

## Obie Trice f/ Trey Songz "Ghetto"

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Whoooo  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto, ghetto

[Chorus: Trey Songz 2X]  
I'm from the motherfucking slums where the cops don't  
come  
Turn the lights on and the bugs don't run  
You ain't shit without no gun  
In the ghetto [ghetto]  
Ghetto [ghetto]

[1st verse]  
I'm from where diapers full of feces  
We's endangered species  
Bodies lay in traffic, that's right, where the streets be  
You ain't seen nothing this obscene from no TV  
You would have to be me to feel what Obie's speaking  
Bodies leak like steel pipes, it's real creepy  
Ch-ch-ch-ha-ha-ha, Jason Vorhee's  
You're boring me with your story, I'm a Detroitee  
Craft took my mind so the craft exploits me

[Chorus]

[2nd verse]  
I got no pot to piss in, en route to prison  
You don't want it with us nigga, we strapped with  
nitroglycerin  
Our ambitions is some riders, thriving off poor  
decisions  
A blessing nigga still living, still pimping, still visions of  
Sitting in that foreign whip, whipping up cola take a lick  
To my tongue, numb from the shit  
My nuts hung since I was a young one  
And that's just the slum fuck of it  
I'm pumped daddy gone but, gun in my palm  
My momma can't save me her gender is wrong  
On my own in this jungle that niggaz call home  
What? His momma died from a lump in her D cup  
Police freeze 'em up for serving these glucks  
It's like a habitual situation, we stuck

The ritual is for niggaz to grab they nuts  
And just soak all this bullshit up, where I'm from?

[Chorus]

[3rd verse]

I'm from real bridge cause, for niggaz living hard  
Welfare scarers just most chicks'll buy them broad  
Pimping the government cause government pimping us  
Rather see 'em suffering then niggaz live it up  
Cause you ain't heard? Bird got birds  
But the nigga got murd' cause niggaz felt he ain't  
deserve  
What he was worth, he ain't a real nigga from the turf  
He was birth with money, that's why they left him  
bloody  
I'm from the streets where most these niggaz nutty  
I adapt to em, I'm exactly in tuned with 'em  
Strapped with the Mac that extract flesh from humans  
Home sweet home, better known as The Ruins

[Chorus]

Whoaa!

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