

Bizzy Bone F/ Cat Cody

"Lil' Ghetto Boy"

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The Ghetto x8

Snoop Doggy Dogg:

Wake up, jumped out my bed
I'm in a two man cell with my homie Lil' 1/2 Dead
Murder was the case that they gave me
Dear God, I wonder can you save me?
I'm only eighteen, so I'm a young buck
It's a ride, if I don't scrap, I'm gettin' stuck
But that's the life of G, I guess
Ese's way deep, shanked two in the chest
Best run cause brothers is droppin' quicker
Ugn, too late, damn, down goes another nigga
Bouncin' off the walls, throwin' them dogs
Gettin' that rep as a young hog
It ain't nothin' like the street life
You better be strapped with your shank
Cause ain't no fist fight
So I guess I gots to handle mine
Since I did the crime, I gots to do my time

Chorus:

We run game in the ghetto
We gets high in the ghetto
We gets shot in the ghetto
You might get stuck in the ghetto
Lil' Ghetto Boy

Dr. Dre:

Now I'm holdin' the dub, sittin' on swoll
Twenty-seven years old, up for parole, stroll
I'm back up on my feet with my mind on the money
That I be makin' soon as I touch them streets
Things done changed on this side
Remember they used to thump, but now they blast,
right?
But it ain't no thang to me
Cause now I'm what they call a loced ass O.G.

The little homies from the hood with grip
Are the ones I get with cause I'm down to set trip
Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so whatcha wanna do?
Didn't know he had a twenty-two
Straight sittin' behind his back
I grabbed his pockets and then I heard six caps
I fell to the ground with blood on my hands
I didn't understand
How a nigga so young could bust a cap
I used to be the same way back
I guess that's what I get (for what?)
For tryin' to jack the little homies for they grip

Chorus

Snoop Doggy Dogg:

Somethin' for the real O.G.'s to get with
Some facts made our made
Now you runnin' but I'm played
Like every single day, really doe
You know me, I'm the smooth macadamian
Gamin'em for my homie
No need in be uncalm, if you pack right
And learnin' just enough to keep your sack tight
Late nights, I wonder what they get in for?
Early mornin' on the corners, what they hittin' for?
Seven young G's put they serve down
In a G ride, Eastside's where they swerve now
Not thinkin' about what's really goin' on
Got crept on, stepped on, now they gone
I spent four years in the county
With nothin' but convicts around me
But now I'm back at the Pound
And we expose ways for the youth to survive
Some think it's wrong but we tend to think it's right
So make all them ends you can make
Cause when you're broke, you break, check it out
So ain't no need for your mama to trip
Cause you's a hustlin' ass youngsta, clockin' your grip

Chorus

Lil' Ghetto Boy

That's the life of a G, I guess
The ghetto. x3

That's the life of a G
That's the life of a G, I guess
The ghetto. x3

That's the life of a G. The ghetto
That's the life of a G, I guess
The ghetto

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