

Boyzone

"Ghetto Village"

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[Chorus]

Would you like to go with me, down my dead end street?

Would you like to come with me, to village ghetto life?

Let me tell you bout the village where I dwell, it's a...
Living hell still tryin to make a heaven outta this right here

Watching fo' the postman hopin fo' paper

Please stop the bus mister driver, wait up we got...

Rock fights where the dead end meets

The stop lights is out so it's dead in the streets

The countyline look long, but I'm kinda hungry

So I pack a sack lunch, and got on

Late for class again, it's half past 10

And moms gonna whoop ma ass again

Now and then I get the feelin that the world is mine

I start sittin back watchin time fly by

But uh, I'm so proud to say

That the ghetto is the reason that I'm loud today

And you come get a glimpse of what's happenin

See for yourself how it is where I live at

[Chorus]

It shouldn't take long to see, the place that belongs to me

It's all good, ain't nothin like home to me

No Diplomas but I, got some knowledge out of

My other partners that made it up outta here

And now not a whole lot of us get rich

But like the old saying goes "Ain't life a bitch?"

Ah shit, the Landlord just raised the rent, fuck that!

Dem old days that came and went like this

There's more ways you can use your time instead of

Looking for shit that you used to find

By the age of 16 ya finally come to grips

Livin life like this and nothin else mean shit

Looking for a smooth getaway

Cool, cuz soon I'll see a better day

And if not - then I gots to deal with it

I ain't makin this, up hell naw it's real nigga

[Chorus]

No more supprises hopin I can open your eyes
And so I'm trying, instead of lookin up in the sky
I'm in the fast lane speed dreaming
Nappin on cruise control please believe it!
In my city when you see it at night, look different than it
does in the day
Ain't no tellin what'd happen if it wasn't this way
I ain't trippin off of shit it's a good thing
I made a name off the local neighborhood gang
And at that time I started rhymin'
And, set up a hill without help to start climbing
And I've been around this for a minute
You gotta get your own mix and get wit it
I made myself, learn to pay myself
Nigga the game don't wait so I'ma stay myself
And now you can go and tell another nigga
On how the real ones is livin in the ghetto

[Chorus 2x]

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