

## Mac Mall "Ghetto Stardom"

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Now when I just made 12 years old  
My mama told me: 'Baby boy you know you gotta be strong  
And even though they lead you wrong stay on the right track  
Cause it ain't no get right without some get back.'  
Yeah I heard that but back then I didn't feel it  
Cause I was rollin' do or die tryna see me a ticket just kickin'  
G block I said I'll never leave  
Even when the rollers chase me down til I can't breathe  
Nigga freeze, who me? Oh, never that!  
I'm hittin' fence after fence until I'm chillin' at my doormat  
Like a mack I had to get away  
Cause I'm a smooth operator, ask Shanda  
But the rollers in the V is so shady  
If they could, they would plan something on me  
But really, them ain't the fools I gotta worry 'bout  
Cause white folks goin' loxed in the white house  
And I doubt a republican or democate  
Gives a fuck about us young inner city blacks  
It's a trap, Uncle Sam keeps cursing me  
Rather have me in the pen than the university  
Yeah, it's a shame but mane, that's how it is  
So ya better peep game and try to lace ya kids  
Cause it ain't no tellin' what's soon to come  
When the punk president might drop the bomb  
Got me all stressed out with my brain on numb  
My little cousin asking me where dope come from

Chorus:

They try to tell us in the verses and the scriptures  
But I guess the real message must have missed us  
In '96 all my brothers and my sisters  
Is on a mission, we're trippin' livin' senseless  
Tell me, will I see the sun in days to come  
Will blacks be the victors instead of victims  
Or will my people keep killing over fuckin' crumbs  
Pushin' dope just to reach ghetto stardom

If you ask Mac Mall who I'm voting for

I say: 'Farrakhan' as I'm hittin' the bomb  
I.. to the swisher or the dohja spliff  
Get elevated to another as I reminisce  
About fresh candy paint and peanut butter tops  
Young hustlers havin' paper, livin' top notch  
And then the D-game straight decline  
And all you Sawyer turf niggas makin' headlines  
10 o'clock news or America's most  
Unsolved mysteries, you better soak some dope  
Then the judge starts droppin' the injuries  
On all the gangstas, playahs, macks and G's  
And you know you wont see 'em til about 2 thou'  
Cause ya boy got washed with a faulty assed trial  
But at least one day he gone be free  
Some soldiers ain't never gonna see the streets  
That's why I keep servin' game over my beats  
So all my people, in and out, can straight feel me

Chorus

There is nowhere for me to run  
Nowhere for me to hide from reality  
But I don't wanna be a casualty  
Of another tryna smother a brother just cause my  
salary  
And dog, I tell ya that these times' so sick  
That my sister's smoking dohja, 8 months pregnant  
My brother bubble on the grind and he's way legit  
Working on his third strike and he still won't quit  
But I can't tell him nuttin' bout a salary job  
So in order to get tha paper the boy gotta mob or sob  
All will fall to the waistside  
While the rollers overlook they wanna take lifes  
Youngstas they gettin' raised off the T.V.  
Got white kids around the country wanna be me  
And the way they point the finger ain't even shob  
Television replace religion, now the gangsta's god  
And old folks wonder why we so crazy  
90 knuckleheads and 70 high babies  
And can't nobody tell me that I'm wrong  
Uncle Sam finding ways to fit computer chips in my  
dome  
So I should ask before you slip  
See it's higher than the ultimate trip

Chorus

You know, dedicated to DJ Cee, S-Double the Mac  
Reach Ghetto Stardom

