

## **TRU (Master P) "The Ghetto is a Trap"**

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[silkk]

Just the other day my brother got killed  
Its might be worse where you hang, but the projects  
where I live  
I see my partners on the corner cold serving the dope  
fiends  
I see no dreams, instead I see more fiends  
When I'm on the cutter off than one  
For every dollar I make the white folks make a hundred  
And I can understand why niggaz sell cain  
Cause every nigga got it good as the next man  
And white folks know that there will always be dope  
Because they always have a kid that's starving and  
broke  
And now they wanna try to seize the crack and drug  
dealin'  
Know that there will only lead to more and more killing  
A nigga got a steal deal with the fucking police  
I dipped in my alias and tell them they don't know me  
For some strange reason they still take me in  
Trying to get a nigga to do time in the pen  
On the motherfucking murder weapon stanking identity  
(why is that? )  
Cause they ghetto is a motherfucking trap

[big ed/master p]

Two marks got me out of the ghetto  
But the ghetto is where I'm from  
Welcome to the ghetto, it's a trap  
But the ghetto is where I grow

[c-murder]

Nigga as you know I'm c-murder  
Kicking the funky shit that you never even heard of  
Im talking 'bout the motherfucking ghetto  
Where many punk bitches get killed ho  
But I don't give a fuck about that g  
Cause I'm rolling with a sick ass pops  
I met a kingpin said he want a ki  
I didn't know he was the motherfucking police  
I said fuck and kicked him in his knees  
And got away cross the street in some trees

I started laughing saying, "damn, he done slacked up."  
Little did I know they 50 done had backup  
All I heard was freeze  
With three bullets to my back I feel to my knees  
I started screaming and crying  
Everythang getting black, yo I'm dying  
All I could remember  
Thought I always catch a bullet from a gang member  
The the ambulance came, paramedics asking me my  
motherfucking name  
Damn I almost choked  
With six fuckin' doctors sticking tubes down my throat  
But through all of that I made it  
Why I wanna I live man, I think I'm crazy  
Now I'm going to the pen, but I don't give a fuck cause  
ill be out in 10  
All that shit cause I'm tired of eating scraps  
The ghetto is a trap

[big ed/master p]  
Two marks got me out of the ghetto  
But the ghetto is where I'm from  
Welcome to the ghetto, it's a trap  
But the ghetto is where I grow

[master p]  
Boom, boom, boom and I'm a gonner  
But I'm tripping on life cause 50 is right round the  
corner  
And mama say boy pray, better be glad it wasn't you  
that got blew away  
Killed in the dope game, ill probably craft that on life  
In the motherfucking dice game, cause in the game of  
life it has 1 rule  
Watch your ass, count your money, don't be a fool  
And don't fuck with a broke bitch, cause if you fuck with  
a broke  
Bitch they get you in the fucking ditch  
So you can play the roll of a dummy  
Think a bitch like you when a bitch really like your  
money  
Now that don't mean shit nigga  
You better sleep with one eye open, and keep you  
finger on the fucking  
Trigger, or go out like jack, jack died in the projects  
And jill got another fucking nigga black  
Or you can go out like a clucker, and end up six feet  
deep motherfucker  
And listen to what I say cause in the ghetto somebody  
else gets blowed  
Away, cause that has no age, smoked out dope fiends

on the  
Motherfucking rage, so I refuse to be caught not  
strapped  
When I walk into the ghetto, knowing the ghetto is a  
trap.

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