

Bad Ass "Ghetto Star"

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This is for all my Low Life thug niggas yeah,
livin' they life as a ghetto star, you know (worldwide)

Verse 1:

You know those days when you hear the lord calling
you
But you don't respond 'cuz you ballin' and your all in
two
Your ghetto star lifestyles, big houses and cars
Million dollar phone calls to bad bitches and all
A nigga don't make five bucks to spend before he
come up
Sippin' out this half a pint bout to light up this blunt
Just reminicin' bout past years, deaths and tears
So many fallin' peers I'd never though I'd see these
years
Swallowin' my tank of beer hope the rain hide the tears
Pray to God I aint scared, if they bust , hide and hit
And if they come fightin' shit I won't believe it cuz I'm
low
I'm a child of God and keep mashin' for whats good to
me
You should recognize game when it's all in your face
Would you choose to lie and die mamed so you fall on
your face
But I refuse to lose so I ball in my space

Hook:

Live my life straight ballin'
I hear the penitentiary callin'
Live my life straight ballin'
I hear lord Jesus callin'
Ghetto Star, Ghetto Star

Verse 2:

I invented my own lifestyle from crumbs and dope
Fuck shattered dreams there's fatter things that come
from hope
You heard 'em holla "keep ya head up"

I ask God to help us out
The world's caught a plague and everybody's weapons
out
Shoot first, and never get to the ask questions part
When we blast testin' marks you aint fit to live a day
here
Best to keep your heat and hold your post you wanna
stay here
It sure aint worth askin' why I stay so high
You don't irritate my mind
And I aint got time if it aint about a dime
The fat pace, crack chase, played out with ces
It's gettin' rich with Low Lifes ands it's put on my chest
And fuck a high speed chase, gettin' laced with slugs
And stuck steppin' off a plane duct taped with drugs
I'm tryin to live my life to the fullest extent
You crossed my clique noe you know what them bullets
just meant
We keep it hittin' hard bangin' corners bouncin' up the
boulevard
Smokin' somethin', niggas dumpin' hollerin' bout "life
is hard"
Just cuz we ride to live, mean somethin' gotta give
I don't care who you are, live like a ghetto star
Life is only one time, that's why we hate one-time
Tryin' to live my life, my life under the sunshine
That's why I live, when they get deep I hold my breath
And here's my only reply when he asks me 'bout death
I said, "I never could picture me dead,
could only see my life is lavish and obviously
I can get it so I gotta have it"
And you can live your life forever scarred
But I'ma ball 'till I'm gone livin' life as a ghetto star
Bently coups, mini mansions like Snoop
And watch full of rocks, million dollar speed baots,
yaughts
All the time I got. is spent on some hood shit
Pray when I see the break of day on some good shit
Hit the liquor store to get some blunts for the dope
Man if I aint hight, can't cope
God help us
You hope to hear us holler his name
He know we stuck in all this sea and chasin dollars and
fame
When will it end
The pain and the pressures of life come at once
And the only remedy is some drinks mixed with blunts
The lord knows what goes on behind closed doors
And it's twntey five to life with those ho's with gold ?
bows?
Catch you at your momma's hose slippin'

Gang bangers from the game we ride when it's time
for dippin'
Kill the cops, fuck they law, they aint arresting me
Life is jail without bars and ghetto star is my destiny

Hook: repeat 2x

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