

## Woltario

# "When We Trapped"

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Still breathing  
Now my glock blast  
My heart was beating  
Like a heart attack  
I gotta survive  
In these hard times  
But some times  
Is hard to keep the faith  
Tell me god  
What does it take  
To escape  
From my mind state  
Will the trouble and pain  
Ever change?  
We all dying for the fame  
That's a dmn shame  
I wonder why we live insane  
I pray for the day  
Where I can say  
Goodbye on the highway  
And just fly away  
From the society  
We all die on the concrete  
They talk about the future  
Asking what can I be?  
Nothing, that's the true war  
For the ghetto seeds  
That's the true war  
For the ghetto seeds  
Ghetto seeds.

How can we rise when we trapped?  
How can we decide when we trapped?  
How can we ride when we trapped?  
How can it be fine when we trapped?  
Dear Mr. President can you tell me that?

How can we rise when we trapped?  
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How can it be fine when we trapped?  
Dear Mr. President can you tell me that?

I can't understand  
There anger  
We have lived here  
In so many years  
Still we strangers  
They want to kill us  
We all in danger  
Is clear that they hate us  
God can you save us  
Will we stay trapped  
Should we make a payback  
So they can't layback  
They talk about there help  
But this is a prison cell in hell  
Talk about welfare  
But they never cared  
No money no home  
No help all alone  
Lived on his own  
Living on the street  
Now he screaming fuck peace  
Then he killed and come to death row  
Still he couldn't laylow  
And he is dead now  
The true story for the ghetto seeds  
The true story for the ghetto seeds

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Now what's the next step  
God please bless  
All the ghetto's worldwide  
Just let me ride on the westside  
I wondering is it the end  
Or is just begunned  
I know we sinned  
But everybody deserve a second chance  
Even know somebody is hard to stand  
Cause nobody is perfect  
But we gotta help them who's work it

Cause somebody definitely deserve it  
Cause if we ain't help each other  
The story end just like my brother  
So what we gotta do is,  
We gotta help and change.

The true story for the ghetto seeds

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