em  
And then I'm a stump ya  
Ya fucks around wit my money and now your runnin  
But I be dumpin, nigga, frontin fo my yayo  
For sale ?? time fo my ghetto cheeze  
Nigga, I'm bout my mail

Chorus: (Master P)

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid  
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum  
wage  
Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid  
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum  
wage  
I got the day shift  
(Silkk) I got the night shift

I got the day shift  
(Silkk) I got the night shift

Verse 3: (Master P)

Takin penitentiary chances but fuck the warden  
"Nigga, yo son need a new pair of Jordans"  
You see the shit a hustler go through  
" Oh yeah, pick me up a DKNY purse boo"  
The ghetto pharmacist I'm on the grind  
Open like 7-11, 24-7 Times  
Makin Scrilla, Scratch, tack, and paper  
36 OZs into 1 key fo paper  
"Would you kill for me"  
If that was my dope they took from you  
"Now would you steal for me"  
If a nigga try to steal from you  
I be bout whateva  
We be da Bonnie and Clyde done came up togetha  
You be draped in gold, I be ridin a Roles  
You be in a BMW, That's how we roll  
Side by side, Hoo-ride  
Down fo whateva, Did it from the south side

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid  
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck minimum wage  
Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid  
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck minimum wage  
I got the day shift  
(Silkk) I got the night shift  
I got the day shift  
(Silkk) I got the night shift

Outro: (Master P)

Ha hah, pullin all nighters nigga  
It ain't no motherfuckin limit to this hustlin we be doin  
Hu Nigga be hustlin  
24-7, 365 in a motherfuckin year  
Ha Mothafuckers, Fiends They be doin shit like this  
The fiends be marchin through my hood (Hoorah,  
Hoorah)  
The fiends be marchin through my hood  
But niggas like me and Silkk up to no good  
Huh, Slangin stones to dem bitches  
Space age hustlin huhhuh  
The fiends be marchin through my hood (Hoorah,  
Hoorah)  
The fiends be marchin through my hood  
Huh I be makin this ghetto cheeze, huhhuhuh  
Out of motherfuckin green wood

Recognize, Playas fo life  
All about the cabbage and cornbread  
Turnin fifteens into a diz-olla  
That's ghetto cheeze nigga

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