

Tru "Ghetto Cheese"

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Intro:(Master P)

Ha hah
Master P
Silkk in this bitch
This is how we be doing in the hood like Gs(In the hood,
nigga)

The fiends be marchin through my hood (Hoorah,
Hoorah)
The fiends be marchin through my hood
It's nineteen ninety scrilla bitch, I'm up to no good
And we all gone break some bread (Ghetto Cheeze)
By selling the motherfuckin lemonade

Chorus:(Master P,Silkk Da Shocker)

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum
wage
Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum
wage

Verse 1: (Master P, Silkk Da Shocker)

Change the date on your rolex if you a timer
Versache and Louis, nigga that's my designer
Stone age slangin, space age hustlin
Sendin fiends to da moon, me and Silkk just ghetto
hustlin

Ya'll oughta know, ya'll must be off some dumb shit
Cuz me and P run this, 12:00 count up hundreds
In a clock crack house, nigga, back out the back route
I stacks trip til I trip, pop the clip when I smash out

Puttin in work for some pamper money
Sellin fiends them gummies, mouths full of fifties and
hundreds
But ain't stoppin til I fall on my knees
And be up the next day wit ghetto cheeze

Servin fiends dem double-ups and bubble ups
And meet me at the front of the block, nigga to get
some bubble up

Chorus: (Master P)

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum
wage

Pullin all nighters, I got the day shift
(Silkk) I got the night shift

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum
wage

I got the day shift

(Silkk) I got the night shift

Verse 2: (Silkk Da Shocker)

I flip D like a light switch

Games short like a spike, bitch

You ain't got my money I might go, Everybody go
tonight bitch

I gotta be cold like a snake cuz nigga these days I
playa hate

But I keeps that nine by my waistline

Everybody quick to dump a million like pimp me from
the bassline

Fuck I ain't askin fo shit

I'm gonna make mine, I gots to take mine

And have OZs like the wizard

Cut keys like some scissors

Cold like a blizzard

Slimy like a lizard

Cause fuck it, Ima dump em

And then I'm a stump ya

Ya fucks around wit my money and now your runnin

But I be dumpin, nigga, frontin fo my yayo

For sale ?? time fo my ghetto cheeze

Nigga, I'm bout my mail

Chorus: (Master P)

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum
wage

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid

Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck makin minimum
wage

I got the day shift

(Silkk) I got the night shift

I got the day shift

(Silkk) I got the night shift

Verse 3: (Master P)

Takin penitentiary chances but fuck the warden
"Nigga, yo son need a new pair of Jordans"
You see the shit a hustler go through
" Oh yeah, pick me up a DKNY purse boo"
The ghetto pharmacist I'm on the grind
Open like 7-11, 24-7 Times
Makin Scrilla, Scratch, tack, and paper
36 OZs into 1 key fo paper
"Would you kill for me"
If that was my dope they took from you
"Now would you steal for me"
If a nigga try to steal from you
I be bout whateva
We be da Bonnie and Clyde done came up togetha
You be draped in gold, I be ridin a Roles
You be in a BMW, That's how we roll
Side by side, Hoo-ride
Down fo whateva, Did it from the south side

Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck minimum wage
Everyday, all day hustlin to get paid
Tryin to get some ghetto cheeze, Fuck minimum wage
I got the day shift
(Silkk) I got the night shift
I got the day shift
(Silkk) I got the night shift

Outro: (Master P)

Ha hah, pullin all nighters nigga
It ain't no motherfuckin limit to this hustlin we be doin
Hu Nigga be hustlin
24-7, 365 in a motherfuckin year
Ha Mothafuckers, Fiends They be doin shit like this
The fiends be marchin through my hood (Hoorah,
Hoorah)
The fiends be marchin through my hood
But niggas like me and Silkk up to no good
Huh, Slangin stones to dem bitches
Space age hustlin huhhuh
The fiends be marchin through my hood (Hoorah,
Hoorah)
The fiends be marchin through my hood
Huh I be makin this ghetto cheeze, huhhuhhuh
Out of motherfuckin green wood
Recognize, Playas fo life

All about the cabbage and cornbread
Turnin fifteens into a diz-olla
That's ghetto cheeze nigga

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