

L.G. Wise

"Ghetto Victory"

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Some folks say lucky me, I leave that to the charmes
Car alarmes, gun fire heard by my moms
Had to be Elohim in the midst of the game
Made it out the fire, Wodie now we spittin them flames
Will I remain, Yes Sir, seein' the change
Dirty South seein' heat baby, rippin your frame
Black shoes, black attire, black tool, no face mask, killa
make a jack move
yeah, by the way dog like bag food
Dope house like grocery stores, sell boy two
Gettin' high, thugs die in M-I, Ft. Liquordale, folks look
at there
Killas watchin them die
I taste death, hey what was the recipe
Couple inch bullet heart, doggs barkin' at me
Runnin' for my life like Any Given Sunday
Thank God for your life, we all die one day
Ghetto victory is what I'm tellin' you cats
The need to whitness better be to come thru in the
'Lacs
Under attack, like America bombed Iraq
Done forgot the boys equiped, 44's in they backpack

Chorus

Ghetto victory, boy we made it
Made it out the fire, now we can't be faded
Ghetto victory (2X)
We push keys, killa not Y-A
Slangin' keys bone tunes, playa gettin them saved

Surrounded by project chillin', project livin'
Jesus needed bad, 'cuz we'd all die chillin'
Blasted up for no simple reason
Thugs seperate from God, all because of treason
Some cat's don't make it out breathin'
I did, 'cuz I chose to live, Dunn
I been thru, Wodie, just like you
Almost caught two, Shorty like Pac two

By the grace of God, had me covered in the hood
Unseen bodyguards stop the murder when they could
They pulled me over like a nautica sweater

Things better, so keep peepin out the letter
Black jetta, cats bust black berettas
Homicide mission, we all die over cheddar
Boy please, killas greedy on the streets
Tryin to eat up all the cheese like a bunch of Granny's
It's so amazin' ain't no time for me hatin'
Jesus knew what he done, sendin me to the nation
Makin' soldiers, I whitness thugs drop the cola
Picked up the Cross, now them boys top rollers

Chorus

Them sucker demons try to hit me, clip empty
Run for cover to the G-O-D
Said retaliate back, King James 380
Southern style boy, get jiggy
Trigger finger itchey, what ready to blast
Quarterback when them suckers hut, slangin 'em fast
folks told me I was nothin', 8 ounce per dumper
Tryin to hit the highway, slangin coke and some water
Almost was a gonner, When dread stuck me with the
stunner
Jesus please, I got away, I start runnin'
Lord, I'm comin', I'm givin it up
Promise no more dank, bein Pookie and stuff
It's no laughin matter, where you spend your life
forever
If Hell's your destination, better climb back up the
ladder
West Coast get ghetto victory, East Coasts get ghetto
victory
Up North get ghetto victory, Down South thats where
you can find me
Sing to to my fo'folk

Chorus

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