

## **Crooks Richard**

### **"Ghetto Love"**

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[Movie Sample]

Well it's like this

I come home every evening and everything  
And she's always accused me of cheating  
Cheating, everyday, everyday...

{\*phone rings\*}

[Intro - Baghdad]

Aiyo, yo, yo let me talk to you for a minute  
Let me talk to you for a minute  
I'm sayin', you always be on that bullshit  
I'm sayin', I'm out here doin' this shit  
Knowhatl'msayin? You think I'm hangin' out  
And shit, fuck that man  
Word up man, I'm doin' this shit  
You see this shit, don't be listenin, man  
You on that fuckin bullshit everyday  
Everytime I try to talk to you, be on that shit

[Chorus - all]

Love, love, love, love, love, love, love (x2)  
Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love  
Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love

[Baghdad]

Most selected, chocolate complected  
I nicknamed Nightlite before I sexed it  
The heart reflect it  
You ain't right, you ain't a virgin  
But you want to get married in white  
Be a wife in the second stage part of ya life  
Get a divorce, just to escape wit the ice  
Beside ya job, ya rather be slobbin' the knob  
Just because a nigga be drivin' a car  
Hittin' it raw by the stove on the kitchen floor  
On the phone wit his boys callin you some hot whore  
How much more, fever can you catch before  
You learn a lesson and understand what I've been  
manifestin'  
Grow up and stop actin' like a adolescence

Come from behind the shadows and be my moon  
crescent

[Interlude - Baghdad]

See that's the shit man  
Every time I turn around, man  
Word up, man, you think I'm out fuckin wit these  
groupies, man  
Ain't that time for that shit  
Tryin' to do this man  
Tryin' to do this as a family, tryin' get the money  
Niggas thinkin' I'm fuckin' hangin' out and shit  
Smokin' weed and just hangin out in the corner  
But until you be up in there man  
We takin it wild, we doin shit in the studio  
What do you expect, just to go lyin' and shit  
Word up, man

[Chorus x2]

[Hell Razah]

We had two kids, two sets of keys to the crib  
Talks on the Brooklyn Bridge, receive and give  
Knowledge, how to eat and live, and teach a wiz  
Corrupt seed bring forth corrupt fruits  
I seem to notice that you change when you touch loot  
And every nigga in a Range ain't the one, boo  
We had a rose, beautiful but yet deadly  
I was wit you in ya mind, body and soul  
Money and clothes make young girls wanna be hoes  
In the nail salon, polish all their fingers and toes  
You was chose to be loyal and I be there for you  
Night, you can only smell my frank incense oil  
lonely, tempted by gifts the nigga bought you  
Guilty, talk about other bullshit I taught you  
Leavin' you a message every time I call you  
Voicemail from a top choice female  
My pearl in a oyster at the bottom of a seashell  
She said I do crime and I'mma see jail  
Kids are goin' criminal, just to eat well  
My woman can't be strong when she got a weak male  
I need a man to land on, whenever plans fell

[Chorus x2]

[Outro - Baghdad]

Word man, I fuck that  
Hand me that bullshit, I'm out, man  
Word up, I'm out  
You see that shit you be doin  
I can't fuck you

Then you wanna call me  
Talkin about you sorry, knowhat! 'msayin  
You best to stay, I ain't got time for that  
Every time I turn around, you try to accuse me  
Of messin wit somebody  
Ya friend's, sister's, brother's, uncle's, nephew  
You never see me, but you always listen to somebody  
else  
Every time I turn around  
If it ain't you cousin  
It's your brother's, friend's, uncle's nephew  
It's always somethin'  
Word up, it can happen  
It can happen, it can happen  
Yo you ain't see it, it can happen

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