

## Garry Glitter "Ghetto Strain"

Visit "[Ghetto Strain](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Tales of a lost soul  
Gotta stay in control

[ CHORUS ]  
My ghetto strain bring misery  
Gotta feel the pain physically  
To gain anything spiritually

[ VERSE 1: Mr. Mike ]  
It's a cold game, I see my folks slain  
Right in front of the crib, the house  
Brothers runnin they mouth, the southern route  
Little church dude trippin, sayin my mama shout  
It hurts, fool, knowin that's that pressure built up from  
the house  
That she had to let it out, so much they said about  
The life of me, Mr. M-i-k-e  
Hit you where eyes can't see  
Up in my time to leave  
Ghetto kids yellin, "Where we live we grindin these  
streets"  
Hard to breathe, in times like these, my eyes I squeeze  
To stop tears from fallin when my peers be callin  
Young player, you're starvin ballin  
And they wonder why we get high  
I hope to see my people in the sky

[ VERSE 2: Mr. Mike ]  
It's like a lion, dragon, and beast  
I'm high, a scavenger peeps  
His eyes on the prize, bring these rhymes from the  
street  
Define my homie's life, fell to the game, well painted  
stripes  
And earn the age, what a way, hell, paid the price  
Tales of a lonely knight, they walk up on you, right?  
Never knowin fright, the darkest corners where I  
learned to fight  
People ain't concerned with right, they rather be about  
the game  
Persuin me and doin me, never takin it light

[ Napp-1 ]

That's why I switch up women and cars every three months

Wanna kill me or what? Push my pawns to the front  
Plus suckers bustin me, testin me, as a kid been stressin

>From my flesh on to my soul in, how could I win?  
Lord, is they really my friends? And why I ain't got no ends?

Don't mean to question my faith, too much excitement in this paper chase

I stay laced with game, but nobody knows my name  
Workin hard at this rap shit, I'm glad I adapted

[ VERSE 3: Napp-1 ]

Dressed to kill, a million dollar-bill in front of your face  
Game laced, disappear without a trace

Who am I? Action, v.i.p. right through your backdo'

A dog in sheep's clothing, could you ask for mo'?

What is they blastin fo'? Lower the casket do'

Somebody killed my little homie right in front of the sto'

[ Mr. Mike ]

It's like we lost touch, the millenium niggas crossed up

Stupid mistakes that others made taught us

Jealousy feels, heavenly steel, just a frail way

A felon who you can deal, then dash in the ghetto way

Car or van or truck, man, the rush

I'm standin up, yes, I'm standin up

The only man in the house at five years old

Take out the trash, wipe my sister and hide my clothes

Time unfolds, my rhyme's like a treasure of old

The pleasure, the pain, the principle of havin this

dough

[ CHORUS ]

Visit [Garry Glitter](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.