

**Mr. Sancho****"Tryin' To Make It Out Da Ghetto"**

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[Master P]

I'm visualizing studios with forty-eight tracks  
Ghettos and hoods and economies and cutbacks  
Riase your guns up high if your fearing debt  
Fuck the police, they smoke them like a cigarette  
Must have been a fucking organ donor  
Because they left him in the projects to die with his  
eyes open  
Oh god, don't take my only dog  
But them niggas drove up like a fucking hog  
Some chase, a nigga ran him through the hood  
Eighteen shots left my homie in some pine wood  
Another end in dope game battle with a gat  
Rat-a-tat-tat nigga who gonna be next?  
So smile for my homie, Rando  
To many niggas out here get caught up in scandals  
I'm living like a rat trying to get some cheese  
But I'm getting on my knees cause god don't let it be  
me next

[Chorus]

Tryin to make it out this ghetto, uhhhhhhhhhh (4X)

[Mr. Serv-On]

Twenty-four seconds till your last smile  
Bullets to your face  
Them niggas you grew with, and bang with saw you  
take your last fucking mile  
I'm hugging your only child with your strap by my side  
Murder in my eyes, no time to cry, somebody gots to  
die  
The night you left I said my prayers for the last time  
God forgive me, before I leave this world I'm taking  
somebody with me  
These niggas don't give a fuck about me or you  
That's why I snatch my fucking shirt off and show you  
that I'm TRU  
You told me be a soldier to the end, I can't pretend  
In my sleep I see my cousins eyes, why he have to die?  
Six g's by his side now we gotta ride  
I hope I make it out this ghetto to that other side

Chorus 4X

[Mac]

All I can say is why two times at night I cry  
We live and die, maybe it was stress I was driven by  
I done seen some funerals in my short stay  
On planet Earth, we live on this white chalkway  
This life is streets feenin, the type of shit you witness  
on CNN  
Me and my niggas seen it at first hand  
And even worse man it's niggas I know  
That this life was beautiful place and all my soldiers  
trying to go  
But I'm too young, you gotta be at least twenty-one  
I know some youngsters, who creppin' now it must have  
been fun  
Cause none of them returned, forever fly, or forever  
burned  
Fools concerned with the way we learn in these streets  
Lord forgive us, the blood flows like the Mississippi  
River  
That homicide was what took him with us  
I'm on the corner strapped up waiting for the devil  
And if I die, I still make it out the ghetto

Chorus 3X

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