

Cocoa Brovaz F/ Storm

"Born in the Ghetto"

Visit "[Born in the Ghetto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Fat Joe] - *Lamajic talks & harmonizes in background*
Yeah, it's time baby
It's time to speak the truth, maturity
Huh, niggas gotta evolve to let niggas know the real
Ya call yourself real, ya gotta start speakin about the real
This is Joe Crack The Don, and this is what I'm bringin to you

[Fat Joe]
Uh, yo, nowadays, I'm flirtin with uncertain death
Lord I gotta be dyin, cause after all this cryin, how much more hurtin's left?
When will the pain stop?
This depression and anxiety, is gonna make me show another side of me
My niggas ride with me cause I'm the truth
There's benefits to rollin with this clique, don't nobody fuck with you
Still they label me a tyrant and a backstabber
But study the facts of crack, the shit don't add up
I'm bringin opportunity to my community
Probably the only rapper that cares, but still you out to ruin me
Who you foolin B? I'm for unity, latins and blacks
Could you fathom the strength, we have of the two it attach
Born together, voted alike
These uncle charm politicians ain't holdin us right
How could the same nigga be 20 years in office
When it's clear the only thing that's risin is unemployment
Abortion, little kids havin kids
The school system is failing us, now ain't that some shit
While the rich keep gettin richer, the poor keep dyin young
I can't hide no more, the time has come

[Chorus - Lajamic] - w/ ad libs
I was born in the ghetto

Tremblin, tryin' a stay alive
Cause when you're born in the ghetto
No one seems to hear your cry

[Fat Joe]

Brown skin, you know I love my bra-ha-own skin

Everyday I'm confronted with racism
These motherfuckin coppers, wanna bag us and have
us shackled up in state prisons
After all the taxes I pay
You would think when they stop us, they would have
something nicer to say
Than "get the fuck out the car, where the drugs at?
all the jewelry you wearin, where the fuckin guns at?"
Once they search the car clean and find nothin
The same crooked cops try to act like they know us or
somethin
Laughin, tellin jokes by the thousands
Two seconds ago they tried to send us to the
mountains
Leave my son without a father, my wife without a
husband
The more I think about it, man it's just disgusting
Still we live amongst 'em, everybody wants out
That's why we rap like we got silver spoons in our
mouths
Like we ain't grow up on welfare
Nigga don't even go there, you probably wore Pro
Players
We need to educate the youth, tell our seeds the truth
Too much to share, the bare minimum will exceed the
proof

[Chorus]

[Lajamic - singing until fade]
Oh, yeah, so much pain
Tryin hard to stay alive, stay alive
Out in these streets, oooh (*harmonizing*)
Man sometimes in can get so tough
Oh yeah, yes it can
Yes it can, yeah
It can get so hard, so hard, so hard

Visit [Cocoa Brovaz F/ Storm](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.