

## E-40 F/ Nate Dogg "Ghetto Vet"

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Life....

niggas used to come and get me  
when it was time to disagree with an enemy  
pass the hennessy it gives me energy  
packed the gat in the small of my back  
where these niggas at I clear the whole pack  
talkin' shit cuz I'm down for my set I'm a vet  
smokin' on a wet cigarette  
(who these niggas think they are)  
(wishin' on a ghetto star i represent my tar)  
I start bustin' and they scatter like water bugs  
cuz these westside niggas is harder thugs  
enslve us but nothin' can save us from sportin' Ben  
Davis  
shootin' at your neighbors  
(cuz sometimes I feel like a nut don't give a fuck when I  
open ya up)  
hot rocks fly from the back seat and  
busta ass niggas run like a track meet  
an if you crawl in the middle bleed mo' than a little  
(what)  
killer king is the hospital  
feelin' numb from the bullets I hum  
and when they hit black mothers have fits I don't give a  
shit

(Chorus)

[Mack 10]

Fool I'm a vet you can bet that  
I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)

[Mr. Short Khop]

Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there  
(Foe life) I'm still there

my house shoes get wet from the dew on the grass  
up early in the morning takin' out the trash  
feelin' like a loser alcohol abuser  
two youngsters roll up on a beach cruiser  
one on the peddles the other on the handle bars (what)  
tryin' be ghetto stars they said:  
Are you from the westside is it so?

i said hell yea and who wanta to know (me)  
in slow mo fo' fo' slugs face down in the mud  
puddle full of blood left for dead  
the pain starts to spread now I can't feel my legs  
I meet doctor who at King Drew medical center  
as I enter I.C.U.  
he said the bullet hit a nerve that was vital  
I said I can't move my legs he said don't try to  
now this ain't the end my friend but you'll probably  
never walk again  
I sit there motionless holdin' this pain inside  
contemplating suicide  
at night I jerk and jerk  
but my dick don't work it don't even hurt (damn)  
now who'd ever thought a nigga rude as Ice Cube  
I be pissin' through a tube Fool i'm a vet

(Chorus)

[Mack 10]

Fool I'm a vet you can bet that  
I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)  
[Mr. Short Khop]  
Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there  
young ghetto nigga in a wheelchair

fuck a V-A they need G-A  
gang hospital for a crippal now I'm drinkin' rippal  
same corner same hood I'm still there  
with bandanas tied to my wheel chair  
To all the hoodrat hoes I'm fired  
they mad cuz my tongue get tired  
now everybody wanna put they dope on me  
sayin' I won't get searched by the LAPD  
I'm sitting on a doorway duece five  
Dependin on that to keep my ass alive  
I don't got bows but my arm's about a one-six  
My fuckin legs, lookin like tooth picks  
some times I can't deal got to beg the B G's to roll me  
up the hill  
put me on the porch now I'm on the torch smokin'  
cocaine  
just to maintain nutin' to gain nutin' to lose  
and last night I couldn't make it to the bathroom  
feelin' like a two year old you can't get a sip from the  
brew I hold  
nigga its the only friend to a stranger AKA hadicap  
gangbanger  
there's a lot in my life I regret becomin' a ghetto vet  
Fool I'm a Vet

(Chorus)(2X)

[Mack 10]

Fool I'm a vet you can bet that

I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)

[Mr. Short Khop]

Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there  
young ghetto nigga in a wheelchair

Life.....

Yea....

Life...

Yea....

Life... Life....

Dedicated to all the ghetto vets

for every nigga that done took one for the hood

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