

## **Fifty Cent "Ghetto Qua Ran"**

Visit "[Ghetto Qua Ran](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[talking]

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

Southside, what y'all niggas know about the dirty south?

One time

[Chorus]

Lord forgive me, for I've sinned

Over and over again, just to stay on top

I recall memories, filled with sin

Over and over again, and again

Yo, when you hear talk of the southside, you hear talk of the team

See niggas feared Prince and respected Prim'

For all you slow muthafuckas I'm a break it down iller

See Preme was a business man and Prince was the killer

Remember, he used to push the bulletproof BM, uh huh

This here get ya seasick, I sat back and peeped shit

The roll with Easy Rider and they ain't get blunted

Had the whole projects workin for fifty on five-hundred

As a youth, all I ever did was sell crack

I used to idolize cat

Hurt me in my heart to hear that nigga snitched on Pat

How he go out like that?

Rumors in the hood was ?? was snitchin

I ain't believe that, pa, he helped me cop my first GSX-R

Had the four-runner, the Z, the 5 and the 3

Used to drive his truck through the hood draggin jet skis

From Gerald Wallace to Baby Wise, don't be suprised

Of how freely I thought of names of games who dealt with pies

Like L-A-N-Y's, L got shot in the neck, then told us connect

Them niggas who shot 'em got 'em for ten bricks

Fuckin Dominicans, turned around and gave 'em more bricks

[Chorus]

That first verse is just a dose of the shit that I'm on  
Consider this the first chapter in the ghetto's Quran  
I know a lot of niggas that get dough like Remmy and  
Joe  
And Prince and Rightous from Hillside with the mole on  
his nose  
Throughout my struggles through the hood, I started  
learnin  
Life's a bitch, with a pretty face, but she burnin  
Man I'm a get cheese like Chaz then run through wips  
like Cigar  
Gamble all the time like country-curly head Prince and  
Tata  
Po-po under pressure too, they know what they facin  
Go against crews like B-Bo and killers like Patty Mason  
A lotta niggas I know been corrupted since birth  
Enticed to rob nuns for fun, for everything they worth  
I know some cats that hail at old complexes like Cooley  
Wall  
Together niggas stand and divided they fall  
Round here, shook niggas they keep it in motion  
Come around here with your rollie you can get robbed  
like Ocean  
Lord knows, Tommy had loved and sold  
Helicopters, Rolls Royces with Louie VaTonne interior  
Might sound like I'm fantasizin, but son I'm dead  
serious  
Montanna was no dummy, brought Benice to watch the  
money  
Had money out the ass, he politic like the Asian  
FEDs couldn't catch him dirty so settled for tax evasion

[Chorus]

Yo, rest in peace to Rich and Ron, money what they was  
about yo  
The twins was some queens but got crazy cream with  
Alpo  
Throughout my time I heard tales of Himey  
Frenchy, Jamaican Pauly, Ducky Cally  
Rodney Bump and Chick, shit  
A lot a niggas flow the way I flow  
But ain't been in the game all their life so don't know  
who I know  
Writin rhymes is the best way I express how I feel  
If I ain't rich by twenty-six, I'll be dead or in jail  
Comin up I heard sippin to much booze'll leave you  
confused  
And if you watch the news you see playas in this game  
that lose  
I'm forgettin Lefty and Jazz, Pretty Tony and Lance

Head Lou, Mel son, Troy and E Money Bags  
And a conversation over shrimp and lobster  
And Benny Hiners heard Chico stopped boxin, and  
started robbin diners  
Shout out to Clanvis and Clutch, Bob Dre, Black Will  
If the flow don't kill you the Mac will

Visit [Fifty Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.