

Young Sam

"The Ghetto"

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Ain t this shit porn but the niggas wanna hate
Don t matter I ve been counting dollar bills all day
My bootlicker keep letters in a truck
No way run up on me today doomsday
And I do fuck with real niggas who re one call away
I tell em what it is then we comin where you stay
You won t want that, nigga, you won t wanna play
Bring flowers to your crib then we shoots you where
you like
It s a West side nigga with a South side swag
Gold mouth king gonna keep popping tags
Double G buckle, get your cheese up
I don t see y all but I know you see us
At the top, ain t coming down, real nigga showing up
Put the strip club with a pocket full of drugs
Robin jeans on I m a going like jeezy
Old school flow, man my shit is off the
For sheezy, I m a G you re a weeny
Hop into the Phantom get hair like a beany
Grey Benz on I can see you like stevy
Anything I want I m a get it, no genie
Hustle like a esse got my paper
Coming with that chopper I ll empty out your x-ray
You won t want that
Skinny ass nigga with a big ass gap, bitch
The ghetto made me this way

The streets of LA made me this way
Born in the hood, get it understood
The streets of LA made me this way
Running around no police
Pistol on me I m ready
Ain t nervous, I m steady
Make your brain turn spaghetti
Always with that combat
Slice you like machetes
Hop about the Chevy, it s a nightmare like Freddy
I got I switch it up that big chopper
Everybody ain t feeling us cause everybody ain t real
as us
Scared for us to take our place, nigga are you serious?

I m in your crib looking all mysterious
Got new shit so the niggas hatin
All mad cause I m blowing aces
We re pulling out em big guns
That ll hit you from a mile away
And you don t want that nigga, no way
I ll be tripping on your block for like four days
Quit the raid up in your crib like roach spray
Then I murder motherfuckers like OJ
Quit the raid up in your crib like roach spray
Then I murder motherfuckers like OJ
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