

DJ Clue F/ Murda Inc. % MurdaChild

"Livin' in the Ghetto"

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[Verse 1]

We went from kings and queens, to prostitutes and murderers
The angels with the Book of Life never even heard of us
How can we regenerate our salvation?
Some niggaz worshippin' the weed we blazin', my cheddar cheese chasin'
For money they live as sacrificial lambs
A life diminished over grams and the government don't give a damn
So I keep a gat on my waistline to blast snitches
Empty the clip and don't waste time for cash riches
A robbery gone sour we split his wig
And the victim was a family man with six kids
It's a dirty game, a twisted lottery in poverty
A firearm is the only sense of technology
It's surely a shame for crumbs we blood spill
But by law of God under no circumstance shall niggaz kill
Yet it's still with my comrades, I'mma let my gun blast
Breakin' for cash clutchin' fast to my crumb stash

[Chorus]

I'm livin' in the ghetto, it's so hard livin in the ghetto
Livin' in the ghetto, livin' in the ghetto
Livin' in the ghetto is hard
Livin' in the ghetto's hard, hard, so hard

[Verse 2]

If I abandon my bad habits and don't live as a mad savage
I'd live abundantly out-running my early casket
Times are tragic on the front lines
The devil knows our pressure points as he connects us with his punch lines
Rely on my roots of Christ I'm a troop
Counteractin' the spirit of a lie with the truth
The cause is probable, to a knowledge I'm unstoppable

In any name of Christ nigga nothin' is impossible
Father your presence is required in the line of fire
Somewhat as an alcoholic slippin' off the typewriter
Wishin' to get rid of his drinkin' desire
But when times get hard it makes him feel fifty pounds
lighter
And who am I if I be judgemental?
When I engage in D.U.I. or weed and alcoholic
influential
It ain't that simple, drugs got us crooked and demented
Headed straight to hell puttin' guns to our own temple

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I got a mind with no screws, the grind is the tool to
make it
I get on the move and take it, stick to the basics
We drunken and mentally faded, anticipated
They comin' up with currency in presidential faces
The streets have got me so hot from clockin' the not,
entrapment
The corpse will get shot, we scorchin' the block, what
happened?
Shit nobody knows a dead body floats in water
Then shrivel up and decompose a week after the
slaughter
It's an everyday thing the game is deranged and
twisted
But back to the brain and calm the untamed, ?I'm lifted?
It's keepin' me sane cause fakers remain to kick it
A president should make them a statistic, yeah them
bitches
But instead I just pray and puff on the hay and
meditate
Cherish the day and never astray I'll escalate
Small time niggaz be tryin to brawl but they feather
weight
Then I'm forced to kill their ass leave 'em in the
Everglades

[Chorus]

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