

J. Cole

"Lil Ghetto Nigga"

Visit "[Lil Ghetto Nigga](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, uh
Uh, yea
Yea, uh
Fayettenam, n*gga
Hahaah uh
Carolina, n*gga
Yeah, Yea, let's bring it in

Yea, this is for my n*ggas in the struggle
Yea, this is for my n*ggas in the struggle
Uh, uh, uh,
Nothing but sweat, tears,
Just another perspective,
Yeah

Yo, uh
Lifestyles of the young, black and genius,
Sons strapped with guns packed in jeans,
And the blunts got my lungs black as Jesus, (yea)
Play with killers hung yack and slung crack for leisure,
And tell a n*gga run that and gun clap for sneakers,
Young n*ggas emulate what's coming out the
speakers,
So everything we learn came from rappers, not
teachers,
Cause if we can't relate, then how the hell you gonna
reach us?
Surrounded by crooked cops and preachers, (yea)
Where my trust at?
No time to think about illegal when my stomach's
touching,
By any means, n*gga, even if the gun is busted,
I see the world for what it is now,
I see the odds is looking slim for our kids now,
Cause, uh, it was a set up for my people to rise, (yea)
My n*ggas slang, but I see the pain deep in they eyes,
N*ggas living like they don't give a f*ck,
And I don't blame 'em, it's a cold world, live it up! (live
it up)

The things that I've seen, (seen)

The dreams that I dream, (dream)
The rain in my sky,
The pain in my eyes
But know that it gets better baby,
Hope that it gets better baby,
Don't let this world break you, (you) naw, naw,
Don't let them break you, (you)

Yea, uh
I look up in the sky, see that ghetto birds circulate,
And rollers on the block, my n*ggas on the curb, cursin
them, (f*ck)
Another day in the ville, do I stay in and chill? (no)
Or go play in the field?
Help my mother paying these bills, you tell me, n*gga!
We all young, black, some strapped,
Them whites had they lunch pack for school, we had
our guns stacked.
And all a n*gga wanna do is take his mother from that,
But they'd rather lock us up and make sure we don't
come back.
To kill a n*gga over beef and cheddar is even better,
Just one less coon they won't have to arrest.
F*ck a crooked cop three times,
B*tch, I'm getting cake and ain't a n*gga finna eat
mine,
That's why a n*gga looking like a street sign, (yea)
Posted on the corner 'til it's sleep time.
Wake up and it's feeling like somebody hit the rewind,
(why)
Cause them ghetto birds circulate, my n*ggas steal
purse and 'em,
Another day in the city, my n*ggas say it with me, yea!

The things that I've seen, (seen)
The dreams that I dream, (dream)
The rain in my sky,
The pain in my eyes
But know that it gets better baby,
Hope that it get better baby,
Don't let this world break you, (you) naw, naw,
Don't let them break you, (you)

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