

Nas**"Every Ghetto(feat. Blitz)"**Visit "[Every Ghetto\(feat. Blitz\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uhh... yeah... uhh...

[Verse 1 (Nas)]

Blessings in life to the children
They say life is like 5 days
Words of a old man with silver hair in his wheel chair
His eyes were bloody while describin' what lies before
me
Said evil bitches and jealous men would try to destroy
me
It occurred to me, this old nigga's words couldn't be
realer
I'm on top now, slightest drama, I'll have ta kill ya
Cuz animals sence weakness, sharks smell blood in
water
Ishmael, Moses and Job, moved a divine order
Shit is plastic material, havin' no life
I crash whips and leave it no matter the price
As long as I survive, coppin' the five
Circle the block where the beef's at
And park in front of my enemy's eyes
They see that it's war we life stealers
Hollow tip, lead busters there's no heaven or hell
Dead is dead, fuckers
And your soul is with God
Your mind keeps lurkin' to earth
Watchin' your own murder reoccur

[Chorus (Repeat 2X)]

For ever struggle, every strip, and every ghetto
For every nigga toned in the pain and heavy metal
For every child that's born
And every nigga gone
And for every brotha breathin'
Live to see another mornin'

[Verse 2 (Blitz)]

It's Blitz nigga the streets glory many die for me
Got knocked refused 3 to 9's, went to trial for me
Basically I'm just reality loaded with vast stories
Of lust, greed, and contempt no street is exempt

Extended clip shots hoods barricaded for 6 blocks
I sip shots, watchin' em hustlers pitch rocks
All you paintin' pictures of my pain
Illustrate the city in vain
Fallin' deep into the pits of the game
This is for the sickest state of mind
In these fatal times, vesh crimes
Nickel play the nine and niggas for the dime
Hear the sounds of them baby's cry
Still I'm sayin' why do we reside
In the ghetto with a million ways to die
Stayin' high to relieve the pain
Breathin' in the game, exhalin'
Guilts and the shame, misery and strain
What the fuck will tomorrow bring
Look at anthrax, I stand back through
Hopin' I make it tomorrow

[Verse 3 (Nas)]

My skin is a art gallery, right
With paintings of crucifixes
Hopin' to save me from all the dangers in the music
business
Was once a young gangsta hangin' with youth
offenders
But since I tasted paper it started losin the friendships
Watchin' kids freeze in winters, they still poor
How could I tease them with Benz's and feel no
remorse
Drivin' past them in the lively fashion, diamond colors
clashin'
Red stones, blue stones, red bones and black ones
Fuck did I expect with bucket seats in a Lex
And spendin' time in Chuckie Cheese with Little Des
Got guns when I'm with my daughter
Hate to bring a violent aura in her presence
She knows what daddy taught her, it's lessons
Black princess it's a ugly world
I put my life up for yours, see I love that girl
Could you believe even my shadow's jealous
My skin is mad at my flesh, my flesh hates my own
bones
My brain hates my heart, my heart makes the songs
Though my songs come from the Father
I'm lonely...
Hold me, it's gettin' darker

[Repeat Chorus 2X] [Thanks to
MamaCita1724@aol.com for correcting these lyrics]

