

TRU (Master P) "Ghetto Thang"

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Hit the block lexus truck slangin ice cream
A million records sold , thats why y'all know p
Came up on hard times tryin to make ends
2 stones to my niggaz thats dead and in the pen
The ghetto wont change , they label me the dope man
I slang raps but the feds think it's cocaine
Tap my phone , these hoes wont leave me alone
Nigga gon legit , so stay off the ding dong
Independent , thats why they hate me
A million man ghetto march for master p
So fuck rap pages (don't know)
Yall didnt want to see a nigga make it off the streets
Thats why you'll never see p on mtv
Top 40 , but niggaz y'all know me
Number 1 in every mom and pop and billboard record
store
So fuck y'all playa hatin hoes
Gimme a pen , a pad , and ill make a hit
Show every nigga in the ghetto how to get rich
Cause y'all don't know what go on behind closed doors
White folks pimp niggaz like hoes
But tru niggaz , say fuck that
You owe me money , it's time to meet the chrome gat
I got the drank , finna tomorrow I take a piss test
And I know my probs. want me to go back
An ex-con addicted to gangsta rhymes
Last year I caught a bullet but it wasnt mine
Time to go nigga on dead row , or should I say I'm
stuck in the ghetto

Chorus:

(2x) just a ghetto thang , a ghetto thang , you would
understand if you

Was

From the ghetto man

(1x) its a ghetto thang , a ghetto thang , these niggaz
got me caught up in

This ghetto thang

Silk:

See I ain't got no money up in my pocket

How the fuck ima stop it
Ima get the glock and cock and plug you like a socket
See game get deeper but y'all don't feel me
Telling me to gets up out the game , get a job
I shouldnt rob a nigga , I might kill yah
See up on the block I rides deep on gold thangs
These niggaz be trippin up on my shit and they'll jack
you like it ain't no
Thang
See I'm from the city where niggaz be salty and they
stay faulty like wires
And I ain't seen a gangsta retire yet
On a bet , threw my cothes up on the floor and I sweat
Trust nobody cause these niggaz today will smoke you
like a cigarette
Now bet , rest in peace to all homies that didnt make it
Took life for granted , an I panic while seeing niggaz
with ski masks
We blast with ski masks and bust a cap into they weak
ass
Everyday struggle and I stay hustlin like a pan handler
Fuck it if I took a chance to get dead like cancer
I betta not chance it
Slik , just another nigga tryin to make it up out the
ghetto

(chorus)

Big ed:

Got a hold on me , jealous fools wanna roll on me
Will I die or will God just let me be
Fufill the prophecy reach my destiny avoid the burial
plot
Unlive the ones that got popped
I got a son but she says that it isnt mine
Im 24 and since birth I've served hard time
In this concrete jungle , a war zone , many of my peers
die
Finally made it back home
Self preservation is a thing for me
Duckin and dodgin bullets stone faces on the ones who
pulled it
I promise my mama I wouldnt die before she did
I got my life right got my wife and then my kids
But everywhere I look I see sadness
Imagine tryin to raise your babies in this worldwide
madness

(chorus) 6x

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