

## Dave Strait

### "Ghetto Love"

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I had some problems  
That no one could seem to solve them  
But you had the answer  
You told me to take a chance  
And learn the ways of love, my baby  
And all that it has to offer..  
You told me your secret love won't let you down  
Ohh allll my love baby...

Da Brat:

Hey nigga ain't shit gonna ever change  
Between you and your boo.  
Put a hold on me ever since I held you  
What compelled you to be my nigga  
Besides passion and love  
You ran up on a real bitch with understanding and trust  
Fuck the others, none of them compare to us  
And under covers you my muthafucka nigga,  
When you stickin my stuff  
You laid pipe unlike any other plumber  
Took me shoppin all day and at night, you kept me  
cummin.  
Made dinner, collard greens, candied yams and steak.  
Taught me how to measure grams, cook rocks, and  
chop weights  
Caught a case, cuz you're boy ran his mouth too much.  
And it's a disgrace how the pain felt to miss your touch  
But as the days keep passin, keep it actin with stacks of  
letters  
Hit you so you don't forget us  
When you'd rather not be livin in the cella  
Hella muthafuckas want your occupation  
But they can keep pacin, cuz I'm gonna be waitin on my  
Baby...

CHORUS:

T-Boz:  
And all this love, is waiting for you  
My baby... Sweet Darling...

And all this love is waiting for you

Da Brat:

Don't worry bout a thing, nigga stay down  
As long as you can hang, I'm-a be around

Da Brat:

Ran into your boy, had heard he'd spread the word  
That you was soft, braggin he collecting your cheese,  
And pissing me the fuck off.  
The first thought of committing a felony never left  
I missed the big breaths you took when we waz puffin  
an L,  
Just the little things you do with the bigger ones I  
Saw better SL 500s colorful Gucci sweaters and  
leathers  
Diamond letters girl you broke, I saved the sugar for  
you  
Keep the business runnin, droppin off keys in Cancun  
Cash rules, and you remain to be the King of my throne  
Position taken, flippin calender pages till you get home  
Wanna blast your boy for snatchin up my happiness  
But I regret what'll happen to this dollar foundation  
If I'm incarcerated  
Too you can make it through, we bail on the Jealous  
Who tell us the opposite of that,  
Forever you and Brat  
I tried to take the blame, but you preferred to handle my  
fame  
So i'm waitin with open arms to rekindle the flame...

CHORUS (x3)

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