

Fiend

"Little Ghetto Boy"

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[** feat. Little Ghetto Boy:]
[Black Thought:]
My grandmother suits was tailor made, Sundays
Mahalia played*
Simple familiar ways, like how she kneeled and prayed
Willin, master forgive us, our trust pastors had us real
afraid
I never listened yet I still obeyed
I got to see how Philly played at such an early age
What my father was into sent him to his early grave
Then moms started chasin' that base, like Willie Mays
My childhood was all of 40 nights and 40 days
Trouble was my ball and chain, shorties would call me
names
Humble beginnings but a star is what it all became
My journey from a dirty hallway, to the Hall of Fame
Music my therapeutic way to cope with all this pain
Was headed for the drain, soakin' before the rainwater
came
And chaos, into the order came
I started doin' what I'm 'sposed to do in life
Tryin' to move out of the dark, and closer to the light
They say if you get a chance to do it, overdo it right
Tomorrow isn't promised every time, you say
goodnight
Knahmtalkinabout? Uhh, yo
Story of a little ghetto boy, check it out
[John Legend: {*overlapping BT's last two lines}]
Yeah yeahhh
Little ghetto boy, ohhh
Playin in the ghetto street, ay-ayyyy!
What'chu gonna do when you grow up
and have to face responsibility?
Yeah yeahhh
Will you spend your days and nights in a pool room?
Will you sell caps of madness, to the neighborhood
little ghetto boy
You already know, how rough life could be
Hard to see, so much pain and misery
Yeahhhhhh, yeahhhh
Little ghetto boy, yeah

Your daddy was blown away
Heyyyy yeahhh
He robbed that grocery store yeah
Don't you know that was a sad sad day?
Eyyyyy-yeah
All your young life you've seen such misery and pain
The world's a cruel place to live in, it ain't gonna
change yeahh
You're so young, and you've got so far to goooooo
Don't think you'll reach your goal young man
Talkin 'bout the ghetto boy
Yeah yeah yeahhhh
Yeah, yeahhh little ghetto BOYYYYY-OYYYY
When when you become a maaaaan, yeahhhh
You can make things change
Oh if you just take a stand, yeah yeahhhh
You've got to believe in yourself, in all that you doooo
You've got to fight to make it better, better
And you will see, that others will start believin too
Then my son, things will start to get better
Hey yeahhhh yeah
"Everything has got to get better" - [repeat in
background]
Ohhh
Everything has got to get better
Yeahhh yeahhhhh yeah
Don't you know it's gonna get better
Heyyyyyy yeah yeah
Got to believe that everything
yeahhhhh yeah yeah yeah
Whooahhh ho oahhh oahhh oahh
Whoa yeah
Whoah ho oahhh oh ohhhhhh
OHHHHHHHH YEAH YEAHHHH
YEAH, YEAHHHHH, little ghetto boy
Mmmmmm yeah yeahhhhhhhh

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