

Gambino Family f/ Porsha "Ghetto Wayz"

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[Porsha]

Ghetto dreams when I was young, but my ghetto life
had just begun
We had to struggle to survive, cause my daddy was not
around
We had no cheese but we had love, I was destined to
be a thug
That was back in the days, now I can't change my
ghetto ways

[Pheno]

I raised myself on these streets, round gangstas and
killers
Had no family, suppose why I became a drug dealer
Thug nigga trapped in this game, bout my paper fuck
the fame
Six o'clock in the morning, I'm up early pushing caine
Never had a father figure, to teach me these streets
I took it up on my own, I had to hustle just to eat
Can't sleep, because my mind was in the midst of the
drama
No one to blame for this pain, but my motherfucking
mama
17 running the streets, I had no time for school
Street knowledge is all I need, to come up on these
fools
My best friends was nine glocks, AK's and 45's
Cause that was the niggaz, who was keeping me alive
In this game I stayed high, kept my eyes on the prize
Half these fake motherfuckers, who be living in
disguise
My ghetto days, made my ghetto ways
I'm trapped in this game, cause this the way that I was
raised

[Hook: Porsha - 4x]

Ghetto ways, (my ghetto days made my ghetto ways
Don't blame me, cause this the way that I was raised
misbehave)

[Gotti]

I was labeled, as a misbehave
From the cradle to the grave, I was alone since a early
age
From packing the gauge, niggaz faces made front
page
My anger and rage, got my Gambino Family
Stand in a daze, I was made this way
You ask me how as a ghetto child, too many mouths to
be fed
I'd rather be a mob head, than make money mafia way
No Limit made the way, now it's time to get paid
Hard days and blood shed, make way for brighter day
Rich niggaz, get early grave
I hope all my prayers was fed, because I'm living the
life
That only lead three ways, that's the grave or
misbehave
Or locked up in the cage, my ghetto ways
Got me lost in a blaze, visions of death constantly
flashing
Before my face, but mafia ties
Keeping me handy, with my 4-5 so mama don't worry
I'm keeping my head up, no nuts no glory
And to the world, I give my ghetto story

[Hook - 3x]

[Reginelli]

My ghetto days, got me feeling like I'm living in hell
Everyday I'm 'pose to fail, my enemies with shells
Now ask yourself, do you really wanna fuck with me
Reginelli a young breeder, that grew up on these
streets
Every night a nigga stressing, asking God for
blessings
Loading up my 4-5, for you folks in disguise
They wanna crucify me, and my family too
The other day, nigga banged at me and my crew
I'm asking mama every night, please pray for your
baby
I don't wanna die, but these streets is shady
Busting caps is the way, that a young nigga live
I'm fighting devil niggaz daily, and I'm showing no fear
Every night mama crying, cause the bills is due
I started slanging on the block, I had to do what I had to
do
I feel my ghetto days, planning my death
Reginelli remember me, before they put me ro rest

[Hook - 2x]

[Melchior]

Two o'clock in the morning, can't get no sleep
Gun shots ringing around the corner, mama still on the
streets
Now Lord tell me how the fuck, I'm suppose to come up
clean
Besides I'm too young for a child, but all I want is the
green
I never had a father figure, so fuck it why worry
I'm from a broken home, trying not to get buried
So who's the hell to blame, for driving this nigga insane
Fucking around with my mental, fifty shots to your
brain
I'm never sober cause that do me over, so I figure fuck
the world
I'm a menace with no repentance, giving you bitches
the sentence
To burn, in eternal fire
My only desire's to watch you bitch niggaz, spirit retire
They say my ghetto days, make my ghetto ways
But I won't know who gon be down, when it's time for
that pistol play

[Hook]

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