

## **Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim**

### **"Money in the Ghetto"**

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#### [Verse One]

In the ghetto, you think life is hard  
Food stamps and to' up cars  
Wall to wall dirty orange carpet  
Sittin in a bucket, hopin you can start it  
And ride around to the liquor store  
Can't get a job get drunk some more  
You betta stop trippin on dem stereotypes  
Cause in the ghetto there's a good life  
We ain't starvin like Marvin, won't see no roach  
when ya chill wit the rich folks in the hood  
You're sittin on leather watchin big screens  
bought by the dope fiends  
Smokin, and what about the brother wit the good jobs  
Savin money, and workin hard  
Bought a house for his wife and kids  
Ya only got one life to live  
Another brother got some cocaine  
You know his face, but don't know his name  
You know he got the sack mayn  
And he's sittin on a fat bank  
Seven cars at his house in the driveway  
Benz so clean don't roll it just fly away  
Cause folks got money in the ghetto.. yeah you know

#### [Chorus One]

Hey hey hey.. whatcha got to say (There's money in the  
ghetto)  
Hollywoooooood! Havin money in the ghettooo

#### [Verse Two]

Money in the ghetto ain't nothin new  
It's been like that, way before you  
was even born, get up from the down stroke  
Chocolate City for the black folks  
Say it loud in ya hot pants  
Man child in the promised land  
I take you back to Iceberg Slim  
and all the players that came before him  
If you a everyday hustler, get your money  
Cause what they do to black man ain't funny

All the time tryin to put us the pen  
You get paroled and then they send you again  
All the homies in the hood gettin paid  
You might have left but the money stayed  
In the ghetto, it ain't all about drugs  
Gettin paid doin all kinds of stuff  
Only rule on the streets is don't get caught  
unless your hustle ain't breakin the law  
And even though rich folks got it good  
We sittin on 'em fat in the hood  
I'm ridin on some gold ones  
Smokin dank and it's potent  
Ask them fools, cause they know  
There's money in the ghetto

#### Chorus One

#### [Verse Three]

I got money baby, just tell me the price  
Cause Short Dawg ain't nuttin nice  
I always hit the town wit my boy Ben Franklin  
Spend fo', get an ounce of dank then  
rich nigga get high relaxin  
If I bust a Ben Frank' get some Andrew Jacksons  
Five twenties for a hundred dollar bill  
You know the math, let's make a deal  
On the one dollar bill if you look on the front  
You find the face of George Washington  
Make money baby, that's all I do  
That's how I know Thomas Jefferson is on the two  
Abraham Lincoln got shot and died  
Freed the slaves so they put him on the five  
And Hamilton, my old time friend  
They put his face on the front of the ten  
These are the dead, presidents  
From the hood and they represent  
The American dream for the average minority  
Make your money get some weed and a forty  
I'm on the Eastside livin like a king  
Kick back watchin fifty inch screens  
Bounce to the Westside, hit the studio  
and spend my money in the ghetto

#### [Chorus Two]

Hey hey hey.. whatcha got to say (They got money in  
the ghetto)  
Hollywoooooood! Havin money in the ghettooo

#### [Verse Four]

Nowadays if you can't say a rap, or play sports  
You might just come up short

And they always say the same things  
Don't be a gangster or a dopefiend  
Get your high school diploma, go to college  
Get a degree and start makin dollars  
Only one thing wrong, and it's a trip  
Inner city schools don't teach us shit  
Got us stuck on stupid, straight S.O.S.  
Can't get nothin, but they payin the rest of them fools  
all around the world in the other countries  
They should be spendin that money right here  
in the state of California  
You graduate and can't spell diploma  
Dip to the hood and get rich  
Slangin rocks to a smoked out bitch  
No school'll come close to that  
A few transaction make my pockets fat  
I make a lot of money and it ain't no lie  
I'll probably ball til the day I die  
And if I didn't, so what?  
I bet you I'd still come up  
Cause there's a whole lot of money in the ghetto.. yeah  
you know

Chorus Two

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