

## Trife Diesel f/ Kryme Life, Tommy Whispers "Direct from the Ghetto"

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[Chorus 1: Sample, (Trife Diesel)] I came, Direct from the ghetto, (Stapleton houses-houses) Where children don't have shoes on their feet (And that's real talk, For real) I came, Direct from the ghetto, (Stapleton houses-houses) Where children don't have shoes on their feet. (Uh-Uh-Uh-Uh) [Trife Diesel] Pops sitting at the table sip'n on scotch While Momma at the stove, Yeah she mix'n in the pots Old man next door he stay fishing at the docks And the lady down the hall stay snitch'n to the cops Yo this is a little story on how the hood went Friday night on the benches everybody getting bent Flip rolling up the green, Holla at Lorain She a fiend, Daily customer at two-eighteen Hustle man selling knock-off Jordan's and fake jeans True Religion's with the price tag missing, Holes in the seam After dark, Neighborhood dice games in a little park Little Mark was ass beat'n from start I shoulda known cause he didn't pay Elijah when he aced up his Clarks But then the game got interrupted by a chase from the narcs You know them sharks keep the hate in they heart Hand'n out summonses, The niggas drink'n forties in front of the mini-mart That's how the drama sparked over some tickets, Cousin was twisted Snubbed the officer, He fell to the ground and reached for his biscuit Now the hood's on fire, It's flame'n, It started raining Reinforcements came through pepper spray'n, They wasn't play'n Neighbors complaining, Watching from the terrace, Mrs. Ellis That's the hood gossiper, You know she the first to tell it Who, What, When, And why, Slugs fly, We dodge the pellets T.M.F. the realest niggas I know, Let's get this relish [Chorus 2: Sample, (Kryme Life)] I came, Direct from the ghetto, (Stapleton houses-houses) Where children don't have shoes on their feet (S.I.N.Y., Welcome to Staten Island-Island) I came, Direct from the ghetto, (Stapleton houses-houses) Where children don't have shoes on their feet (S.I.N.Y., Welcome to Staten Island) [Tommy Whispers] What happened to the double dutch, Now little girls like to fuck and stuff Little niggas don't play skelly, They like to puff the Dutch Huddled up, Not to play two hand touch Under the building sling'n bundles, In the lab

cutting up No more man hunt, The young hood niggas  
is man'n up Grams and dust, Whatever they hands  
could touch Clutch'n they fist full of dollars, Fifteen and  
on this Island cause Momma aint working and Daddy's  
broke til tomorrow Hide and seek, Police now-a-days  
they play ride and creep Beep your horn, Rock you to  
sleep, When the beepers on Keep it calm, Don't make a  
sound, Don't make a move Until I tell you, Lay on the  
ground, Take off your shoes What you don't watch the  
news, Already know how we do When you come  
through the ghetto, Hello, Floss'n and gleem'n You  
best believe, Bet your last dollar somebody's scheme'n  
They want that, They hungry they coming for you  
money so Don't play dummy, just hand it off sonny  
Remember kick the can, This day in age shorty pitch'n  
yams Let alone through a fast ball into the stands They  
standing on the corner handing eight balls to they  
mans Moms, Anything goes when you knock'n off the  
bomb Quicker they pack on, Faster they back on Selling  
crack is they damn job, Rubber bands and black cards  
The world is a ghetto the ghetto is that large-large  
[Chorus 2] [Sample 2X]

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