

Nature

"Ghetto Bastard"

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Smooth it out
This is a story about a drifter
Who waited for the worst while the best live 'cross town
Who never planned on having someday
Why me huh?!

Some get a little and some get none
Some catch a bad one and some leave the job half
done
I was one who never had and always mad
Never knew my dad motherfuck the fag
Well anyway I did pick up lift and click up
See many stick ups 'cos niggas had the trigger hick-
ups
I couldn't get a job, nappy hair was not allowed
My mother couldn't afford us all, she had to throw me
out
I walked the strip, with just a clip, who wanna hit
Thank God I'm quick, I had to eat this money as good
as spent
A 'do in braids, I wasn't paid enough
I kept 'em long 'cause I couldn't afford a hair-cut
I got laughed at, I got jumped, I got dissed
I got upset, I got a tick and a banana clip
With down the flow, don't let them any dealin' tackhead
A celebrate rope, so a lotta good it woulda did
Or done, if not bad luck I would have none
Why did I have to live the life of such a bad one
Why when I was a kid and played I was the sad one
And always wanted to live like this or that one

Chorus

A ghetto bastard, born next to the projects
Livin' in the slums with bums I said now why Treach
Do I have to be like this, mama said I'm priceless
So I am, I'm worthless, starvin', that's just what being
nice gets
Sometimes I wish I could afford a pistol then though
To stop the hell, I woulda ended things a while ago
I ain't have jack, but a black hat and knap-sack

War scars, stolen cars and a blackjack
Drop that, and now you want me to rap and give
Say something positive, well positive ain't where I live
I live right around the corner from west hell
Two blocks from south shit, and once in a jail cell
The sun never shine on my side of the street see
And only once or twice a week I would speak
I walked alone, my state of mind was home sweet
home
I couldn't keep a girl, they wanted kids and cars with
chrome
Some life, if you ain't wearin' gold, your style was old
And you got more juice and dope for every bottle sold
Hell no, I say there's gotta be a better way
But hey, never gamble in a game that you can't play
I'm gonna flaunt it, gonna know when, know when and
not now
How will I do it, how will I make it, I won't, that's how
Why me huh

Chorus

My third year to adulthood, still a knucklehead
I'm better off dead, huh, that's what my neighbor said
I don't do jack but fightin' lightin' up the streets at night
Playing hide-and-seek with a machete, sets of
Freddie's spikes
Some say I'm all in all, nothing but a dog now
I answer that with a fuck you and a bow-wow
'Cause I done been through more shit within the last
week
Than the fly flowin' in doo-doo on a concrete
I've been a dead beat, dead to the world and dead
wrong
Since I was born, that's my life, oh you don't know this
song
So don't say jack, and please don't say you understand
All that man-to-man talk can walk, damn
If you ain't live it, you couldn't feel, so fill it skillet
All that talk about it won't help it out, now will it
In Illtown, feel like you stuck up, propped, and shot
Don't worry, he got hit by a flurry and this punk ass
dropped
But I'm the one who has been labaled as an outcast
They teach in school some of the misfits I will outlast
But that's cool, with the fool smack 'im backwards
That's what you get when you're fuckin' with the ghetto
bastard

If you ain't never been to the ghetto
Don't ever come to the ghetto

'Cause you wouldn't understand the ghetto
So stay the fuck out of the ghetto
Why me, Why me

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