

## C-Murder F/ Soldier Slim % Da Hound "Murder F/ Soldier Slim & Da Hound - Ghetto Ties"

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[C-Murder]

Huh say man  
you know who get ready bro  
it seems like they dont want a young nigga to get rich  
make money like we aint supposed to leave the ghetto  
but uh  
I aint trippin lifes a bitch  
you know we was dealt some bad cards but  
you know  
we gotta deal with it  
lifes hard so lets show em show em show em whats up

My gate way tuh hell seems like its constantly open  
the reaper is callen so Im constantly smokin  
C-Murder aint gonna die in vein  
my ghetto ties got me livin my life in pain  
see the world knows we gonna be thugs forever  
you can take me out the ghetto  
but you cant make it better  
see the status of your money done changed  
but the status of your danger remains the same  
I need to clear my head of these evil thoughts  
and teach magnolian gateway the shit I was taught  
take a ride wit me nigga to eternity  
and watch you live tuh see anotha century  
lifes a bitch who do you trust i put my faith in my glock  
cause I know its gone bust  
I used to think the hood was cool  
but my ghetto ties keep my checkin in my rearveiw

[Chorus]

Who do you trust?  
My ghetto ties got me trippin  
and lifes a bitch  
they cant stand to see a young nigga get rich  
I was thrust some bad cards  
became a thug with no love cause lifes hard

who do you trust?

My ghetto ties got me trippin  
and lifes a bitch  
they cant stand to see a young nigga get rich  
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[Soulja Slim]

Lord control me  
you know me  
these cards I got to play em  
my life is like a game  
Im up from a.m. to a.m.  
my donner AK hem him  
if he dont have none of my paper man  
if I let him live  
he might take me for a faker  
he might try to do a jack and that might cost me my life  
if you ever jack its real nigga  
you best kill me or pay the price  
aint nuttin I aint fallen behind  
no street machine tell me what you seen  
then tell a nigga about some stoned ass  
left the murder scene disguised in army green with a  
infra beam  
own self tryin tuh gum nigga run as soon as he heard  
the blast fool one  
he didnt run tore his ass up with a quick fast sight  
witness that murda the first degree my ghetto ties  
fuckin round wit me  
dont do that

[Chorus x 2]

[Da Hound]

How many times have you seen a family nut up and the  
mom was cut up  
I see now but later on Im gonna be seein now  
but see how us niggas get caught up  
quick to go underwater niggas take advantage of the  
way  
life sold us  
Im full of that freeze im fulla them weeds and them v's  
2 23s 90 degrees  
Ileft them windows down to feel the breeze  
my cousin B and me and john in the back seat drinkin  
off brome  
and to the z  
thinkin bout the lives we gonna free  
now tell a nigga please

soon as we drove up fuckin doe was about to close up  
knocked on the doe  
nigga hold up you didnt see us rool up  
I forced my way in I put my seven to his stars  
no time for thankin  
is what Im thankin kill a bitch what you fittin tuh say  
I went to the kitchen Im flippin pans and pots and  
spoons  
I heard foe glocks  
sounded like foe shots commin from the other room  
its bout that time for us hounds to get  
gonna get the dilly for a milly  
went to the next room john jones was in the zone  
its over  
I come to lay ya eyes buggin out his head  
nigga bleedin from the mouth  
hes shakin hes on his way out  
but its time I took two from behind looked  
john at the eyes and said nigga you ready tuh die  
damn nigga why

[Chorus til end]

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