

Buckshot & 9th Wonder

"The Ghetto"

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"How do you make your bread in the ghetto?
Baked from the souls of the dead in the Ghetto"

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[Buckshot]

I wake up in the morning, start my day
From the things that I saw, to things that I say
That bring things my way, turn thoughts into action
Then turn action to stackin'
Up the chips, duck the clips from the stray shots
Everyday spots get knocked by the same cops
In my neighborhood they say it's good, it's not
My neighbors is hoods, and all I see is "Chris Rocks"
At night, the same price from the beggar
Can they get a dollar just to holla at the bootlegger?
Noontime drinking they moonshine
Reminiscing about the past, with a bottle to pass
The question to ask is how long could this last
Before you bombed on your last beers, it's a known
fact
Cuz, every man in front of a liquor store
Got a story ta tell about how he did it more, but listen

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The hood, the block, the ghetto, the spot
Is all the same shit to y'all, aim for the top
Everyday it's a cop or, cock-blocker
Thinkin' he hot, cuz he don't wanna see me rock, but
I'm to hard to be soft, to far to be lost
You in the mind of a boss, so of course
Every time I speak I show you
Some of what I did in the past, you now go through
For example, in school
You had a lot of niggas who cool, but one damn fool

Who, had a snake in the grass mind state
He young he make pape, but he's making it fast so wait
He serve fiends and he's taking it past the weight
He's thirteen and today he just past his weight
And up-state another fat man masturbate
Cuz he get paid while we stay asleep, but he fast awake

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Everyday is a struggle in life to get paid
Some gotta get played, just to get played
On the radio and on the videos, in fact
Even if the host is black, they still practice
White supremacy, you might remember
Or you might not, and my mic's hot from that energy
So, pay close attention to the facts
That you recognize the real to recognize the ?actors?
Plastic body bags, in my lobby pass
Me everyday, I'm used to it so I lollygag
Bleeding thru the daily plot up
Damn, another nigga beat up and shot up
He'd have been hot, but, he stopped rapping
And he started selling crack in the Ramada
What's gotta change, fuck making change make a
dollar
If you don't make it out the hood, you don't bother

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