

Finley Quaye**"Once Upon a Time n' the Ghetto"**

Visit "[Once Upon a Time n' the Ghetto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Geah

You know how the fuck we do it

It's thug shit

Y'all wit' me?

C'mon, geah

Hey...

Once upon a time in the ghetto you're stuck

In the ghetto you're fucked

Ah - press your luck

I said once upon a time in the ghetto

You're through

Once upon a time in the ghetto

It's like you

Check it out

(Verse 1)

My life has been like gun blast every night

Stop the car, searched down with a flashlight

"Where's the gun? Where's the dope?"

The drive-by last week they try to pin, there's no hope

Wishin' I wasn't the victim, better yet the suspect

Waitin to run a warrant check

"What set you from? What side of town?"

Nigga like you must be ready to get down"

Hold up now, cause I start to speak my mind

I question the place of the ride and what time

"Speak your mind one more time, you're through"

They found a bullet that I stashed in my shoe

Fuck, now they gon' tear up the car

Try to lock me in a cell that's as tight as a jar

But that's the way it's goin' down, the gang story's told

Tomorrow might be the same episode

Chorus...

Once upon a time n' the ghetto you're through

Once upon a time n' the ghetto I'm like you

Once upon a time n' the ghetto you're stuck

In the ghetto you're fucked

Ah - press your luck
I said...

(Verse 2)

Y'all can follow me, see how gangstas walk
Real killas spit the strap and don't talk
Set trip, murder at night, we stalk
Yellow tape, bodies outlined in the chalk
I keeps my enemies close
Last night seen a life straight turn to ghost
My position is to roll through round-the-clock
Keeps watch on the one times down the block
You hear the click with the bang-bang, then you stop
Try to run, but the chest burn makes you drop
My comrads and criminals through hard time
I ride for y'all niggas, pop goes my nine
I do the crime, the point is mine
Look around the clockwork, it ain't hard to find
Any block, ward or burrough, you know what I speak
Your clients all cross the street if yo' product is weak

Chorus...

(Verse 3)

Y'all fools come up short on the work and try to cheat
us
Cold niggas, cold-ass world, catch the heaters
Burn you bitch-ass niggas, you can't beat us
Another life lost, you never will defeat us
Gun smoke's the outcome I predict
Locked down, never that, nickel slick
Try to cheat a nigga for dollars, "holla holla"
Is the sound that you make for cuttin' off the cake
Fake niggas, I hate yo' face, niggas
Seal your fate, no safety on the triggers
Ditches for the bodies I dump I dig bigger
Puttin mo' dick to ya than Dirk Diggler
Static cling, bust straps, you ears ring
Funeral day, the sad songs to sing
Nigga shoulda known by now it's mines
Step now or charriots will swing

Chorus...

Hoo-Bangin' one time, check it out
Hoo-Bangin' two times, check it out
Compton one time, nigga
Compton two times, bitch
Geah

