

## Bad A

### "Ghetto Star"

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

This is for all my Low Life thug niggas yeah,  
livin' they life as a ghetto star, you know (worldwide)

Verse 1:

You know those days when you hear the lord calling  
you  
But you don't respond 'cuz you ballin' and your all in  
two  
Your ghetto star lifestyles, big houses and cars  
Million dollar phone calls to bad bitches and all  
A nigga don't make five bucks to spend before he  
come up  
Sippin' out this half a pint bout to light up this blunt  
Just reminicin' bout past years, deaths and tears  
So many fallin' peers I'd never though I'd see these  
years  
Swallowin' my tank of beer hope the rain hide the tears  
Pray to God I aint scared, if they bust , hide and hit  
And if they come fightin' shit I won't believe it cuz I'm  
low  
I'm a child of God and keep mashin' for whats good to  
me  
You should recognize game when it's all in your face  
Would you choose to lie and die mamed so you fall on  
your face  
But I refuse to lose so I ball in my space

Hook:

Live my life straight ballin'  
I hear the penitentiary callin'  
Live my life straight ballin'  
I hear lord Jesus callin'  
Ghetto Star, Ghetto Star

Verse 2:

I invented my own lifestyle from crumbs and dope  
Fuck shattered dreams there's fatter things that come  
from hope

You heard 'em holla "keep ya head up"  
I ask God to help us out  
The world's caught a plague and everybody's weapons  
out  
Shoot first, and never get to the ask questions part  
When we blast testin' marks you aint fit to live a day  
here  
Best to keep your heat and hold your post you wanna  
stay here  
It sure aint worth askin' why I stay so high  
You don't irritate my mind  
And I aint got time if it aint about a dime  
The fat pace, crack chase, played out with ces

It's gettin' rich with Low Lifes ands it's put on my chest  
And fuck a high speed chase, gettin' laced with slugs  
And stuck steppin' off a plane duct taped with drugs  
I'm tryin to live my life to the fullest extent  
You crossed my clique noe you know what them bullets  
just meant  
We keep it hittin' hard bangin' corners bouncin' up the  
boulevard  
Smokin' somethin', niggas dumpin' hollerin' bout "life  
is hard"  
Just cuz we ride to live, mean somethin' gotta give  
I don't care who you are, live like a ghetto star  
Life is only one time, that's why we hate one-time  
Tryin' to live my life, my life under the sunshine  
That's why I live, when they get deep I hold my breath  
And here's my only reply when he asks me 'bout death  
I said, "I never could picture me dead,  
could only see my life is lavish and obviously  
I can get it so I gotta have it"  
And you can live your life forever scarred  
But I'ma ball 'till I'm gone livin' life as a ghetto star  
Bently coups, mini mansions like Snoop  
And watch full of rocks, million dollar speed baots,  
yaughts  
All the time I got. is spent on some hood shit  
Pray when I see the break of day on some good shit  
Hit the liquor store to get some blunts for the dope  
Man if I aint hight, can't cope  
God help us  
You hope to hear us holler his name  
He know we stuck in all this sea and chasin dollars and  
fame  
When will it end  
The pain and the pressures of life come at once  
And the only remedy is some drinks mixed with blunts  
The lord knows what goes on behind closed doors  
And it's twntey five to life with those ho's with gold ?

bows?  
Catch you at your mamma's hose slippin'  
Gang bangers from the game we ride when it's time  
for dippin'  
Kill the cops, fuck they law, they aint arresting me  
Life is jail without bars and ghetto star is my destiny

Hook: repeat 2x

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

---

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