

# Baby

## "Ghetto Life"

Visit "[Ghetto Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

**(feat. Lil Wayne, Cam'Ron)**

*[Man talking]*

Ok, we got the Birdman in the building (the birdman)  
We got Killa in the building (yeah)  
We got Young Weezy in the building (Weezy)

*[Verse 1: Lil' Wayne]*

Nigga it's, B-M, J-R, Weezy baby  
Tryna see him, naw, he need to even eighty (shut yo  
chips up)  
And, I ain't speakin G's, I'm talkin M  
And I'm walkin like a pimp in (piiiiimp) them all street  
tims  
Man shorty got more green than a Boston Gems  
Green (?) , they don't cost in rims  
Wayne appear, nigga put a walls in ya ear  
Let ya know a fuckin boss up in here  
How much it cost for this here?  
How much it cost for this year?  
Cuz Me and Stunna bout to buy it  
Put yo spoons down, Cash Money off the diet  
I pass in a ride on triot, that's traze  
But those who was in the days when the teachers was  
on that pay  
I'm raise in the cajun cage, with a bit of amazing grace  
And prone to move coke at a amazing pace  
Man my daddy super Dave, let's race it  
Real not have me, B I'ma win it, I'm a champ

*[Chorus: TQ]*

In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto booooooy (ghetto  
booooooy)  
Livin in the ghetto me, in the ghe-tto streeeeeets  
(Somebody tell me what's crackin before)  
I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup  
For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin me  
Ghetto, ghetto, Ghetto Life

*[Verse 2: Baby]*

Aye, aye, holla at me T-Keez, T-Keezy, Birdman,  
Birdman

See I ride in them shake (34's) when I'm pimpin these  
hoes (beyotch!)

It's just that, ([TQ:] Sunshine City!) when I'm smokin  
that dro

When it comes to this ice, real livin his life

Get moeny, pimpin hoes, with these ghetto type

Nigga check the background, I got O.G. stripe

Just a hoodrich nigga flippin birds on a bike

Not survive in this world with guns, pahs, and knives

Pour out, a lil' liquor, mami lost her life

All my niggas in the penitentiary holdin that life

See I'm stunnin for my niggas with this chromed out  
pipes

This swish interry foreign german lifes (beyotch)

And I keep this big toolie just protect my ice (holla at  
me nigga)

I act, a damn fool, when I'm full of that white (absolute  
beyotch)

But it's the Birdman daddy with these ghe-tto stripes

Ghe-tto hood (Uptown), Ghe-tto pipe (9 Millimeter)

Ghe-tto walk (yeah), With my ghe-tto life (Beyotch)

*[Chorus: TQ]*

In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto booooooy (ghetto  
booooooy)

Livin in the ghetto me, in the ghe-tto streeeeeets

I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup

For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin meeeee

Ghetto, ghetto, I'm a Ghetto Life

*[Verse 3: Cam'Ron]*

Uh-huh, Diplomats, man listen

Ayyo the duck just born, I need seven more leaders

C-Five, Fo'-Fum, and a Seven-Fo' fever (what else)

Act up though I let the Fo' fever leave ya (leave ya)

Dice game, head crack, Six-Fo' fever (fever)

When I'm in L.A., I got Six-Fo' fever (fever)

Fever for the flava of a six-foot diva (let 'em know)

I told the po to feave her, I'm a bouty crook

Out to juuust, not a chef (?) know how to cook

With the piece stocks, cook up the rocks

Seventh Delenix is hot, I done cook up the block

Send glocks to ya block, out done cook up yo sspotss

That's how coke for that cook up his watch (what else  
though?)

I'm one of those, that will look up to Pac (why?)

Cuz when I get pulled over, cook up the cops (damn,  
follow what)

All they say is, look at his drop (what else?)

Hand on my liscence, look at his watch (fuck em)

But, thug shit dogg, we down with Baby (baby)

We come through clownin baby (baby)  
And if we, surrounded babies, ducktape the kids to the  
wall  
Then shoot circle all around the baby, Killa!

*[Chorus: TQ]*

In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto booooooy (ghetto  
booooooy)  
Livin in the ghetto me, in the ghe-tto streeeeeets  
I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup  
For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin meeeee  
Ghetto, ghetto, In a Ghetto Life

*[Cam'Ron talking]*

It's nothin man, Killa!  
Diplomats, Cash Money  
Baby, holla!  
Jim Jones, Santana, what's good, Roc-a-Fella  
(brrrrrrrrr-brrrrrrrr!)

*[Man talking]*

Birdman  
Fly, to hood near you  
Then they got 'em cheap (whooh!)  
(Yeah, ya know, ya know)  
Get that call out one more time  
(brrrrrrrrr-brrrrrrrr!) [3x]  
*[beat fades]*

Visit [Baby](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.