

Do or Die "Lil Ghetto Boy"

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

I wonder where my life would be if I
had that paper, I'm just a ghetto boy
A lil' ghetto boy

They tell me it's like the money pow', money and power
How can this world rotate without this money and
power?
If I had money, I'd keep my peoples out the poverty
'Cuz ain't no more starvin' when ya'll around me, shit

This world ain't gotta be me and every playa got paper
Shinin' like a super star wit matchin' links and gators
Keepin' our family off this poor table 'cause ain't no
food on it
And every crap up in this bucket gotta move on it

(I'm just a ghetto boy)
Livin' in this ghetto world
Stayin' wit this ghetto chick, hopin' to have a ghetto girl
And after all there ain't no spaces for that
How can we live up in this world where d'ain't no place
for the blacks?

'Cuz every dollar gotta dream behind it, we seem to be
blinded
Malcom X he had the dream to remind him, believe me
Havin' money could have this world fucked up
But it can answer your prayers when you get down on
your luck

I wonder where my life would be if I had that paper
I'm just a ghetto boy, a lil' ghetto boy
Now if I lived on top of the world, shinin' like diamonds
and pearls
I'm still a ghetto boy, a lil' ghetto boy

I done lived my life up in the ghetto
Momma workin' hours
Tryin' feed a family, daddy's in and out
Takin' baths with broken showers

Next door neighbor gave us the vapors

Callin' cops 'cause we on the block
Breakin' they home on some broken cables
But I never thought that it would affect me later

Until I seen the hustle where niggas
Ridin' stretched navigators
But now then later I should come up
'Cuz I seen my homie one the block slangin' rocks

And then I spot the gonna
I never visioned it'd be homicide
Because they told me he'll live
That's what they told me wen my homie Boosy died

Could all these [unverified] bring my nigga back?
Could all these million features
Would all my friends become my enemy

Would my family become astonished
With all these strengths that come into me
Is this pretend to be a vivid, a magically
A vivid a magically, I wonder

I wonder where my life would be if I had that paper
I'm just a ghetto boy, a lil' ghetto boy
Now if I lived on top of the world, shinin' like diamonds
and pearls
I'm still a ghetto boy, a lil' ghetto boy

Back in the days when I was poor, I'm not poor anymore
But some days I sit and wish that I was poors again
Back in the days when I was poor, I'm not poor anymore
But some days I sit and wish that I was poors again

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