

MC Ren f/ Bigg Rocc, Chip Dirty, John Doe "In Da Ghetto"

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[Chorus: MC Ren]

Ain't no love for the niggaz in the ghetto
Shit be fucked up when you live in the ghetto
Come with me hit some corners in the ghetto "Come on"
it gotta be somethin' much better then the ghetto

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

y'all know niggaz got it bad
that's why the fuck we wake up mad, I'd swear we're sad
bills pilin' up, I got laid off
but I gotta let these knuckle-heads know I ain't soft
so get rid outta the smiles, learnt to strike
never will and I try to swing in a fuckin' gun fight
Police know the homies on the first name bases
so when somethin' happened, they the first ones to chase us.....

[Verse 2: Bigg Rocc]

I know nothing but the ghetto, born and raised
in the streets of the Hub city, blunts we blased
to ease the kill of mentality
when another motherfuckers tryin' to test me
I can't turn my back, I'm too down for that
at the young days learnt to work with the strap
to all my niggaz locked up
it's simple, the ghetto's hustlin, bust nuts.....

[Chorus: MC Ren]

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[Verse 3: Chip Dirty]

in our town full as none but Compton
with niggaz are pop one
nigga you got one to spark one, time is creepin'
I'm keepin' a fat stack with crack for the fiends

sixteen which free dreams, low riders and big creams
big booties with tag team
John Doe with somethin, in the fo'
I'm thinkin' I'm never lastin' but cops are blastin' us
and knockin' us up, now shit is gettin' fucked up.....

[Verse 4: MC Ren]

they say they still got beef I'm fucked the police
while I'm tryin' to puff a blunt in front seat, in peace
please, save me from the beasts
my nerve is drained
Villain sick and tired, nigga stayed in pain
should the real nigga complain
thinkin' of the past
I'll speak for dead slaves they can kiss my ass
and tell Bush he can't have my vote
I'm on my third house now, nigga this is cutthroat.....

[Chorus: MC Ren]

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[Verse 5: Bigg Rocc]

but in the ghetto some niggaz stick together
to get through the bad weather, still chasin' cheddar
but haters, who appearin' niggaz out sight
I got to act right, to fuck up the nigga's night
We'll bring back, that Compton westcoast, across the
world
tossin' down these little girls
I'm ghetto fine, in the ghetto
I'ma keep it on point nigga like the elbow.....

[Verse 6: John Doe]

I'm almost give up, I can't do that many years homey
shit, I can't cry that many tears homey, you're phoney
I wouldn't thought, maybe I wouldn't talk to fans
you should've held this
I'm on work in a first place
but I won't snitch, I hate the bitch
or maybe I'll hit the bricks in two thousand and six
aiy lova bitch, either locked up or glock down for sure
nobody gives the fuck about the ghetto.....

[Chorus: MC Ren X3]

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