

## Children Of Da Ghetto "Drug Lord"

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[CHORUS]

As a shorty I always wanted to be a drug lord  
When I'm naughty I always claimed to be a drug lord

[1st Verse]

Back up in junior high  
sipping on some gin with my so-called friends  
in the cut just gettin high  
I wanted to liss so I passed my dip cause a nigga  
wanna drive by  
B.B.S.S niggas too quick to pull the triggers an never  
know who to trust  
So I gotta put my things and you try to get some wrack  
and be a drug lord  
Now stackin on my ends  
makin little dividends thinkin can I get away  
Lookin up to the gang bangers and they can't slang us  
but the fella may  
Cause I rest in peace cause it not deceased  
all over this bullshit  
I having evil visions killing each nigga with this wheelie  
I gotta leave it alone if I wanna get grow  
but with lynchies on my mind  
Invading my privacy  
its just a wheeze an you push me to use my nine  
Now he's gone an dead an I got the feds to the rolling  
know my back  
Nowhere to run  
revenge is a bitch cause these hoes wanna get me

CHORUS

[2nd Verse]

I smoke up a blunt to let my motherfucking day just  
ease by  
I gotta go to the crib an explain to my mother why I'm  
gettin high  
Its self-explanatory I'm black an I'm under pressure  
So come on my nine to feel what the motherfucking  
test ya  
But it ain't no bitch when its getting angry cause its  
letting loose

Motherfuckers better run an hide before they die  
cause I might be buckin that shoot  
The only way you can make it you come an you take it  
an ask for real niggas  
Like me smokin on the sack of weed  
with my hand on the fuckin trigger  
Cause fullin our trigger on the bronk arse  
nigga just ain't no damn thing  
I shooting again to brain  
when I what and hang living life in the fast lane  
It's hard as hell when you tryin to make you got this  
jealous arse bitch  
Better watch your back  
fo they up their gat  
and it leave your shit split

#### CHORUS

[3rd Verse]

Hallucinating homicides  
now its time to ride my nigga that just not die  
And I'm tryin to understand why the fuck did you let  
that bullet fire  
Nigga left so spank me  
in the cut can't even give em no money  
Gotta get made comin on up  
an now touch stone bone straight stop  
Cause a mob didn't wanna pick me up now why gotta  
go and stick up  
Pick up for a lickin hit up fuck dawn when I let my itchy  
ball  
I'm dressed up  
now the young roll tall motherfucker comin up in nine  
five  
An the germs gettin rich  
I'm all where to hit turning off game out to survive  
Everybody gotta go  
took a walk through the do  
an' it's just fact that I know  
When it should've been me runnin the Chevvy  
just tellin em dick sell out choke  
Now you know these niggas tryin to get so god damn  
hard in this game  
Where world the game where my nigga name main  
I roll put a choke to the brain

#### CHORUS

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