

Troy Spratt

"The Ghetto Is A Trap"

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[Silkk]

Just the other day my brother got killed
Its might be worse where you hang, but the projects
where I live
I see my partners on the corner cold serving the dope
fiends
I see no dreams, instead I see more fiends
When Im on the cutter off than one
For every dollar I make the white folks make a hundred
And I can understand why niggaz sell cain
Cause every nigga got it good as the next man
And white folks know that there will always be dope
Because they always have a kid that's starving and
broke
And now they wanna try to seize the crack and drug
dealin'
Know that there will only lead to more and more killing
A nigga got a steal deal with the fucking police
I dipped in my alias and tell them they don't know me
For some strange reason they still take me in
Trying to get a nigga to do time in the pen
On the motherfucking murder weapon stanking identity
(why is that?)
Cause they ghetto is a motherfucking trap

[Big Ed/Master P]

Two marks got me out of the ghetto
But the ghetto is where im from
Welcome to the ghetto, it's a trap
But the ghetto is where I grow

[C-Murder]

Nigga as you know im c-murder
Kicking the funky shit that you never even heard of
Im talking 'bout the motherfucking ghetto
Where many punk bitches get killed ho
But I don't give a fuck about that G
Cause im rolling with a sick ass pops
I met a kingpin said he want a ki
I didn't know he was the motherfucking police
I said fuck and kicked him in his knees

And got away cross the street in some trees
I started laughing saying, "Damn, he done slacked up."
Little did I know they 50 done had backup
All I heard was freeze
With three bullets to my back I feel to my knees
I started screaming and crying
Everythang getting black, yo im dying
All I could remember
Thought I always catch a bullet from a gang member
The the ambulance came, paramedics asking me my
motherfucking name
Damn I almost choked
With six fuckin' doctors sticking tubes down my throat
But through all of that I made it
Why I wanna I live man, I think im crazy
Now im going to the pen, but I don't give a fuck cause
I'll be out in 10
All that shit cause im tired of eating scraps
The ghetto is a trap

[Big Ed/Master P]

Two marks got me out of the ghetto
But the ghetto is where im from
Welcome to the ghetto, it's a trap
But the ghetto is where I grow

[Master P]

Boom, Boom, Boom and im a gonner
But im tripping on life cause 50 is right round the
corner
And mama say boy pray, better be glad it wasn't you
that got blew away
Killed in the dope game, I'll probably craft that on life
In the motherfucking dice game, cause in the game of
life it has 1 rule
Watch your ass, count your money, don't be a fool
And don't fuck with a broke bitch, cause if you fuck with
a broke
Bitch they get you in the fucking ditch
So you can play the roll of a dummy
Think a bitch like you when a bitch really like your
money
Now that don't mean shit nigga
You better sleep with one eye open, and keep you
finger on the fucking
Trigger, or go out like Jack, Jack died in the projects
And Jill got another fucking nigga black
Or you can go out like a clucker, and end up six feet
deep motherfucker
And listen to what I say cause in the ghetto somebody
else gets blowed

Away, cause that has no age, smoked out dope fiends
on the
Motherfucking rage, so I refuse to be caught not
strapped
When I walk into the ghetto, knowing the ghetto is a
trap.

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