

Frank Boeijen Groep**"Ghetto Livin'"**

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[O'Dell]

Ghetto living (ghetto living)

Ghetto living (ghetto living)

[Spade]

My mama once told me (told me) that the streets ain't safe

So I walked 'round with a vest and a strap on my waist
I'm living in a strange place where all the odds are against me

I'm doin bad and the shit you got is startin to tempt me
We never had cause the ghetto got us trapped in depression

Learnin lesson after lesson cause the devil be testin
It got me stressin, keep my Smith N Wesson cocked at all times

Cause even I could fall to victim at the drop of a dime
But that's the chances I got to take to escape all of this madness

That put you in the casket for the cornbread and cabbage

[Dolliolie/(O'Dell)]

Lord knows I'm tryin to find an exit out the ghetto
But it won't let go, that's why I got to tote my pistol

[Chorus]

Ghetto living

(Father forgive me, I know that what I do is wrong)

Ghetto living

(I been tryin a find a better way for so long) x2

[Valerio]

Soldiers die in my world but people look at killers like stars

We duckin from the laws cause we ain't tryin to live behind bars

Growin up with less, envious of what the next man had
Never knew what livin good was till I started movin them sacks

My hood infested with crack, that's why I paint a picture

so vivid
I tell it cause I live it, runnin with boss bitches and
niggas that get convicted
This street got us all, nothin changed in the game but
the players
I'm talkin about the hustlers, the ballers, the killers and
the rhyme sayers
That's why I ain't scared to pop a nigga, stop a nigga,
drop a nigga
I only fuck with the real, cause it's real in my battlefield
I hope it's true what they say, and that the father
forgives
Excuse me for the things I do cause in the ghetto I live

[Dolliolie/O'Dell]

Chorus x2

[Mia X]

This shit's goin get even realer, so you ain't gotta ask, I
feel ya
I live the life of a hard knock, that ghetto bitch on the
block
My nigga had a shop, I took the rocks and bag weed
Chased them broads down with china, and ran alot of
minors
With big tymer dreams of money, hoes and clothes
They didn't get it, tombstones and jail cells also come
with it
I pity all them babies born from crack mama's
But I'm a mama too and when the bills is due I gotta
Get it how I live, bitter tears I cry
My best friend, my cousin and my man died
Or should I say was murdered
I know you heard the same stories before
We walk the streets like we poverties whores behind
the dollar bill
This still life got us dying so young
Precious Lord let the new day come
Uh, come on
Cause ain't no winning when your living like that
It's the blueprint, the plan, the set up, the trap

[Dolliolie/O'Dell]

Chorus x2

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