

Troy Spratt

"Christmas In The Ghetto"

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It's christmas in the ghetto
Fa la la la la la la la
It's christmas in the ghetto
Fa la la la la la la la
Dealers bakin, fiends are waitin
Fa la la la la la la la
It's christmas in the ghetto
Fa la la la la la la la

Christmas in the ghetto just ain't worth shit
Tell santa claus he can suck my dick
I guess I get the same fucking thing I got last year
Sittin in a bird dog drinking beer
I don't have a job, no food, no fun
But I got the dope, 3 ki's and a gun
So I tell the fiends to me on the block
Open up shop and start sellin rocks
I'm making big dollars off these motherfucking fools
If they wanna jack, then the money's in my shoes
Now here comes a dope fiend begging for a hit
Saying can I please get a 50 dollar fix
He showed me the money, then I went for my stash
Got the motherfucker a big 50 dollar bag
The man said freeze and my mouth just dropped
The stupid ass nigga was an undercover cop
Yea I was mad, but I didn't want to run
Starring me in the face was a big black gun
Now it's christmas eve and I'm locked behind bars
Sitting in a cell looking up at the stairs
Reminiscing about my kids with tears in my eyes
Thinking to myself I just want to die
Living in a house with no food, no heat
It may be cold but hell is the street
Cause the place I'm from Santa don't leave gifts
In my house Santa only shoplifts
Holidays in the hood ain't no motherfucking joke
When people all around you is starving and broke
Cause if you black and poor, it's hell
You only hear gunshots, you never hear bells
So if you got a way out then go
Cause it ain't no fun with christmas in the ghetto

Chorus

This christmas ain't it, I ain't got shit
Waiting on santa is like waiting on a bitch
Now I'm going to the mall to get the fresh gear
I'm from the projects, I've never seen a reindeer
Stick em up, stick em up, boom
Now you're doomed, I guess my present will be you
Now you know I'm jackin
Nine I be payin for the gas cause you know I ain't actin
Some say I'm the grinch cause I don't play
How could he do this fucking shit on a holiday
Cause when I look I see reflections of me
Kids in the ghetto never had a christmas tree
Hand-me-down clothes for the new year
The rich drink champagne, the poor drink beer
No christmas cards, just a letter saying the rent late
My little brother wanted a bike, he got skates
Now I don't give a damn, fuck Uncle Sam
I thank God for the turkey, last year we had Spam
Looked out the window, what do I see
Dope dealers running from the police
Welfare cuts was the last line
Sent many people to the god damn soup lines
Homeless people with no shoes on they feet
In and out of cans trying to find something to eat
I reminisce to the people that ain't here
Hoping to have a better fucking New Year
Dope fiends selling t.v.'s and sweaters bro
But I ain't tripping cause it's christmas in the ghetto

Yea, merry motherfucking christmas
This EA-Ski and The Real Untouchables
Enjoy your motherfucking christmas you broke bitch
Cause christmas will never be the same in our black neighborhood
So I'm saying outie 5-motherfucking-thousand
And we out of this bitch
Oh,oh,oh yes
All you broke motherfucking rappers out there
Making all these tapes
You broke bitch you can't buy a god damn thing this christmas
Cause you done sold out you cunt

Yo man hold up (what?)
What about the 3 days of christmas
Oh, okay man, i forgot, let's do this shit
C cut the music off

On the first day of christmas a dope fiend brought to
me
A t.v. and a bitch from up the street
On the second day of christmas a dope fiend brought
to me
2 VCR's and a t.v. and a bitch from up the street
On the third day of christmas a dope fiend brought to
me
3 stolen rings, 2 VCR's, and a t.v. and bitch from up the
street

Ha ha ha ha, shit I lived to to see another christmas

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