

Gates Of Ishtar "Ghetto Strain"

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Tales of a lost soul
Gotta stay in control

[CHORUS]
My ghetto strain bring misery
Gotta feel the pain physically
To gain anything spiritually

[VERSE 1: Mr. Mike]
It's a cold game, I see my folks slain
Right in front of the crib, the house
Brothers runnin they mouth, the southern route
Little church dude trippin, sayin my mama shout
It hurts, fool, knowin that's that pressure built up from
the house
That she had to let it out, so much they said about
The life of me, Mr. M-i-k-e
Hit you where eyes can't see
Up in my time to leave
Ghetto kids yellin, "Where we live we grindin these
streets"
Hard to breathe, in times like these, my eyes I squeeze
To stop tears from fallin when my peers be callin
Young player, you're starvin ballin
And they wonder why we get high
I hope to see my people in the sky

[VERSE 2: Mr. Mike]
It's like a lion, dragon, and beast
I'm high, a scavenger peeps
His eyes on the prize, bring these rhymes from the
street
Define my homie's life, fell to the game, well painted
stripes
And earn the age, what a way, hell, paid the price
Tales of a lonely knight, they walk up on you, right?
Never knowin fright, the darkest corners where I
learned to fight
People ain't concerned with right, they rather be about
the game
Persuin me and doin me, never takin it light

[Napp-1]

That's why I switch up women and cars every three months

Wanna kill me or what? Push my pawns to the front
Plus suckers bustin me, testin me, as a kid been stressin

>From my flesh on to my soul in, how could I win?
Lord, is they really my friends? And why I ain't got no ends?

Don't mean to question my faith, too much excitement in this paper chase

I stay laced with game, but nobody knows my name
Workin hard at this rap shit, I'm glad I adapted

[VERSE 3: Napp-1]

Dressed to kill, a million dollar-bill in front of your face
Game laced, disappear without a trace

Who am I? Action, v.i.p. right through your backdo'

A dog in sheep's clothing, could you ask for mo'?

What is they blastin fo'? Lower the casket do'

Somebody killed my little homie right in front of the sto'

[Mr. Mike]

It's like we lost touch, the millenium niggas crossed up

Stupid mistakes that others made taught us

Jealousy feels, heavenly steel, just a frail way

A felon who you can deal, then dash in the ghetto way

Car or van or truck, man, the rush

I'm standin up, yes, I'm standin up

The only man in the house at five years old

Take out the trash, wipe my sister and hide my clothes

Time unfolds, my rhyme's like a treasure of old

The pleasure, the pain, the principle of havin this

dough

[CHORUS]

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