

2 Be 3

"Victim of the Ghetto"

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Ch

Down in my area, chk a chk uh.. real shit nigga uh

It's the ROC

Yeah... Free... yea uh feel me.. Pa pause

Yo.. yo

[Verse 1: Freeway]

I was born in west but migrated to north

Remember cold nights grindin' AK and a toss

Four door for the stick up boys if they want war

Fiends comin' all night all I heard was four more

Rocks in the cap

When it was jumpin' me and Rell hit dances

You could pick me out the crowd rockin' the cap

But things change

Cause my man Rell fightin' a body

On state row where it's so cold

Rockin' his blues

I roll with the ROC

Still tryna rock at a show

Shit aint like 98' niggaz pockets is low

Which way do I go?

Indictments blew over

Man whipped a few shoulders

Shovel nick boulders gettin' it slow

Me, I'm in the studio switchin' the flow

Changin' the styles

My son and daughter need pampers

Cause they just shittin' them up

And changin' the size

My man Just quipped the Jags

See the change in his eyes

[Chorus: Freeway - 2X]; followed by [Rell]

And I eat, sleep, buy, sell - drugs

Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto

When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs (shots)

Cause I'm just another product of the ghetto

[Rell] This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets

[Rell] This is how it goes down in my neighborhood

[Reff] This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets
[Reff] This is how it goes down in my area

[Verse 2: Freeway]

My man blingin' platinum wheel, platinum gat
Took a trip down south came back with platinum caps
I'm still trynna write platinum raps
But made a slight change from verse one
Started jugglin' packs
It's like I'm travelin' backwards
Rewindin' the time
Putting four on nine
Must be outta my mind
(uh) nine, get it outta my palm
Just grab four and a half get it outta my trunk
Free we need you at the studio
Out to lunch - out on the block
These niggaz just pulled out on my man
And the only rock I worry bout is right on my face
We bout to go shake, rattle his block (shots) with no
plans
Shots fired, cops came
But I'm a grown man
I stick around till my clip is empty
Cops threw me on the ground
When my clip got empty (shots)
Now bars is all I see a thug is all I'll ever be

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Freeway]

I got, 11 in I was facin' a dub, got nine left
My click show love they write back
My cousin M's son, little Di he's so grown
Said he hold chrome, run blocks, and write raps
Wrote him right back
Told him I control the bones
Try to play the phone
We could rhyme and hold wax
Leave that drug shit alone
Don't forget you grown
It'll put you places where your mind can't get you back
from
Little nigga aint write me back since
Still supply the jail
L.Pridgon you got mail
It's probably all the letters you wrote him
What you mean?
All the fucked up shit you told him
This shit from my cousin Emily I'm quotin' (uh huh)
Right out her letter

Little Di, got popped in the head tryna steal a nigga
leather
That's what the cops said but the streets could tell you
better

[Chorus]

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