

Fat Amy

"Born In The Ghetto"

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Yeah, It's time, baby Huh, niggas gotta evolve to let niggas know the real It's time to speak the truth, maturity Ya call yourself real, ya gotta start speaking about the real This is Joe Crack The Don, and this is what i'm bringin' to you uh, yo nowadays, I'm flirtin with uncertain death Lord I gotta be dying, When will the pain stop? coz after all this crying, how much more hurtin's left? My niggas ride with me coz I'm the truth This depression and anxiety is gonna make me show another side of me There's benefits to rolling with this clique, don't nobody fuck with you Still they label me a tyrant and a backstabber but study the facts of Crack, the shit don't add up I'm bringin opportunity to my community Probably the only rapper that cares but still you out to ruin me Who you foolin B? I'm for unity Latins and Blacks, could you fathom the strength we have of the two are attached Born together, roaded in life These uncle charm polititions ain't holdin us right abortion, little kids having kids when it's clear the only thing that's rising is unemployment, How could the same nigga be 20 years in office While the rich keep gettin richer, the poor keep dying young, the school system is failing us, now ain't that some shit? I can't hide it no more, the time has come (chorus) I was born in the ghetto, trembling, try'na stay alive Coz when you're born in the ghetto, No-one seems to hear you cry Brown skin, you know I love my bro-o-own skin Everyday I'm confronted with racism These motherfuckin coppers wanna bag us and have us shackled up in state prisons After all the taxes I pay, you would think when they stop us they would have something nicer to say than "GET THE FUCK OUT THE CAR! WHERE THE DRUGS AT? WHERE THE FUCKIN GUNS AT?" ALL THE JEWELRY YOU'RE WEARING, the same crooked cops try to act like they know us or something Once they search the car clean and find nothin, Laughin, tellin jokes by the thousands 2 seconds ago they tried to send us to the mountains Leave my son without a father, my wife without a husband the more I think about it, man it's just disgusting That's why we rap like we got silver spoons

in our mouth Stii=ll, we live amongst them, everybody
wants out Like we ain't grow up on welfare Nigga don't
even go there, you probably wore Pro-Plares! We need
to educate the youth, tell the seeds the truth Too much
to share, the bare minimum will exceed the proof
(chorus) I was born in the ghetto, Coz when you're born
in the ghetto, trembling, try'na stay alive So much pain
No-one seems to hear you cry Ooh, yeah Tryin hard to
stay alive, stay alive Out in these streets, oooh Man
sometimes in can get so tough Oh yes, yes it can Yes it
can, yeah It can get so hard, so hard, so hard

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