

## **Ed O.G. & Da Bulldogs**

### **"Streets of the Ghetto"**

Visit "[Streets of the Ghetto](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I pumped bomb on the calm with no alarm  
and never thought that it would get to my moms  
But when she found out she made me take the pound  
out  
and get out with it man I could forget it  
Now I'm stayin with this girl who got a kid  
by another nigga whose crew is much bigger  
But he don't dig it cause his jim hat broke  
But she kept the baby cause he pumps coke  
Now her crib is the new weed spot  
to get the smoke or the choke, it was gettin mad hot  
The next morning, while she was still sleeping  
I was creeping to Jenny, here's a note, don't sweat it  
Forget it, cause it ain't worth it  
I need to be alone when I'm goin under the surface  
Now I'm out to hit my workers  
Two damn niggaz, and one Turkish white boy  
who got Southeast sewn up  
Business blowin up, and I'm still growin up  
Only 17 and got my own crib  
And still learnin how to live on the streets of the ghetto

The streets of the ghetto (3X)

Now I got friends cause the G's is comin in

Skeezers comin in, and I'm still runnin in and out

Taking care of biz on the block

I brought my crew, ten new Glocks..

.. just in case trouble knocks

Cause nowadays, we don't box

I'm eighteen gettin mad green off the fiends

Brand new sneakers, a cut, and some jeans

is what the businessman wears in the ghetto

that makes the whitey petrol

But I still can't let go, even though I'm makin

crooked dough, the system is easy to beat

And my shit's still not complete

Because I'm on my way to my first key

That was the biggest shit I ever bought G

I ain't gettin locked down, so I walk there, lock it up

Got my first key, now it's time to rock it up

Don't you know where it's gonna go?

Right out there... on the streets of the ghetto

The streets of the ghetto (3X)

Now I'm up to three keys, pounds of weed and sellin  
bundles

Distributin all three, to get all the fundzoes

The word around town is I'm the new Nino Brown

Twenty years old, I like the way it's goin down

I got money to burn -- dropped out of school  
cause they couldn't teach me what I needed to learn  
on how to earn big money, big money  
I got the fortune, and a crib where it's sunny  
But like a dummy, I started gettin careless  
Talkin on the phone, so DEA could hear this  
Date transaction the time and the spot  
My world crashed on me, when I got caught  
Now I'm locked, with the niggaz that are trife  
No more money no more women for the rest of my life  
Be in a cell, goin through hell  
Just because you sell, they make sure I fell, oh well  
Now I'm fitting, with fifty to go  
And I never see the streets of the ghetto no mo

Visit [Ed O.G. & Da Bulldogs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.