

Scarface "The Ghetto Report"

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(Talking)

I know yawl niggas tired of dat shit man
I'm tired of that shit 4 yawl
F it
Yeah
Man

(First verse)(Scarface)

It for my niggas doing in life in da trap
Staying focused trying to double day paper and give it
back
To hood where they come from the niggas need to
move
Cause the oppotunities in these ghettos are minimal
(true)
It's pitiful how they got me doing time for a crime that I
ain't never committed
The bottom is I'm a black man
So S.K.I.N
Is my S.I.N
Unless I win
I be headed to a cell in the pin
And when I come home go right back in shit
It's like the hoods got a heart and a soul
It's cold these little children die before they old
The situations make a nigga feel abused
But as it is the president recruiting all the kids
Dying for a country they they don't know ain't even his
And momma losing sleep and shedding tears
Years

(Chorus)

Open ya ears oh my niggas this is street news
Broadcasting live from the ghetto this is street blues
Where niggas dying every day in streets fool
Yeah we on the grind cause our kids gotta eat too
Open ya ears oh my niggas this is street news
Broadcasting live from the ghetto this is street blues
Where niggas dying every day in streets fool

Yeah we on the grind cause our kids gotta eat too

(Verse 2)(James)

I grew up with a dollar
And the dreams grabbed the silence on the bean
If you try to intervene
It's through the hard knocks all the scholars turned a
Fein
No job in the city
All we got is purple bean
A dirty game
Niggas arrive you on the team
Police'll set you up and every hour is a scene
Young niggas lose their life just trying to get some
bling
My last name James so I gotta be a king
Disrespect in the FAM and suffer will be a repercussion
If you ain't talking money my nigga end of discussion
M.O.B. for life so tell these bitches it's nothing
Don't even come around if you ain't giving me nothing
I live like a boss with thoughts of a made man
You trying to get layed man
I'm trying to get payed man
We hustle in the snow
And watch for the grey van
So da pretty boys dudes get popping they wave man
A man

(Chorus)

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(3rd verse)(Monk Kaza)

Every since I was born
Entire life's been a struggle
Only got two choices either starve or you hustle
See I know what it's like to be broke man
Trust me dog I know to what is like to be poor FAM (I
know)
I need help to control this hunger
The streets keep calling
How the fuck they get this number

Gotta grind threw the rain and thunder
That's why I feel likes it whatever
Street blues till the day that I'm under
But it gotta be a way out
The plan been laid out
It's taking forever dog it feeling like a stake out
No more shortcuts
Focus on the straight route
It's been too long man it's for me to break out
Doing for my FAM cause I'm the one they depend on
As long as I'm alive you got a shoulder to lean on
I gotta a lot of love cause my team strong
And faith on my side so I continue to dream on until
then

(Chorus)

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