Afu-Ra "Ghetto Hell"

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Cradled in the womb of the metropolis, dodging hell swarm

Vision of going to heaven, nothing can stop this Although I'm optimistic, balance it with being realistic Is paradise is part of the plan or scribbled in some book and shit

It all goes down as rain drops on my neighborhood Love my hood and motherfucker this ain't good Crack heads selling dope to dope heads On blocks that's rented by house niggaz

That's all getting rich off of the bloodshed And as I experience, none the lesser And it's high and it's high as I got off of the reefers The balance levels of horror, yo, ain't never disappear

I know, you know
It's like we livin' in hell in the ghetto
I know, you know
Babies is dying in the ghetto

I know, you know
Mothers are crying in the ghetto
I know, you know
It's like we livin' in hell in the ghetto
I know, you know
Like that, like that, like that

I put the pedal to the metal, heavy metal in the ghetto I ain't got to raise it, cause hell is the grimy ghetto I guess that's the catalyst for so many fantasies We can fantasize and happen to be surrounded by misery

The daughters and sisters, the little bitties
Princess inside ya beautiful
But mommy can't afford the sparkles and dresses
As a matter of fact, kids around here
Need to be walking with a vest on

'Cause the quietest streets around here, can be a war

zone

And I'm in such disgust, 'cause the police Instead of protectin' and serving, they serving us

They brutalizin' and battering, as a matter of fact
They play ghetto, officers, I see them laughing
Trynna pick up girls in uniform
Hanging out them college dorms, we need some
inform
Why is he a ghetto? 'Cause society divided by nothing
but money, hello

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From city to city, all over the globe So many poverty stricken lives, the facts'll make ya heads explode Cities and families, all over, global overload From Brownsville to Russia, through Somalia, through Croatia

Lyrics are live, fight to survive, it's a horror ride Demons coming for your hide but there's no where to run

Straight up, and there's no where to hide Guess what, 'cause negative situation is winning by a landslide

And if you living this life, there's the worst schools And the worst doctors, guess what? Society got ya

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