

Ali Vegas "From The Ghetto"

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* Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, All My Ghetto Children, Com'on

Even, With no type of money
We still, Gotz to make it happen
Niggaz front, Then we get to scrappin
Let em' know where ur from, I'm from the ghetto

Even, With no type of money
We still, Gotz to make it happen
Niggaz front, Then we get to scrappin
Let em' know where ur from, I'm from the ghetto

Let me come to explain, How life is hardly the same
In the hood the baddest kids have the godliest names
Spider webs protect a large part of my frame
My moms bought me some ganes
Now they young god is insane
We party and hang, We load the car with them thangs
See it startin to vein, And make remarkable change
And ya'll know for a fact, My flow is raw as crack
I can go on tour in back and front of corner stores and
raps
Watch the crowd applaud and clap, They can't ignore
this cat
I'm here to fill a void in rap, Ain't no avoidin that
Dream team give life the ????? checks
I give ya my all, Nothin less or more than that
Com'on chops, Bring the chorus back

Hook 2x

I'm from where they pop glocks and spit snubs
Grew up next door to chop shops and strip clubs
For me life was hell, I was twice as frail
Recievin from jail, I was too nice to fill and sit
inside a Rikkers cell
Brothers fight after 2 nights, Imagine how lifers feel
Sittin in a place where minor few survive to tell
I give ya my best, But still it aint good enough
Never rep the projects, My hood was just as tough
I played basketball with, Recovered alkaholics
Played baseball with those that sold 8 balls

Rap skills or crack skills, Whatever it take y'all
Pray to god the company dont see the roach on the wall
(roach on the wall)

Hook

I've got 2 of the illest flows, Around today
So i can rap either way, Which way yall want
Check it, Look, Com'on
With all the pain and scrutiny, It's hard to maintain in
2G
We ??????????, Police is trained to shoot me
Guess life is complicated, Wasn't the type to
conversate it
Ever since my cousin Fashion in 6, Got incarcerated
One love to all my villans down for life
In the ghetto you learn to count with dykes
And run from jakes on mountain bikes
We scared on blown whites, But dont respect the
housing types
We sit on crates, And watch em slowly as they grabs
the light
Just as they fear it all
They send my peers up north, If the top of the ????? is
off
Shed tears to get em' off
I rep for all my brothers caught in the jam
Up north in the can, I know they keep forcin your hand
Play your cards right, Ain't no more livin off the land
Then it's back to dominos, I whistle at all kinds of hoes
If rhymes was clothes, I have ill designer flows
Like hilfiger and iceberg, Da ill nigga with trife words

Hook To Fade

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