

## Too \$hort "Ghetto, The"

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Talking bout the ghetto...funky funky ghetto  
Trying to survive, trying to stay alive

Chorus:

The ghetto  
The ghetto  
(Talking bout the ghetto)  
The ghetto  
The ghetto  
(Funk funky ghetto)

Even though the streets are bumpy, lights burned out  
Dope fiends die with a pipe in their mouths  
Old school buddies not doing it right  
Every day it's the same  
And it's the same every night  
I wouldn't shoot you bro but I'd shoot that fool  
If he played me close and tried to test my cool  
Every day I wonder just how I'll die  
Only thing I know is how to survive  
There's only one rule in the real world  
And that's to take care of you, only you and yours  
Keep dealing with the hard times day after day  
Might deal me some dope but then crime don't pay  
Black man tried to break into my house again  
Thought he got off early doing time in the pen  
Even though my brothers do me just like that  
I get a lot of love so I'm giving it back to the...

Chorus

So just peep the game and don't call it crap  
Cause to me, life is one hard rap  
Even though my sister smoked crack cocaine  
She was nine months pregnant, ain't nothing changed  
600 million on a football team  
And her baby dies just like a dope fiend  
The story I tell is so incomplete  
Five kids in the house and no food to eat  
Don't look at me and don't ask me why

Mama's next door getting high  
Even though she's got five mouths to feed  
She's rather spend her money on a H-I-T  
I always tell the truth about things like this  
I wonder if the mayor overlooked that list  
Instead of adding to the task force send some help  
Waiting on him I'd better help myself  
Housing Authority and the O.P.D  
All these guns just to handle me

Chorus

Even though they put us down and call us animals  
we make real big banks and buy brand new clothes  
drive fancy cars make love to stars  
never really understand just who we are  
we use alias names like Too Short  
sell your stuff you might kill for  
young kids grow up and thats all they know  
didnt teach him in shcool now hes slanging dope  
only thing he knows is how to survive  
but will he kill another brother before he dies  
in the ghetto  
you keep one eye open  
all day long just hopein and hopien  
you can pay your bills and not drink to much  
then the problems in life youll be throwin up  
like me but you dont see  
ten years from now where will you be

chourus

so much game in this too short rap  
cant be white and whites cant be black  
why you wanna act like someone else  
all you gotta do is just be yourself  
were all the same color underneth  
short dog is in the house you better listen to me  
never be ashamed of what you are  
proud to be black stand tall and hard  
even though some people give you no respect  
be intellagent when you put them in check  
cuz when your ignorant you get treated that way  
when they through you in jail you got nothin to say  
so if you dont listen its not my fault  
ill be gettin paid and youll be payin the cost  
sittin in the jail house runnin your mouth  
while me and my people try n get out

chourus

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