

Spice 1 "Welcome to The Ghetto"

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Livin' day by day in my hood, on the spot I see the same old things, same dope fiends, cops Just an average day in the streets of California 5-0 find a young girl dead around the corner

Mommy's on her knees, she had tears in her eyes And nobody knew why the young girl had to die People look ashamed it's been like this for years Bloody sheets on the body, face wet from her mommy's tears

She couldn't have been over 4-5
And if mommy wasn't based, she would still be alive
But now the street is a place you could be swallowed by
death
Brothas takin' each other's lives and goin' to rest in
peace
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I walk the streets of my city of my neighborhood Seein' dope fiends livin' off canned goods 15 niggaz on the corner and niggaz die young in California

My cousin died last year and I still can't let go

5-0'll get a dope case and flaunt it Have your ass on, "America's Most Wanted" But I don't slang or either gang-bang And though my old school homies do the same thing

I still got love 'cause you gotta live So you can give and raise a family G But you gotta do your best slangin' D-O-P-E So keep a grip on yourself and stay mellow

And welcome to the ghetto
(Makes me wanna holla, the way they do my life, yeah)
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From across the seas comes cocaine
But you never seen a black man fly the plane
Look at the news, a young black death
Was it drug related? Take a guess

I flash when I look in the mirror black 'Cause my reflection is a 9 millimeter Gat I think about genocide And have thoughts of my homies who died

Everybody backstabbin'
But I ain't the one to talk, I'm into gafflin'
Death give a shit about your color
But yet I see mo' dead young brothas

I'm goin' crazy out here Seein' 24 brothas die by the end of the year And I still gotta deal with the 5-0 And I stopped sellin' dope in 9-0

But if it came to it, I'd probably still do it Put a Nine in my drawers, get straight to it I hope that I never see the day That I get 20 years for a cake

B-K-A as a key to open up the door for the mo' money But I ain't gotta do that G 'cause I'm down with the F-A to the C

To the U to the L-T-Y, G-nut X-tra Large and S-P-I C-E, makin' niggas feel like jello

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