

## De Heideroosjes

### "Lil' Ghetto Boy"

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The Ghetto x8

Snoop Doggy Dogg:

Wake up, jumped out my bed  
I'm in a two man cell with my homie Lil' 1/2 Dead  
Murder was the case that they gave me  
Dear God, I wonder can you save me?  
I'm only eighteen, so I'm a young buck  
It's a ride, if I don't scrap, I'm gettin' stuck  
But that's the life of G, I guess  
Ese's way deep, shanked two in the chest  
Best run cause brothers is droppin' quicker  
Ugn, too late, damn, down goes another nigga  
Bouncin' off the walls, throwin' them dogs  
Gettin' that rep as a young hog  
It ain't nothin' like the street life  
You better be strapped with your shank  
Cause ain't no fist fight  
So I guess I gots to handle mine  
Since I did the crime, I gots to do my time

Chorus:

We run game in the ghetto  
We gets high in the ghetto  
We gets shot in the ghetto  
You might get stuck in the ghetto  
Lil' Ghetto Boy

Dr. Dre:

Now I'm holdin' the dub, sittin' on swoll  
Twenty-seven years old, up for parole, stroll  
I'm back up on my feet with my mind on the money  
That I be makin' soon as I touch them streets  
Things done changed on this side  
Remember they used to thump, but now they blast,  
right?  
But it ain't no thang to me  
Cause now I'm what they call a loced ass O.G.

The little homies from the hood with grip  
Are the ones I get with cause I'm down to set trip  
Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so whatcha wanna do?  
Didn't know he had a twenty-two  
Straight sittin' behind his back  
I grabbed his pockets and then I heard six caps  
I fell to the ground with blood on my hands  
I didn't understand  
How a nigga so young could bust a cap  
I used to be the same way back  
I guess that's what I get (for what?)  
For tryin' to jack the little homies for they grip

Chorus

Snoop Doggy Dogg:

Somethin' for the real O.G.'s to get with  
Some facts made our made  
Now you runnin' but I'm played  
Like every single day, really doe  
You know me, I'm the smooth macadamian  
Gamin'em for my homie  
No need in be uncalm, if you pack right  
And learnin' just enough to keep your sack tight  
Late nights, I wonder what they get in for?  
Early mornin' on the corners, what they hittin' for?  
Seven young G's put they serve down  
In a G ride, Eastside's where they swerve now  
Not thinkin' about what's really goin' on  
Got crept on, stepped on, now they gone  
I spent four years in the county  
With nothin' but convicts around me  
But now I'm back at the Pound  
And we expose ways for the youth to survive  
Some think it's wrong but we tend to think it's right  
So make all them ends you can make  
Cause when you're broke, you break, check it out  
So ain't no need for your mama to trip  
Cause you's a hustlin' ass youngsta, clockin' your grip

Chorus

Lil' Ghetto Boy

That's the life of a G, I guess  
The ghetto. x3

That's the life of a G  
That's the life of a G, I guess  
The ghetto. x3

That's the life of a G. The ghetto  
That's the life of a G, I guess  
The ghetto

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