

## **Fat Joe F/ Diamond D, Grand Puba**

### **"Ghetto Life"**

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Uhhh, shhhh  
Don't say nothin' just listen (For all y'all ghetto people  
out there)  
Through like all the bloodshed  
And all the tears and all the homies I done lost  
(Calliope Projects)  
Ain't nothing like the ghetto  
If I had to do it all again  
I probably wouldn't change a thing

Master P:

I live my life homie, but not for greed  
Picture young sistes and brothers planting their ghetto  
seeds  
Ain't nothing promised in this ghetto but we lost cause  
we black  
Picture 5 kids in the project in a one room shack  
I had big dreams of making it big  
I caught nightmares of fools splittin' my wig  
I couldn't change for the guppies that tried to hate  
Picture me a ghetto child with a house by the lake  
Ain't nothing promised but we not to blame  
Sinning, uhh to make some change  
I wish the society feel my pain  
Empty me underneath we all the same  
High construction on penatentiary bars  
They main focus is blacks with fancy cars  
And they beat us on high interest loans  
Repossess our property cause we don't think to own

Chorus (4x):

This ghetto live got us hustlin' and scufflin'  
I said penatentiary chances keep us thuggin' and  
muggin'

Bun-B:

Now I was known for walking on the wrong side of the  
tracks

Slanging, smoking and drinking yack, reminiscing and thinking back  
A lot of facts have been changed we take the innocent and guilty  
I played the cards that they dealt me  
Went through changes that dealt me  
Into a better man but most often I'm misunderstood  
Call me a gangsta 'cause I relay consciousness from the hood  
But alot of good comes from what you call negativity  
We working with no leverage or incentive g  
'Cause their nothing you ever give to me  
On television or them history books  
Got black kids thinking they only out on this earth to be crooks  
See all these mystery looks, that's on the face of the boss man  
When he can see a young black brother no longer lost man  
They try to break your spirit, before you figure out the game  
By the time you do you lost your fame, reputation and your name  
But baby we can do it take your time do it right  
You don't wanna be a superstar overnight  
Trying to live that ghetto life

Chorus (4x):

Pimp C:

I live my life for my son so he can have something  
Blessed just to see a new day so I'm trying to grab something  
I been on top of the world and at the bottom too  
When you up you got lots of friends and when you down it's few  
The way we grew up was wrong, I'm the first to admit  
I know God and just drop me here to be going through this  
I lost D-Ray last year and it's just not the same  
Just at the time in his life when he was trying to change  
He told me, Pimp I need help, I want up out the game  
I made a promise, I lied cause the next night he died  
I guess our childhood is over 'cause man ain't nothing funny  
And everythign that I love revolve around sex and money  
I wanna have some more kids but in the 90's that's crazy  
The woman's polluted so it ain't safe to make babies

And it's a shame cause Uncle Sam ain't got no job to  
pay me  
But pay the mightiest 40 g's for every year they  
enslave me  
It's crazy

Chorus (Repeat 'til Fades)

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