

## Marvelous 3

### "Born in the Ghetto"

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[Intro - Fat Joe] - \*Lamajic talks & harmonizes in background\*  
Yeah, it's time baby  
It's time to speak the truth, maturity  
Huh, niggas gotta evolve to let niggas know the real  
Ya call yourself real, ya gotta start speakin about the real  
This is Joe Crack The Don, and this is what I'm bringin to you

[Fat Joe]  
Uh, yo, nowadays, I'm flirtin with uncertain death  
Lord I gotta be dyin, cause after all this cryin, how much more hurtin's left?  
When will the pain stop?  
This depression and anxiety, is gonna make me show another side of me  
My niggas ride with me cause I'm the truth  
There's benefits to rollin with this clique, don't nobody fuck with you  
Still they label me a tyrant and a backstabber  
But study the facts of crack, the shit don't add up  
I'm bringin opportunity to my community  
Probably the only rapper that cares, but still you out to ruin me  
Who you foolin B? I'm for unity, latins and blacks  
Could you fathom the strength, we have of the two it attach  
Born together, voted alike  
These uncle charm politicians ain't holdin us right  
How could the same nigga be 20 years in office  
When it's clear the only thing that's risin is unemployment  
Abortion, little kids havin kids  
The school system is failing us, now ain't that some shit  
While the rich keep gettin richer, the poor keep dyin young  
I can't hide no more, the time has come

[Chorus - Lajamic] - w/ ad libs  
I was born in the ghetto

Tremblin, tryin' a stay alive  
Cause when you're born in the ghetto  
No one seems to hear your cry

[Fat Joe]

Brown skin, you know I love my bra-ha-own skin

Everyday I'm confronted with racism  
These motherfuckin coppers, wanna bag us and have  
us shackled up in state prisons  
After all the taxes I pay  
You would think when they stop us, they would have  
something nicer to say  
Than "get the fuck out the car, where the drugs at?  
all the jewelry you wearin, where the fuckin guns at?"  
Once they search the car clean and find nothin  
The same crooked cops try to act like they know us or  
somethin  
Laughin, tellin jokes by the thousands  
Two seconds ago they tried to send us to the  
mountains  
Leave my son without a father, my wife without a  
husband  
The more I think about it, man it's just disgusting  
Still we live amongst 'em, everybody wants out  
That's why we rap like we got silver spoons in our  
mouths  
Like we ain't grow up on welfare  
Nigga don't even go there, you probably wore Pro  
Players  
We need to educate the youth, tell our seeds the truth  
Too much to share, the bare minimum will exceed the  
proof

[Chorus]

[Lajamic - singing until fade]  
Oh, yeah, so much pain  
Tryin hard to stay alive, stay alive  
Out in these streets, oooh (\*harmonizing\*)  
Man sometimes in can get so tough  
Oh yeah, yes it can  
Yes it can, yeah  
It can get so hard, so hard, so hard

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