

Snow "Riverton"

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Hold on, oh yeah, hold on

Now back in the days, hangin' out with the boys
The ghetto youths be willin', pulling out gat's for toys
Idrin be running wild, Dreadlocks be juggling
Brothers is getting paid, while mother's still struggling

(Damn, how I like that sound)
Pump, pump, pump, taste the ghetto round
A P 9 got found spreadin' the death strong sound

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See the ghetto government loves it, we na like it at all
And when the youth them try to stride, I meet boy they
a fall
For the richer gettin' richer, the poor man get poor
For anything I ask, I just ask help them, oh Lord

The pain in my heart to the feelin' that I'm feelin' oh, so
real
Playing soccer in the glass and using ball made of
steel
No shoes pan them feet, burnin' fire as their light, you
think it's no deal
Ask a starving sickle youth when he's going to get his
next meal

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The ghetto is so suppressed, the projects are a mess
Children don't have a childhood, please Jah, Jah, won't
you bless
I can sing about happiness, I can sing about joy
But the pain is all so real, for my little ghetto boy

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