

## C-Bo

### "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 bumber, bustin' with a Mac-11...  
One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...  
They ridin' on my bumber, bustin' with a Mac-11...  
One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...  
They ridin' on my bumber, 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 bumber, bustin' with a Mac-11...  
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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.  
Retalion 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 the 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 fligt...

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