

C**"Ghetto Flight"**

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Featuring Pizzo]

[C Bo]

It's 1994 gang bangin' done played out

But I still stay strapped cause I don't wanna get played out

On the concrete with internal bleedin'

Moms at my hand screamin': 'Bo don't leave me!'

I'm stairin' in to the sky thinkin' that I'm gonna die

Here come the onetime fuck the pigs they are the last I wanna see

Pen and pad no love from the deputy

Onetime's gettin' deeper

And Finally I hear the ambulance creep up

I'm feelin' dehydrated

They hook me up with some I.V. and a life flight

Sayin' that I'm gonna make it

Hoo-ride was the first thing on my mind

But the onetime got prints from my Tec-9

They busted first and I busted back in return

Ain't no love for them faggot ass baby worms

That's all I gotta say to porky

Now get the fuck out my face

Detective got mad but I can give a fuck less

I got family and they won't let the shit rest on my side

Bald head mean muggin' locs, 3-10, 6-5

Is my nigga Teebo, Big Ikey hittin' like a viking

Insane in the brain and can't wait to ride, see

No matter what they do, you can lock me down

But at twelve caught a ghetto fligt

Cause there still be smokin'...

One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...

They ridin' on my bumper, bustin' with a Mac-11...

One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...

They ridin' on my bumper, bustin' with a Mac-11...

One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...

They ridin' on my bumper, bustin' with a Mac-11...

[Pizzo]

As I've seen deep in my thoughts

Not thinkin' of my senses and all the blood I done lost

It seems like I'm stucked with no luck all of a sudden

So mothafuckas swiftly swepted on the P-I double Z-O
man

I was helpless, if ya could have felt this pain

I had in my side and my brain

Never think that I could end up on my back, player

I never thought a slug could enter through my skin
layers

Fuck! I feel a burnin' sensation and I'm waitin'

For the pain to go away but I know it's gonna stay

So I guess I'm fucked in the game

Then appeared a bird in the sky, don't know where it came

Snatched the P-I double Z-O quick, took me on the trip

Don't know which direction, I'm waitin'

Felt like I went cross the continent

Seems like it took a whole day, then we touched down

White coats all around, suprise, I'm alive in a hospital

Done lost half of my soul, I feel I left control

I'm slippin' away, I took my life for granted

A few hours passed and I still feel stranded

I'm awakin' to see shit in front of me that I never seen before

But I feel alright, then I tripped that I just took the ghetto

fligt...

One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...

They ridin' on my bumper, bustin' with a Mac-11...

One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...

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[C-Bo]

My homie took a bullet in the kidney

HK in my hand, down on one knee

On his side, Q-Ball don't die

Mad as fuck and I don't understand why
The little B.G.'s didn't bust no caps
After a minute shoot-out still had a loaded strap
Damn and they supposed to be hardcore bangers
And I got the only empty cocked back chamber
Prayin' for my homie not to rest in peace the shit
Just ain't right to take a life from an O.G.
Retaliation is all I can think
Negative and incorrect, here comes the P.D.
Damn, I got a gat and my homie don't look too good
I hear the bird over the hood
Now I got faith he'll make it
Without a doubt the next album's dedicated
To my homie Q-Ball
Rest in peace and fuck the rest of ya'll
So-called homies, I don't meanin' when I'm hittin' ya
down
But when I'm gone ya wanna see me
Ain't no love in this Garden Blocc life
And I won't sweat to put a bullet in your chest
And have you next on the ghetto flight

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