

Trick Daddy F/ Society

"Ghetto Memories"

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[Afroman talking]

Gotta do one song for the hood
This going out to all my homeboys
Ya know what I' saying
All my balling homeboys
Ya know what I' saying
Up in the hills (ghetto memories)
Riding Ferraris, Rolls Royces
You know, doing good
It's lonely at the top
And if you get to thinking, heh
You get those (ghetto memories)

[Afroman singing]

Memories, of the ghetto
Getting drunk, getting high, getting faded (ghetto memories)
Memories, of the ghetto
Getting paid, getting laid and incarcerated (ghetto memories)

[Afroman rapping]

I hop out my car and stroll brotha
Afroman, young soul brotha
Late night crack house deep off in the hood
We kick it outside cause the weather feel good
Stereo bumping in the living room
Classic soul music with the peaceful boom (boom)
Colt 45 got your boy on buzz
But I ain't going home, I' post in cuz (post in cuz)
Take another swig, take another hit
Talk to my man about some real deep shit
Cluck heads walking up and down the block (ba-kaa!)
Pulling to the side and selling the rock
The block get slow about a quarter to four
Spotlight po-po gets searched once more
They searched me from the east, west, north and south
I relaxed cause I got the cocaine in my mouth
They take the handcuffs off and we get released
Hop in the Cadillac and tell my homeboys 'Peace'
Nineteen ninety-two Fleetwood Grove

Daytons gold in chrome on my way back home
(memories)

[Afroman singing]

Memories, of the ghetto

Getting drunk, getting high, getting faded (ghetto
memories)

Memories, of the ghetto

Getting paid, getting laid and incarcerated (ghetto
memories)

[Afroman rapping]

My system be good off in my Fleetwood

Beating in my Caddy like cops in Cincinnati

At the red light, I stop and stall

Look at the liquor store and see my name on the wall

Hookers on the corner tryna make a sale

Brothas in handcuffs going to jail

The light turn green and I starts to bail

Dosing off cause I' drunk, high, sleepy as hell

And as I ride, I just can't hide

My sense of pride, for where I reside

I' proud of the ghetto, proud to survive the ghetto

You know, stay alive in the ghetto

Drink Colt 45 in the ghetto

Struggle and strive to get out the ghetto

I' out the ghetto

But the ghetto is inside me

Ghetto memories

[Afroman singing]

Memories (baby), of the ghetto

Getting drunk, getting high, getting faded (ghetto
memories)

Memories, of the ghetto

Getting paid, getting laid and incarcerated (ghetto
memories)

Memories, of the ghetto

Getting drunk, getting high, getting faded (ghetto
memories)

Memories, of the ghetto

Getting paid, getting laid and incarcerated (ghetto
memories)

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