

Master P "The Ghetto Won't Change"

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-Some say you can change the ghetto
-But you can't
-I mean you can't change the people in there
if they don't want to change

Imagine this, imagine that
Everything you want in life, you will never get
From the ghetto cause it's crazy
Most niggas want Rolls Royce's but they get daisies
Imagine this, little kids with no shoes on
And every homeless person I see
I'm willing to take them home
But I can't cause my life is pure misery
Every dollar i make, ten go back to Hillary
And Bill, I guess life is real
But I know deep inside I was dealt a bad deal
And life ain't fair
I don't care
Even though I know one day
I'll probably be leaving out of here
But life has no meaning
We was born dreaming
But I was born scheming
Imagine this, David Duke as our President
Imagine ?Nuey Gambles? as his best friend
And Robert Dole would be his best man
But ya'll steady lookin at us for cocaine
I don't own a plane, I don't own a boat
I don't ship no fuckin dope, from coast to coast
Most niggas either locked up or in chains
Black on black crime fool
You know the ghetto will never change

Chorus:
But I'll keep holding on
(But the ghetto won't change)
I'll keep holding on

(These little kids ain't got a chance)
I'll keep holding on
(This world ain't the same)
I'll keep holding on

(That's why the ghetto won't change)

Imagine life without no rain
Imagine everybody that you know has the same name
And we all would be in sin
Imagine bout you, killing your best friend
That's how it is in the ghetto G
Nobody care about you, her, him or me
But they quick to point the finger
But what if the shoe or the ring was on the other finger
And the ghetto was good
And the neighborhoods like the suburbs wasn't all
good
That's where the dope would be at
And the people in the ghetto would live fat
But it ain't all good like that
Cause the ghetto is crazy
I mean the people live like rats
Taking from they brothers, they sisters, they cousins
And niggas would kill they own mother
Behind some rock cocaine
But this is some shit that I don't understand
Them bullets ain't got no names, so you better duck
For you be (blew) ridin in that black truck
And when you take that long ride
Leaving the ghetto trying to get that piece of pie
Trying to hustle, trying to make a come up
But in the end you will get done up

Chorus:

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