

Beach Boys % Fat Boys "Ghetto Vet"

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Life....

niggas used to come and get me
when it was time to disagree with an enemy
pass the hennessy it gives me energy
packed the gat in the small of my back
where these niggas at I clear the whole pack
talkin' shit cuz I'm down for my set I'm a vet
smokin' on a wet cigarette
(who these niggas think they are)
(wishin' on a ghetto star i represent my tar)
I start bustin' and they scatter like water bugs
cuz these westside niggas is harder thugs
enslve us but nothin' can save us from sportin' Ben
Davis
shootin' at your neighbors
(cuz sometimes I feel like a nut don't give a fuck when I
open ya up)
hot rocks fly from the back seat and
busta ass niggas run like a track meet
an if you crawl in the middle bleed mo' than a little
(what)
killer king is the hospital
feelin' numb from the bullets I hum
and when they hit black mothers have fits I don't give a
shit

(Chorus)

[Mack 10]

Fool I'm a vet you can bet that
I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)

[Mr. Short Khop]

Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there
(Foe life) I'm still there

my house shoes get wet from the dew on the grass
up early in the morning takin' out the trash
feelin' like a loser alcohol abuser
two youngsters roll up on a beach cruiser
one on the peddles the other on the handle bars (what)
tryin' be ghetto stars they said:
Are you from the westside is it so?

i said hell yea and who wanta to know (me)
in slow mo fo' fo' slugs face down in the mud
puddle full of blood left for dead
the pain starts to spread now I can't feel my legs
I meet doctor who at King Drew medical center
as I enter I.C.U.
he said the bullet hit a nerve that was vital
I said I can't move my legs he said don't try to
now this ain't the end my friend but you'll probably
never walk again
I sit there motionless holdin' this pain inside
contemplating suicide
at night I jerk and jerk
but my dick don't work it don't even hurt (damn)
now who'd ever thought a nigga rude as Ice Cube
I be pissin' through a tube Fool i'm a vet

(Chorus)

[Mack 10]

Fool I'm a vet you can bet that
I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)
[Mr. Short Khop]
Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there
young ghetto nigga in a wheelchair

fuck a V-A they need G-A
gang hospital for a crippal now I'm drinkin' rippal
same corner same hood I'm still there
with bandanas tied to my wheel chair
To all the hoodrat hoes I'm fired
they mad cuz my tongue get tired
now everybody wanna put they dope on me
sayin' I won't get searched by the LAPD
I'm sitting on a doorway duece five
Dependin on that to keep my ass alive
I don't got bows but my arm's about a one-six
My fuckin legs, lookin like tooth picks
some times I can't deal got to beg the B G's to roll me
up the hill
put me on the porch now I'm on the torch smokin'
cocaine
just to maintain nutin' to gain nutin' to lose
and last night I couldn't make it to the bathroom
feelin' like a two year old you can't get a sip from the
brew I hold
nigga its the only friend to a stranger AKA hadicap
gangbanger
there's a lot in my life I regret becomin' a ghetto vet
Fool I'm a Vet

(Chorus)(2X)

[Mack 10]

Fool I'm a vet you can bet that

I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)

[Mr. Short Khop]

Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there

young ghetto nigga in a wheelchair

Life.....

Yea....

Life...

Yea....

Life... Life....

Dedicated to all the ghetto vets

for every nigga that done took one for the hood

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