

## Ghetto Mafia

### "In Decatur"

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Chorus (singing) \*

Oooh ahh Ghetto Ma fi a  
Comin at you live I mean  
And we we just don't know no  
stress we just roll up Devine and ride  
In Decatur  
Blowin up like some MegaMen (bitch)  
Dodgin all you chickenheads  
Did you hear just what I said?  
Our destination is the hood  
and we quickly comin your way

Verse One:

Uhh I remember trampin late at the sto'  
Had no idea what I was in fo'  
Just me and my nigga, supplyin fiends  
Broke as hell, we're chasin dreams  
See it may seem, like we can't come up  
But we a team, Nino, keep your head up  
From sun-down to sun-up (what?) I'm a hustler  
Gotta get my gun up, we're quick to tussle  
We had to muscle, for a crack position  
Niggaz didn't wanna let us roll, had no intention  
And not mention, we had to shoot it out  
Lives of a lynchin, had you hidin out  
But now we ridin out, in the Delta  
Tryin to grind it out, without no shelter  
You shoulda seen us serve them niggaz like a waiter  
... in Decatur

\* Chorus \*

Verse Two:

Now we were tight, like Mike and Pip'  
Rob a nigga, they bet' not slip  
See I'm equipped (with what) with a nine and a dope  
bomb  
I've been trampin so long, people call me dog  
Where you from? Straight From the Dec

But shit is real, you got to ride with your rec  
Uhh, we stole Big Boi's car, and got our strip on  
We got the rims the music, and the cell phone  
Then we would drink, drink til we fell out  
If bitches don't fuck, they got put out  
And you didn't sell out, crunk up the jury  
I paid your way out, gave you the fury  
Yeah, fools know we real, cause they dap us  
Niggaz know we on, cause they shop with us  
Just show me a team that's greater  
.. from Decatur

\* Chorus \*

Verse Three:

See they all know, we got the steel  
We got tires, and Adams, and Thomasville  
Yeauh, I know you real you hold your own in any hood  
In Prarie Homes, Carver Homes, and Hollywood  
Kirkwood and Summer Hill they spoke it real  
I'm here flippin grindin, gotta pay a bill  
Yo, I pack the steel, got no time for the switchblade  
I was out my mind when I trapped off ? aid  
See, every dime we stuck, they was stole  
Make most of my money (off where) off Candle Road  
I gotta kill my pressure, they had me hot  
Hoes on the strip (where) in Flint Rock  
Never buy our dope, without a scale  
Learned that while I was trampin, in Scottsdale  
And did I mention, we livin greater  
(Where?) In Decatur

\* Chorus

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