

Freddie Foxxx

"The Ghetto"

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[Verse 1: Freddie Gibbs]

I used to let my
Close partner keep his chopper up in my school locker
Young and naive when I wasn't actin' a fool I was
Playin' with emotions or playin' ball
Used to sell bud at the village
Knew a lotta killers since they was small
East 17th, Virginia St invented me
Constructed the kid into a crook, look up my history
I looked up to the niggas with Lexuses and Infinitis
Corrupted in correctional facilities
Cause me I'm from the
The ghetto, the ghetto, the ghetto ghetto
And to make it out where I'm from yes you gotta do
something special
Especially when we stressed in these economic
conditions
Traditionally causing us to cook a rock in the kitchen
Get it flippin'
Get it jukin' and jumpin' like Earl Manigault
But you die today you put money before your family
though
I'm east side GI, like Charlie Caddystone
Embassy Liquors pay attention, they out to getcha in
the

[Hook x2: Freddie Gibbs]

Ghetto, the ghetto, the ghetto ghetto
I'm from the ghetto, the ghetto, the ghetto ghetto
Where the laws that caught niggas our own default with
us
Everyday we gotta pray to the lord to walk with us
In the ghetto

[Verse 2: Freddie Gibbs]

Cans of spam, hand to hand
No deals made, dolla for dolla, gram for gram
Follow me and see just how much a man can stand
Before we go off the deep end
Come in your crib and creep in
Help us get home invaded

The hustlas they gon' get raided
Eventually, but for now they stay thuggin' and
motivated
Misguided miseducated
We barely be graduated
And our lack of skills lead to some daily infatuations
In the ghetto, the barrio, the hood, the slums
Government funds fill my city up with drugs and guns
And I can't go for being broke so I'm a go on the run
Momma can't stand the way I live but can't give up on
her son
Even though I know she hear about my habits through
the grape vine
Stealin' the car on Sunday, to hit the state line
Gettin' drunk and twisted off liquor all through the
daytime
Handshakes and gang signs, don't play with mine

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Freddie Gibbs]

Granny I really miss you while I'm on the road
Them Sunday dinners was more than just food for the
soul
Don't be no fool, cause there's plenty fools walking the
globe
Convicted felons equippin' tools, all in my shows
Chose another road they wanna die in these streets
They look at me in disbelief when I rhyme about peace
I had people shot at to see me just to see me deceased
My policy is fuck police till all my niggas released
Speak!
The way I'm feelin' my anthem for ghetto children
Fill my daily appetite for destruction I want rebuildin'
Rest in peace to Lil' Ebony, Richardson lord we livin'
crazy
It's hard to cope when these cowards is killin' babies
The ghetto ain't just a place it's a mentality
Most of us carry with us constantly causing casualties
Stealin' and dealin' is how I deal with my reality
Sirens and gunfirin' never rattled me
I gotta be from

[Hook x2]

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