

Dirty

"Ghetto Ride"

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[Verse 1: Mr. G-Stacka]

Now when I was born, I wasn't warned of all the harm
that I would see
Bein' harassed by the police, seein' my peeps gettin'
killed in the streets
Most don't have no food to eat, and most don't have no
place to sleep
Is this how it's 'posed to be, livin' our life
uncomfortably... naw
Somebody better give me some answers, if they don't
want no beef to start
Cause I'll draw down on your preacher, and make him
get in contact with God
And ask The Man why the times so hard, why do my
people struggle?
Why do my people suffer, and why do we hate each
other?
And can't You see, how corrupt this land here really is?
Can't You see them ghetto tears... my folks been cryin'
for years
A lot of ones don' went astray, a lot of ones confused
to say
But a lot of us pray, hopin' that You'll come down here
and get us one day
And get us off this evil place, so You can teach us right
We've been deceived by the beast, that's why we been
so blind
So Lord I take this time... to tell you how I feel
And I hope You hear me, come and get your son up out
of here

[Chorus]

Let me take you on a ghetto ride..
through this crooked world
Wash the pain and tears from the eyes..
of the boys and girls

[Verse 2: Big Pimp]

Well I can remember comin' home one day, and all our
furniture was gone
My mama cryin', cause all we got is the clothes we had

on
My mama was strong, she wipe her eyes and picked up
the phone
My grandma stayed right down the street, so she made
that my home
I love my grandma Ms. Burnett, and her first name
Louise
She raised me for some years, till my mama got on her
feet
It was a house full, bout twelve folk, everyday tryin' to
eat
Can you imagine the youngest two was just me and Mr.
G
Hell we stayed fed... off instant grits and gravy
Her chitt'lings and pig ears was so good, they make
you want to bankhead
Now tell me that you think that... my life would have
been so tainted
If my dad was there, because he ain't dead
It's some' I wanna tell but I can't say it
Why? Cause the radio want play it
At the age of nine I was a dankhead
Cocaine in my hand tryin' to make bread
I gotta nine in my hand so I ain't scared
Hit the block everyday seein' blood shed
But that's the price you gotta pay to keep your folks fed
Woo for real, jump in the drop-top Coupe Deville and
just..

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mr. G-Stacka]

So many days of so much pain got me thinkin' bout
blowin' my brains
How can I change, who will explain..
how to maintain while trapped in this game
Stackin' my mailin'... off crack sellin', me and my family
gotta eat
I knew I was wrong... for skeetin' them stops
but it kept the house with light and heat
Kept some shoes up on our feet, kept our stomachs off
of 'E'
Now who can you judge... you can't hold a grudge
I did this more than just for me
I did this more than just for keeps, I did this more for
those in the streets
So if you feel my troubles, want you come and role with
me

[Verse 4: Big Pimp]

Ok, the nigga who kill my boy Willie, only get fifteen

years
But you know that time get split, so he'll do bout seven
yours
How crooked the system is, for good behavior, he'll
probably do just three
So in actuality, this nigga here don' kill my boy for free
I'm tryin' to understand the plan the Lord got for you
and me
How the good die aw so young, and the bad live long to
eat
My body and soul might be so clean, but the hood got
my ways so dirty
I'm up early... on my knees, beggin' this world not to
hurt me
And that's for real

[Chorus]

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