

Lil' Jon

"Ghetto Bluez"

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[Chorus]

Ghetto blues has got me down for the the last time

[Verse 1]

Strapped down with ghetto ways

Beggin' me to the extent of my struggles statis

They called me on the low

Comin' up on the money

Hustle, the same old thang for a new game to be
played for cheese

Gotta get what's promised to a sister, comin' up on
bankin' G's

Hustlin's all the same

I can't deal with these playas' thoughts

Too much trust and risks make quick for a fool to get
caught

Hold on, slippin', too late to be trippin'

Weak strategies gettin' the best of me

Underpriced, everyday down and out is life in societies

Still, I hold on, 'cause I'm headstrong

And focus with life of no time to pay the price of failure

Let me tell you, no lie

Livin' by the strugglers' rules

Gotta do what ya gotta do that's fit

We strugglin', who gives a damn man bout this down
and out chick?

My head poundin', what am I gonna do?

Gotta get on the hustle

makin' the cheese comin' up out of the low-life of the
ghetto

Gotta make this come up on the real, since tired of
strugglin'

Ghetto life showin' me no love

But givin' me reason to make quick moves on
somethin'

Gotta hold on my own, but it's hard as hell

Tryin' to stay afloat in "The Heart of it All"

So for myself, it's the way I go

I gotta do what gotta be done to make it in these hard
times

Strugglin's a mother when you gotta wonder

"Can I provide for mine?"

Look at my predicament, who's gonna help this sister in need?

Can't put the trust in the system

So I gotta hustle these streets for my cheese

Gotta make that money comin' up on the means that's due

Cause one of these '96 days, I'm outta these ghetto blues

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

These ghetto blues done gotta sista faded

Prayed this was only a dream

Trapped in a slum surrounded by the crack fiends

Means of survival, I guess

Hustle in the hood, wear the bulletproof vest

Help me, Lord, I can't get no deeper than this

Wish I wasn't born in this world of bastards, misfits

Mom's got love for me, but she don't love what I do

[ohh]

Gotta slang 9 to 5, don't bring in enough food

Steadily, look out for myself, my trues, and my family

See gotta go for self cause won't nobody take care of me

Strategy, keep fools out of my place gotta take care of my business

What is this?

Il Tru, Playa hatas on the real, you betta get with this

Been down for too long

Come strong, fool, it's on

Ajay's click comin' thick for the nine-six

Right down to the very bone, never laggin'

Eighty-six ghetto life, Eighty-six them ghetto blues

Trues comin' up for the nine-six

Playa hatas, you bound to lose

Break rules, ain't no laws here, playa

Understand ghetto blues, cause for moves testin' trues

But remember the man

Go home if you sensitive, gotta live, nothin' gives

Been in some strange situations

Comprehend since I had to do, so a sista did

Get rid of all excesses, always stay true to my trues

I can do this

Gotta shake these problems, get away from these ghetto blues

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Right now

Time to get a nigga shit tight with the man in the mirror

See clear through the rest of my days on earth

Been piecin' puzzle since birth

And it only get worst until we layin' in the hearse

It's a ghetto curse

Every little kid in the hood done felt these tortures

Departure up out of this hell hole, nigga done fell low

Stressed, but I'm blessed as a soldier

I beg of you

Lord Jesus, help me deliver myself and my click from
this evil

Fear the reeper surround in' my soul

Steadily sendin' these through my peoples

Heaven be takin' control of my destiny

I can't let these streets get the best of me

With all of my kids right next to me

You can expect for me to keep grindin' desperately

Calculatin' my every move

Gotta prove to these fools we confuse

Intention, do your thang and maintain the mission

Cause really, my trues can't settle for no prison
sentence

So, I keep my distance from llello

Plottin, starin' out the window, looking for a rainbow

Lay Bone can't settle for the same 'ole

Claim Mo Thug with love to the depth that the game
goes

Reviewing all possibilities, pesponsibilities is major now

Ain't no need on dwellin' where the danger bound

Shit'll change around if we make it, suit up

Two glocks for the war, check the score

Il Tru can't lose, 'cause you know we got shit to prove

Gotta stick for you, livin' our lives

Singin' these ghetto blues [blues]

[Chorus]

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