

Hammond Albert

"Ghetto Raised"

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(Police sirens)...

Hook : 4x

Ghetto raised, ghetto payed, ghetto muthafuckers die
everyday
Ghetto muthafuckers don't like to pray
Ghetto muthafuckers just like to spray

Verse 1: (Pastor Troy)

I'm from the ghetto, Jerry Springer, BET
Bout a million muthafuckers in there trapped with me
Tryin' to make a little cheese, fo' these coppers back up
Got a half of that butter tucked deep off in my nutts
Bopping coolers muthafuckers, there's no one to
impress
All these niggas want to know is who yah yo the best
When I get fresh, I get fresh, the ballads and all
B-A double L-Y, it's not at yo' mall
Southern drewed from the ghetto, my level is lower
From Georgia, I'm ready, a rider, a soulja
Jehovah, please help me to grow up
Cause see I'm from the ghetto and I don't give a fuck

Hook : 4x

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everyday
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Ghetto muthafuckers just like to spray

Verse 2: (11:29)

I make these bitches drop, thinking that we not
Go and call the cops, burning up my spot
Don't make me have to call, my niggas on, ya'll
We gone make 'em fall, gotta spray 'em all
Eleven dub nine, past me that nine
Cocking back that nine, Who you said dying?
All about these dollars, ghetto passed scholars

Bullets make 'em holla, know we got them stoppers
Take 'em to the limit, now we all in it
Soon as I finish, you gone see whose winning
Busting off these guns, bet I make you run
Look at how we come, you don't want none
Ghetto nigga

Hook : 4x

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everyday
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Ghetto muthafuckers just like to spray

Verse 3:

Everyday it's the same, waking up and blow me some
Jane
Wash my face and count my money and go and serve
me some cane
Ghetto living in my name, ghetto blood in my veins
Ghetto niggas ain't gone change, ghetto niggas hang
in game
From Atlanta to Memphis niggas be throwin' them
thangs
From Maclamo to Decatur we be pushin' that bang
From the G to the H-E double T-O,
buckin niggas down cause it just don't go
Ghetto muthafuckers living in poverty,
take this if a nigga fuck wit me
A semi-automatic, 2 clips or 3, teach you not to mess
with me
Cause it might be a tragedy, from Georgia to
Tennessee
You know I'm getting high putting niggas in a coma
When I get to bucking, I'ma buck 'er like I wanna
The repruccusion bludge in
Then we gonna rush in leave the dog crying to his
momma

Hook : 4x

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