

Mr. Serv-On "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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