

## Jane Siberry

### "Every Ghetto"

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Uhh... yeah... uhh...

[Verse 1: Nas]

Blessings of life to the children, they say life is like five days

Words of a old man with silver hair, in his wheelchair  
His eyes were bloody while describin what lies before me

Said evil bitches and jealous men would try to destroy me

It occurred to me, this old nigga's words couldn't be realer

I'm on top now, slightest drama, I'll have ta kill ya  
Cause animals sense weakness, sharks smell blood in water

Ishmael, Moses and Job knew the divine order

Shit is plastic material, havin' no life

I crash whips and leave it no matter the price

As long as I survive, cop a new five

Circle the block where the beef's at

And park in front of my enemy's eyes

They see that it's war we life stealers, hollow-tip lead busters

There's no heaven or hell - dead is dead fuckers

And your soul is with God, your mind keeps lurkin the earth

Watchin your own murder reoccur

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

For ever struggle, every strip, and every ghetto

For every nigga totin inner pain and heavy metal

For every child that's born, and every nigga gone

And for every breath I breathe and live to see another mornin

[Verse 2: Blitz]

It's Blitz nigga the streets glory many die for me

Got knocked, refused 3 to 9's, went to trial for me

Basically I'm just reality, loaded with foul stories of lust  
Greed and contempt, no street is exempt

Extended clip shots, hoods barricaded for 6 blocks

I sip shots, watchin em hustlers pitch rocks  
Oil paintin pictures of my pain, illustrate the city in vain  
Fallin deep into the pits of the game  
This is for the sickest state of mind, in these fatal times  
Vest crimes, nickel-plated nines and niggaz for the  
dime  
Hear the sounds of them babies cry, still I'm sayin why  
do we reside  
In the ghetto with a million ways to die  
Stayin high to relieve the pain, breathin in the game  
Exhalin guilt sin and shame, misery and strain  
What the fuck will tomorrow bring; luck or anthrax  
I stand back, hopin I'll make it through tomorrow

[Verse 3: Nas]

My skin is a art gallery, right - with paintings of  
crucifixes  
Hopin' to save me from all the dangers in the music  
business  
Was once a young gangsta hangin' with youth  
offenders  
But since I tasted paper it started losin the friendships  
Watchin' kids freeze in winters, they still poor  
How could I tease them with Benz's and feel no  
remorse  
Drivin' past them in the lively fashion, diamond colors  
clashin'  
Red stones, blue stones, red bones and black ones  
Fuck did I expect with bucket seats in a Lex  
And spendin' time in Chuckie Cheese with Little Des  
Got guns when I'm with my daughter  
Hate to bring a violent aura in her presence  
She knows what daddy taught her, it's lessons  
Black princess it's a ugly world  
I put my life up for yours, see I love that girl  
Could you believe even my shadow's jealous  
My skin is mad at my flesh, my flesh hates my own  
bones  
My brain hates my heart, my heart makes the songs  
Though my songs come from the Father  
I'm lonely...  
Hold me, it's gettin' darker

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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