

## Stat Quo

### "Ghetto Usa"

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[Antonio McLendon harmonizing]

[Intro: Stat Quo]

YEA'! Uh, uh, uh!

Uh, uh, uh uh uh uh!

Sing the song now, uh!

YEA'!

Hah'!

All my niggaz in the muhfuckin' struggle...

Uh, uh!

Let me talk to you!

[Stat Quo (Antonio McLendon):]

We from the ghetto. - Born in the bullshit.

Preacher in the pulpit, granny need a lil' fix.

(whoohhhooohhhoo! )

Blood pressure high, work a job, no benefit! (ooh, yeeah! )

Whip repo'd, now it's back to the dealership. (yeeah, yeeah! )

Tryna play the game, gettin played like instruments (yeeeah, yeeeah! )

On the fence in my defense, make a mile out an inch. (oggg, yeeah! )

Momma said the devil in my soul, I should repent;

My dawg lost his daughter, say he ain't seen God since! (ohhhohhh! )

Said: "Look, bro'! - Listen, bro'! - Ya ain't makin' sense!"

He replied: "You're right." - Pockets full of lint. (ohhh! )

Willie Lynch hung shit, hint hint. (ohhh! )

The root of all evil, now I know what they meant!

To my dawgs in Flint hustlin' to pay they rent (yeeeahhh! )

Thomasville Heights all night in a trench (yeeeaahhh! )

Fuckin' with the junkies or 9-2-5 on a bench,

Clockin in', clockin' out, like: "Where time went? " -

Damn... YEA'!

[Chorus: Antonio McLendon {Stat Quo}]

I come up haaard. - Hard, baby.  
But what don't kill you makes you stroonger!  
But I come too faar! (faaar! ) Far, baby.  
To watch tears drop from yo' hunger. (huunger! )  
As long as we keep on grindin'. (ohhh! ) - Keep on  
tryin'! (ohhh! )  
Wishing's not enough! (wishing's not enouough! )  
To change our situation {uh! } - time is wastin'!  
{Ghetto U.S.A.! }  
We got to come up! (we got to come uuup! )

[Stat Quo:]

I keep tryna get ahead - but the fact still remain (ooh,  
ooh! )  
Every dime I make it take half of my change! (wooo! )  
Ain't nuttin change, same fight, same ring, (yeeeeah! )  
But it ain't pay-per-view, it's a survival thing. (ooh,  
baby! )  
Some slang green pills, crank and 'caine  
Some bitches strip and gold-dig' and whore to  
maintain!  
(Ooohhh-ooohhh, yeeeeah! )  
My aunt just lost her job, here this shit go again!  
Couldn't pay her bills, she put a bullet in her brain!  
(ooh, ooohhh! )  
Her chil'en in the same house livin' with the stains  
On the wall - can't afford to move, what a shame!  
(ooohhh, ooohh,  
Ooohhh! )  
Shit done drove my uncle insane,  
He talkin' to himself thinkin he the one to blame!  
(hhmmm! )  
Got seduced by the boy, shootin trouble in his veins.  
(uh-ooohh! )  
Wanted the pleasure, became a slave to the pain!  
(ooohhh! )  
Livin' in the streets, died drowned by the rain  
His life down in two's, his blood flowin through the  
drains. - Damn...  
YEA!

[Chorus: Antonio McLendon {Stat Quo}]

I come up haaard. - Hard, baby.  
But what don't kill you makes you stroonger!  
But I come too faar! (faaar! ) Far, baby.  
To watch tears drop from yo' hunger. (huunger! )  
{yeeeeah! }  
As long as we keep on grindin'. (ohhh! ) - Keep on  
tryin'! (ohhh! ) {let's  
Go! }  
Wishing's not enough! (wishing's not enouough! )

To change our situation {uh! } - time is wastin'!  
We got to come up! (we got to come uuup! )

[Outro: Stat Quo]  
Now or never!  
Now... and forever!  
Yeah!  
Every nigga in the struggle!  
OHH!  
YEA'!

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