

Ghetto Commission

"Trying To Make It"

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F/ Mr. Serv-On

[Spade]

I'm a soldier tryin to make it on these streets

Chorus

[Dolliolie]

I'm tryin to make it

[Spade]

I'm a soldier tryin to make it on these streets x4

[Mr. Serv-On]

It seems like I've been tryin to make it out for years
Niggas always asking me to spell something well today
I'ma spill tears

Because it seems lately that's all I know; and as for my
cousin,

I don't know whether to call her a dopehead or a hoe
Cause she fuckin for needles, but Lord I love my
peoples

I look at my tank in the mirror and hope I see
something better

But since i was nine i've been writing dear God letters
Asking him to heal me and my block a bunch of sins
committed

But if a nigga call me in the middle of the night
This street life shit I'm still wit it

I try to accept it they tell me you are where you from
So i guess i from dope, murder, and depression
I still haven't learned my lesson

Cause it seem like I'm a walk this mothafucka bad as
fuck

Until the bags on my feet

Mr. S-E-R uh V duckin from these streets

Chorus 4X

[Halloway]

I never had a role model

Because my pappy hit the bottle

And when on that nigga

He fucked wit a nigga so my love for him was

shadowed
My momma constantly told me "Darling keep yo head
up"
But momma you bet ta call him cause I'm gettin fed
up
I was only sixteen wit the responsibility of a grown man
Any situation I encountered in school
Won't that coo so I broke the rules
I got tired of being teased for wearing Wranglers
instead of Lee's
And I put that ha ha shit for free and I gained some
enemies
????, half of my neighborhood was on drugs
But my momma showed me love, she had to accept
that I was a thug
Imagin dealers not bein busted, police force not bein
curropted
No more pistol play in public and only God doin the
judgin

Chorus 4X

[Valerio]

I grew up in poverty, eatin commodity, tried to carry
myself modestly
When the first and the fifteenth came around,
Felt like we hit the lottery
I was too young to understand but old enough to
remember
We ate leftovers all the time, Santa Clause didn't come
on Christmas
The streets made us vicious,
Surrounded by killers throughout my childhood
Hustlers hustle, and they showed me that it was good
in my neighborhood
You stand mighty, they flash thier cars when they get
excited
Momma got fired, no pention plan when she retired
More wood to the fire, a bad situation got worse
Stopped goin to church, started puttin in work,
The man of the house ??????
But imagine if I wasn't filled with hatred
If I wasn't trapped in the game, I probably would make
it

[Spade]

Imagin life without illegal drug transactions
That's some shit I can't see when I'm tryin to make it on
these streets
I'm a soldier on the path that I ride is the path that I die
I'm gonna make a case cause I'm not satisfied with just

gettin by
I'm a score me two chickens and hit my boulevard
within my ward
Like a man if I get caught up I can't do nothin but
accept my charge
Fuck rap, that's not where it's at, dawg I'm keepin it real
It's all about the scrill, that's the shit the niggas could
feel

Chorus 4X

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