TRU (Master P) "Christmas in The Ghetto"

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It's christmas in the ghetto
Fa la la la la la la la
It's christmas in the ghetto
Fa la la la la la la
Dealers bakin, fiends are waitin
Fa la la la la la la
It's christmas in the ghetto
Fa la la la la la la

Christmas in the ghetto just ain't worth shit Tell santa claus he can suck my dick I guess I get the same fucking thing I got last year Sittin in a bird dog drinking beer I don't have a job, no food, no fun But I got the dope, 3 ki's and a gun So I tell the fiends to me on the block Open up shop and start sellin rocks I'm making big dollars off these motherfucking fools If they wanna jack, then the money's in my shoes Now here comes a dope fiend begging for a hit Saying can I please get a 50 dollar fix He showed me the money, then I went for my stash Got the motherfucker a big 50 dollar bag The man said freeze and my mouth just dropped The stupid ass nigga was an undercover cop Yea I was mad, but I didn't want to run Starring me in the face was a big black gun Now it's christmas eve and I'm locked behind bars Sitting in a cell looking up at the stairs Reminiscing about my kids with tears in my eyes Thinking to myself I just want to die Living in a house with no food, no heat It may be cold but hell is the street Cause the place I'm from santa don't leave gifts In my house santa only shoplifts Holidays in the hood ain't no motherfucking joke When people all around you is starving and broke Cause if you black and poor, it's hell You only hear gunshots, you never hear bells So if you got a way out then go Cause it ain't no fun with christmas in the ghetto

Chorus

This christmas ain't it, I ain't got shit Waiting on santa is like waiting on a bitch Now I'm going to the mall to get the fresh gear I'm from the projects, I've never seen a reindeer Stick em up, stick em up, boom Now you're doomed, I guess my present will be you Now you know I'm jackin Nine I be payin for the gas cause you know I ain't actin Some say I'm the grinch cause I don't play How could he do this fucking shit on a holiday Cause when I look I see reflections of me Kids in the ghetto never had a christmas tree Hand-me-down clothes for the new year The rich drink champagne, the poor drink beer No christmas cards, just a letter saying the rent late My little brother wanted a bike, he got skates Now I don't give a damn, fuck uncle sam I thank God for the turkey, last year we had spam Looked out the window, what do I see Dope dealers running from the police Welfare cuts was the last line Sent many people to the God damn soup lines Homeless people with no shoes on they feet In and out of cans trying to find something to eat I reminisce to the people that ain't here Hoping to have a better fucking new year Dope fiends selling t.v.'s and sweaters bro But I ain't tripping cause it's christmas in the ghetto

Yea, merry motherfucking christmas
This ea-ski and the real untouchables
Enjoy your motherfucking christmas you broke bitch
Cause christmas will never be the same in our black
neighborhood
So I'm saying outie 5-motherfucking-thousand
And we out of this bitch
Oh,oh,oh yes
All you broke motherfucking rappers out there
Making all these tapes
You broke bitch you can't buy a God damn thing this
christmas
Cause you done sold out you cunt

Yo man hold up (what?)
What about the 3 days of christmas
Oh, okay man, I forgot, let's do this shit
C cut the music off

On the first day of christmas a dope fiend brought to

me

A t.v. and a bitch from up the street On the second day of christmas a dope fiend brought to me

2 vcr's and a t.v. and a bitch from up the street On the third day of christmas a dope fiend brought to me

3 stolen rings, 2 vcr's, and a t.v. and bitch from up the street

Ha ha ha, shit I lived to to see another christmas

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