

Luny Tunes

"Ghetto Story"

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[Lupe: talking]

You know I had to do it, man. It wouldn'ta been right if I didn't. You seen it? You seen the show last night on TV? You seen nigga's rims man? You seen the new Jordans man? You see her ass yo? Yeah, yeah, that's crazy.

[Singing:]

Seein' with my ghetto eyes
I walkeded with my ghetto feet
I talkeded with my ghetto speech
I'm copasetic, I won't let it bring me down
Bring me down...

I say it's enstilled

As I peep from beneath the titled brim of my pinwheel
Steady mobbin', heavy problems
Genocide resynthesize to violence, makes it hard to sympathize
Harden, individuals whose feelings is miniscule
Soon become criminals if you dark-skinned
And you was raised in a project apartment
Public Aid made it that your father couldn't stay
He had to part then, left with only a mother
The family structure suffers
He will soon cling to hustlers, as his guardians
He still a boy, needs to fill a void, marchin'
Up the block up to no good, sellin' in the wrong hood
He was taken down by a marksmen
At his wake, 8th Grade Graduation picture
Last words: Don't let the habitation get ya
Pardoned, Lord have mercy on the fallen
Amen, feel like I'm hardened
Got the harbinger for the coming of the carpenter
Til then, I got some big fish to fry like Marlins
Part niggas, steady mobbin'

[Chorus:]

I've got some questions to ask, and I'm waitin' on some answers
Like, Why do the good die young? Why ain't there no cure for cancer?

Won't let the streets dicatate my glory
Cuz it's something out there for me
But I'ma flee my territory
So I won't end up, just a ghetto story
Just a ghetto story, just a ghetto story
Just a ghetto story, just a ghetto story

And I try to see past it
Through the down-roll window on the driver side of my
Caprice Classic
Steady mobbin', corner store traffic
i.e. dope fiends, hookers and teens with alcohol IVs
I see, plastic, cups is a nickel, 50 cent for Dutch
Masters
My big brother's Pelle Pel' lingers of a fargone weed
smoke
Lookin' for greener pastures, pasturized 2% for \$2.19
You can get 2 quarts, there's also a sale on Newport
A seperate line for Lotto, bumpy face, add a model
Huggin' a bottle, salt and sour Jays, and blueberry
Hugs
Shorties consider a meal, been my feel for it
Sweatin' for a pair of Air Jordans they would steal for
And a gold chain 4 fiends would knife, wild and kill
yours
There's nothing too promising on our billboards
Drink Tanqueray, eat KFC, come abort your child
Buy Nikes, which makes it highly unlikely that we gon'
fight, G
Steady mobbin'

[Chorus:]

I've got some questions to ask, and I'm waitin' on some
answers
Like, Why do the good die young? Why ain't there no
cure for cancer?
Won't let the streets dicatate my glory
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And I'm still on
As I stroll down the same street so many like me once
before, were killed on
Steady mobbin', thinkin' bout the Black Panthers
And the babies that were born in the late '80s
That now have babies that lack Pampers
No Kwaanzas and they lack Santas
And the father who thinks shoe-shopping is the answer

Skipped out on parenthood classes so she don't know
how to handle her
And never learned from her grandmother
One day got hot, couldn't take it, dropped her in a
vacant lot
Album of Life, now condensed into a sampler
See the shapes these little girls is gettin'?
Somethin' say the steroids in the chicken is the cause
of the thickening in the young women
Livid, see some shorties playin' Cops & Robbers, livin'
Bittersweet thoughts is what I had for them
I can picture colder feelin' Police chasin' after them
Catchin' up to, friskin' and askin' them
Where the packs at? Who yo' cheif is? Where the straps
at?
Am I thinking too hard? Or perhaps that's reality
In a project mentality, but through it all
I hope we learn more than how to be whores and how to
move a ball
Steady mobbin'

[Chorus:]

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answers
Like, Why do the good die young? Why ain't there no
cure for cancer?
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