

Mindy McCready

"Lil' Ghetto Boy"

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[Intro - Speaker] {*crowd in background*}
So, all of you Africans
All of you Africans that wanna do thangs
that's workin for other people
Y'all need to open your own business
Save your money, quit payin motherfuckers with jheri
curls
Quit payin motherfuckers with perms
Save your money, start your own business
and you true Africans, will have put hundreds to work
This is our future right here, this out future right here
{*applause*}
(This some shit! The new generation is on! The new
generation!)
Hey, I'ma tell you right now..
If if if I have to die today, for this little African right
here
to have a future I'm a dead motherfucker
(You right!)

[Verse One: 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 riot, if I don't scrap, I'm getting stuck
But that's the life of a G, I guess
Ese's way deep, shanked two in the chest
Best, run, cause brothers is droppin quicker
Ughh, too late, damn, down goes another nigga
Bouncin off the walls, throwin them dogs
Gettin that rep, as a young hog
It ain't nuttin like the street life
You betta be strapped wit yo' shank
cause ain't no fist fight
So I guess I gots ta handle mine
Since I did the crime, I gots ta do my time

[Daz]

Them say me grow up to be nuttin, look at me now what

do you see
I am what I am it's only me

[Chorus]

Lil' ghetto boy.. playin in the ghetto streets
Whatcha gonna do when you grow up.. and have to
face responsibility?

[Verse Two: Dr. Dre]

Now I'm holdin the dove, sittin on swoll
Twenty-seven years old, up for parole, stroll
I'm back up on my feet wit my mind on the money
that I'll be makin soon as I touch the street
Thangs 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 loc'd-ass O.G.
The little homies from the hood wit grip
are the ones I get with cause I'm down to set-trip
Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so whatchu wanna do?
Didn't know we 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 them little homies for they grip

[Daz]

Me learn many things of what me see from the streets
The outcome of what I come to be

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Somethin for the real O.G.'s to get wit
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
them for my homie
No need to be uncalm if you pack right
And learnin just enough to keep your sack right
Late nights, I wonder what they gettin fo'
Early mornin on the corners, what they hittin fo'
Seven young G's put they serve down
In a G-ride, Eastside's where they swerve now
Not thinking about what's really goin on

Got crept on, stepped on, now they gone
I spent four years in the county
wit nuttin 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 riight
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 hustling ass youngsta, clockin your grip

[Daz]

And now me life as you can see, still an O.G.
for life and always remain to be, a little ghetto boy..

[Chorus]

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