

## Grits "Ghetto Love"

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In my eyes, not enough trying to find love in the ghetto...

I don't understand why so many people always try to say the ghetto is so bad,  
You know what I'm saying?  
It's not the ghetto that's bad, but it's the people that's in the ghetto that make the ghetto bad,  
There's so many foundational lessons to be learned in the ghetto, even spiritual lessons,  
I guess it's best described like this...you know what I'm saying?

As a child, I despised and prayed to get away,  
Deprived of early riches, deceived by evil gang,  
Grew blind over the years, saw crime as escape,  
Participation of your innocence taken,  
Contemplated due to the situation,  
My time in your presence was limited by parental discretion of living standards,  
My Gladys - case was packing at night, to leave the pits in route to Douglas, Georgia, on the midnight train,  
While the same circumstances made my people maintain, never complain,  
Sporting women gave our name ghetto fame,  
Sustained foundational lessons of life that I obtained,  
Though tribulations and trials came wisdom in everything,  
By the guidance on the Lord and his Spirit, through my Brahma,  
Believing in his provision when living,  
Deliver drama, still the saga continues in inner-cities 'cross the nation, as hatred is created from residential placement,  
Everybody want to blame her, 'cause their pride ain't the same as they was when the protested she was last in the game,  
See, the pain that she inflicts is lost respect of the past, when it was rude to never speak or walk across other's grass,  
Hustle neighbours just to take out their trash, rake leaves, or washing cars instead of bawling for cash,

Hurt the penal soul government, supplication's a curse  
put in reverse,  
Producing people who despise its worth,  
Since my birth, I been exposed to many cultures of  
Earth,  
But none have left impression like perfection of the  
ghetto.

If you can understand what I'm saying there, you with  
me,  
Yo, Phoebe.

I see beneath the grief as crime increase,  
My mind release sorrow on this in peace,  
Left behind for tomorrow like ancient Greek,  
I seek along the street filling with horror,  
Like a faucet, we leak,  
Some say we lost it in the street,  
The man above see the tragedy beneath the glow,  
Imagine me with no capacity for ghetto love idol,  
Rappily enforce for a better source throughout the  
south, east, west, and the north,  
I suggest we come forth with Grits to rectify our crucial  
conflict,  
Connect the wire fulltime, it's mine to split,  
But don't forget: all through the terrorism, vandalism,  
there's wisdom,  
But all you hear is negatism and their criticism,  
If we reconstruct the mind of the blind, so let the untold  
unfold,  
Ghetto love in bold,  
See, a place I never let go is the ghetto that inherited,  
The R. Pope be scared of it, and don't know,  
And we can transfer from a blur, vision endure and  
make the right decision,  
Happiness will occur, we'll be a team at home in  
Douglas Ga.,  
My ghetto love, my ghetto stay in my heart 'til my dying  
day,  
I pray ghetto love.

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