

## Captain & Tenille

### "Ghetto Life"

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[Hook - 4x]

In this ghetto life, that we living  
Have mercy, on all your children  
In this ghetto life, this ghetto life, this ghetto life  
This ghetto life, that we living

[Dougie D]

Blaze a blunt, sit back and feel me  
Who wants to be a millionaire, everybody really  
Niggaz be struggling striving, trying to get it  
In this ghetto life, that we living  
Heavenly Father, have mercy on your children  
For the love of the dollar, niggaz be out killing  
For the love of the dollar, niggaz be out stealing  
For the love of the dollar, niggaz'll be willing  
And this game, is cut throat  
Gotta make sure, I stay up on my note  
Dougie D staying afloat, up in my boat  
I ain't leaving this motherfucker, until the curtain close  
Guerilla Maab, to the day I die  
Slow Loud And Bangin', the fellas is on the rise  
And I'ma rep it, with another hell of a swang  
By living in this ghetto, li-i-e-ife

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Lord, have mercy on your children  
We all done fell short of the glory, and we tripping  
Everybody claiming, that they up on a mission  
Heavenly Father, I know you hear me  
Push up on the mashings, on a nigga note  
Gotta stay focused, while I'm working my muscle for  
my do'  
Motherfuckers want me to leave, but I ain't gon go  
Still I'm here, ready to fight up on ten toes  
Me and the click, been thick for so long  
Ripping up microphones, and doing shows and so on  
Ghetto fabulous, the life that we know  
Somebody hold me, cause I'm bout to let go  
We're living in a world, consumed with drugs and

glocks

Where both niggaz and we chickened out, from drugs  
and glocks

Want into a world, where you usually don't get out

This is the life of a thug, I'm talking bout

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

In this ghetto life, that we living

Everybody wanna be robbing, jacking and stealing

Living on the corner, where niggaz be drug dealing

Kids having kids, and kids coming up missing

I'm from the city, where the good'll die first

Watching you rolled out, creep out in a black hearse

Letting out twenty shots, so the crowd'll disperse

Sick of living it broke, so you be snatching a lady purse

The only thing on they mind, is getting paid

If they don't make it today, they finding another way

Just to get away, 'fore the officer come they way

Locking em up in jail, then they throwing the key away

But ain't no way, that I'm fin to come let em take me out

Guerilla Maab till I'm dead, know what I'm talking about

I'ma grind till I'm known in public, on every block

And if a nigga wanna trip, I'm fin to be taking him out

[Hook - 4x]

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