

Leela

"Ghetto"

Visit "[Ghetto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She's gettin' ghetto up in here (x2)
Whoa, whoa, whoa...

She be like, "One mississippi, two mississippi STOP!"
Backed up, you roll then you drop
Like I said before, he's my man
What part of that conversation don't you understand?
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
(She's gonna get ghetto up in here)

The gloves gonna come off, grease up my face, put
you in your place
I didn't wanna scrap, 'poppin all that yap when ya gotta
fall back now

CHORUS:
Tryin' to be a lady but you keep pushin' me
It's gonna get pretty
Leave me alone and go on by the way
'stop blowing up his cellphone'

When you had him, you mistreated him
Now I found him and I'm feedin' him
And he's happy, there's no drama
So you can save those high notes for the opera.

BRIDGE:
Cause I ain't givin him up, I'm lovin him up
Me and him every night, drinkin' from the same cup
They say you don't know a good thing 'til it's gone
And now he landed in my arms

She be like, "one Mississippi two Mississippi rock!"

Backed up, you roll, then you drop
Like I said before, he's my man.
What part of that conversation don't you understand?
Whoa, whoa, whoa...
(She's gonna get ghetto up in here)

The gloves commin' off, grease up my face, put you in

your place
Didn't want to scrap, poppin' on the cap when ya gotta
fall back now

CHORUS

Tryin' to be a lady but you keep pushin' me
It's gonna get pretty.
Leave me alone and go on by the way, 'stop blowing up
his cellphone'

Took advantage of his kindness
Didn't appreciate his sweetness
Now I'm present, you're the past
Ain't my fault what y'all had didn't last

BRIDGE

See, I wanna kill the confusion
(Girl, there ain't no confusion)
I want you to know it's me he's lovin'
(You know it's you I'm lovin')
I'm even thinking about having his children

So, I think you should go find yourself a new boy
This ship done sailed a long time ago!

RAP

Have you ever been in a party, droppin' your sexy and
bottles
Came flyin' in your direction? Turned around saw two
kitty-cats fightin'?
Tried to play the good samaritin, now your face is
scratchin.
They're gettin' pretty, pretty, gettin' ?? Someone call
security bout to be an outbreak
Stilletos comin' off, white tee commin' off
When the cops break it down half the party's in my loft

The gloves gonna come off, grease up my face, put
you in your place
Whoa, whoa, whoa...

CHORUS

Tryin' to be a lady but you keep pushin' me
It's gonna get pretty.
Leave me alone and go on by the way, 'stop blowing up
his cellphone

Uh, uh, don't make me ghetto.

