

Fünfsterne Deluxe

"Ghetto"

Visit "[Ghetto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Word up....

You know you like a Donald Goines nigga, thats off
top....

(Carl Thomas) "I got bills and shit to pay, and another
mouth on the
way, I'm ghetto"

(Raekwon) Thats right, thats what I'm talkin' 'bout, tell
the young boys
out there man"

(D-Dot) "Takin' it back on some soulful type shit, Hip-
Hop in it's rare
form"

(Carl Thomas) "Spend a dollar on some wine, hand my
clothes out on the
line, I'm ghetto"

(Raekwon) "Now ya'll niggas wanna wear Polo and
Hilfiger"

(Carl Thomas) "See me cruisin' down the lane, doin'
two miles per hour
baby, I'm ghetto"

(Raekwon) "Yall wanna go places like Vegas and
Beverly Hills like every
three seconds"

(Carl Thomas) "I'm not ashamed of my Fam, I can't
help it who I am, I'm
ghetto"

(D-Dot) "We just wanna talk to ya'll, tell ya'll a lil'
somethin'"

(Raekwon) "I tell the story for the young black youths
out there"

(Verse 1: Raekwon)

Yo, it started out in East NewYork
where I grew up, learned how to walk
favorite carry weapon was a fork
older folks smoked out, straglers
almost had to bust a Marvin Haglar
starvin' for mine, bust three at ya
Dad fucked up consecutively
him and some relatives is Gangsters, sellin' Pussy
Moms dropped him on the spot
smacked me in the knot
only he gave you was your name and these blocks
Yup, thats ya Pops
still, thats me still
keep it real
if it wasn't for him and his steel there probably wouldn't
be a meal
we in his Caddy siliconed out, zoned out
three days away from home he come back stoned out
coke on the table, pressin' redial
son I'm sendin' you home, nigga you foul
yo, why you doin' that? but gettin' big
half the niggas I run wit' gettin' jig
the other fifty cent balancin' a bid
oh shit, got this bitch seeded
to God I pleaded
what should I do? knock your self off, but the God
succeeded
and the most scariest part is you better have heart
'cause the Lions and wolves will rip you apart
have Faith in your God
shoot joints, get involved
put tints on your windows, whip cars
yeah, all the giants revolve
black Clarion, ready to die for the family hard
alcoholic vultures with toasters
sheep skins on
leather sleek Bombers, bums with no coats on
we livin' financially fucked up, gotta have credit
smoke a bag of wet and set it
the block we deaded
society's grown too black and too strong to prolong
got my Woman with a gun in her thong
It's kinda wild how we livin'
The Devil's force has risen
we travel from here to prison
a presidency shelter for my elders
thats real, 'cause we need them and they need us,
thats love for ya
leavin' on this moment
meditatin' at Four in the Mornin'

nigga you screamin'.....

Chorus (Carl Thomas)

I got hustlin' on my mind otherwise I'm feelin' fine, I'm ghetto

I like black tint on my car, at the park a Superstar, I'm ghetto

See me cruisin' down the lane, two miles per hour

Baby, I'm ghetto

I'm not ashamed of my Fam, I can't help it who I am, I'm ghetto

(Verse 2: Madd Rapper)

Born in the gutter

a Black Pops and a Puerto Rican Mother

I kept a stolen whip and razor sharp box cutter

known from Albany Ave to 98th and Sutter

my leathers was pleathers while ya'lls was butter

robbin' and hustlin' anything for a profit

Thirteen years old 3 Months in Spofford

crime, I couldn't stop it

didn't pass the Tenth grade

school was cool but it didn't keep our rent paid

so every Wednesday me and my Dogs

hop the train for a Ki in the Bronx

knowin' all along the shit was wrong

ain't the first and damn sure ain't the last,

it keeps goin' on, so keep movin' on

same old story, my Pops left

waves and Pony's and mock necks

Tre's and Forty's and hot sex

with around the way bitches,

from around the way riches, yo, my block reps

I stay Brooklyn zoned, underground is how I network

Million dollar meetings in Timbs and sweatshirts

so pardon my appearance, everythings all good

nigga I'm just like you except I'm from the hood.

Chorus (Carl Thomas)

I got bills and shit to pay, and another mouth on the way, I'm ghetto

(D-Dot - this goes out to all my peoples in the hood, in ghettos all

around the nation and all around the World,

knowhatl'msayin'?)

Spend a dollar on some wine, hang my clothes out on the line, I'm ghetto

See me cruisin' down the lane, doin' two miles per hour

Baby, I'm ghetto

I'm not ashamed of my Fam, I can't help it who I am, I'm ghetto

Does anyone mind the truth ya'll?
Does anyone mind the truth ya'll?
Does anyone mind the truth ya'll?
Does anyone mind the truth ya'll?

Visit [Fünfsterne Deluxe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.