

Konstantin Wecker

"Ghetto Got Me Shadey"

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LV:

Shady...yeah

Havikk:

They got me sittin' back thinkin'
Thinkin' about my G's loc
Rolls to their grave site
Pray as I kneels low
Thinkin' about the good times
Why you had to die G
My Moms said be strong
But I'm feeling kind of lonely
Yeah Mr. Havikk feelin' kind of shadey
I realize where gangs hanging
Ain't the place to raise a damn baby
Tryin' to be an OG means you gotta G-Ride
But if you G-Ride one time is gonna who-ride
Put the guns on lock down
Keep your head up
My homies dyin' day by day I'm gettin' fed up yo
I reminisce about the way back times
When you used to hang out, shoot hoops and kick
rhymes yo
It gets deeper
You gotta watch your back loc
Or your whole block'll be the victim of a damn nine-
Glock
So wake up and stop sleepin'
187 ain't no way loc
And you can still roll in your 6-4

LV:

Mr. Havikk

The ghetto's got you shadey

Havikk:

I still gotta watch my back
Even though my G's claim they got it
I'm stayin' on the down low
I'm keepin' it in the closet
Chillin' with my locs dippin' fo's

Stayin' outta trouble support your troops
Yo one luv cuz and blood
Pass me the dank
Oh no G that ain't me
I don't drink or smoke just to prove that I'm down G
Doin' a drive-by ain't no way in the 9-5
Take another life because he lives on the eastside
Keisha always said baby those ain't your true friends
Now you got a son and he loves you more than all of
them
My homies startin' trippin'
'Cuz Hav stopped the bangin'
Stopped the dope slangin'
I tried to make a change in my hood
OG's recognize and let the BG's know
Put it down for the truths in the 9-4
One time on my tip actin' wicked
They took me downtown for an unpaid ticket

LV:
Mr. Havikk
The ghetto's got you shadey

Havikk:
Fresh out the county
Tryin' to start a new life
Had to put the guns down
Threw away the blue dice
Mom's told me Brian they'll be days like this
Keep your head on your shoulders but I when I counted
backwards
Only jail keeps me sweated on the daily
Because I look gangsta
I stay in all the danger
Fools wanna trip 'cuz I left the hood
They swear a G jack a G but to me yo it's all good
I rather be a punk OG
Than a dead OG
Doin' all that time in the county
Snitch-afied fools trippin' hard off the Hav
I'm gettin paid in this game and jealous fools just make
me laugh
Now my life is kind of coolio
I still put's it down for my hood yeah foolio
One less G in the hood doin' an idiotic drive-by
But still I puts it down for the westside

LV:
Repeat and fade:
Mr. Havikk
The ghetto's got you shadey

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