

## **Sandra Pires**

### **"Ghetto Love"**

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You claim you're still bitter  
but I got the raw end of the deal

[ VERSE 1: Hardhead ]

I heard the expression 'a dog is a man's best friend'  
But I grew up thinkin it was a woman  
But I had to learn the hard way  
Never thought I'd see the day I'd be sleepin on the  
subway  
But that's the path she chose  
The next day I arose still kickin the same clothes  
I had to make a decision  
Even though I lost her my friends still gave me  
recognition  
Bein recognized by the guys  
Wasn't a surprise, you see, cause they're my homies  
And with them I get nuff respect (nuff respect)  
When I was down they were there  
When I didn't have, they were more than happy to  
share  
Inside I feel the pains trapped  
I don't feel she dissed me but I feel I got a bum rap  
The guys knew what I was thinkin of  
The only thing to cure an old love was a new love

A ghetto love

[ VERSE 2: Hardhead ]

It's 3 o'clock, I'm hungry and I'm cold  
I wanna call her but she's even changed area codes  
Was it that bad, what I did?  
To hell with it, I go to my man's crib  
Oh, his name is Bezo  
The type of power only friendship could bestow  
I ring his bell and he's alarmed  
And I'm greeted in with open arms  
The next day, a different routine  
I'm caught drinkin on a public scene  
I'm callin my homies to come get me  
Cause I know down they never let me  
Free as a bird, once again I'm chillin

My homies ain't rich, but to me they're top-billin  
Over, over again they've proven  
Not even a jail cell can separate a real friend  
It seems that our love as a crew gets better and better  
We stick as a posse like a stamp to a letter  
What's theirs is mines, what's mines is theirs  
Cause in this ghetto love game we play fair  
I'm unspoiled by success  
Even though God's blessed they're still not impressed  
The way they once treated me they still treat me  
It's nothin different now cause I'm makin a little money  
Like when we hang, rumbles still continue  
Puttin heads out is still on our menu  
We'll go to war in a heartbeat  
And I never went to war and they ran out and left me  
We're all about one for all and all for one  
And if it's more than one you better have more than  
one gun  
The only sleep that outlasts love is death  
And we'll hang until one of us takes the last breath  
How close can a clan of man be?  
That one partner's pain is his posse's misery?  
We say they come a dime a dozen  
But I've been turned on by my own so-called cousins  
Is the blood we shed really thicker than water?  
If it is, then maybe you oughta

Witness  
A ghetto love

I'ma always have my homies  
They gon' see me in the cold, or hunger  
or just out there driftin, whatever  
All my homies around the way in the South Bronx  
Jason, Shawn, my man Jim-Jim, the whole posse  
Those who I miss, you know who you are  
[Name], Bezo, Lucky  
The official crew, y'all know  
The same crew that always goes through  
the rain and the shine

Peace

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