

Lil' Ghetto Boy

Dr. Dre

Wake up, jumped out my bed
Hung in a 2 man cell wit my homie Lil 1/2 Dead
Murder was the case that they gave me
Dear God, I wonder can you save me
I'm only 18, so I'm a young buck
It's a ride, if I don't scrap, I'm getting stuck
But that's the life of a G, I guess
Ese's way deep, shanked two in they chest
Bests run 'cause brothers is dropping quicker
Ugn, too late, damn, down goes another nigga
Bouncing off the walls, throwing them dogs
Getting a rep as a young hog
It ain't nuttin like the street life
Betta be strapped wit yo clip, cuz ain't no fist fight
So I guess I gots ta handle mine
Since I did the crime, I gots ta do my time

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What'cha gonna do when you grow up
And have to face responsibility

Now, I'm 'trolling the dove, sitting on swoll
27 years old, off on parole, stroll
I'm back up on my feet wit my mind on the money
That I'm making as soon as I touch the street
Things done changed but it's alright
Remember they used to thump but now they blast, right
But it ain't no thing to me
'Cause now I'm what they call a loced-assed O.G.
The little homies from the hood wit grip
Are the ones I get wit 'cause I'm down respect trip
Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so what'cha wanna do
Didn't know we had a 22
Straight sitting behind his back
I'm grab his pockets and then I heard six caps
I fell to the ground wit blood on my hands
I didn't understand
How a nigga so young could bust a cap
I use to be the same way back
I guess that's what I get (for what)
For trying to jack them little homies for they bread

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Something for the real OG's to get wit
Some facts, made our made, now you wanna run and play
Like every single day, really doe
You know me, I'm the smooth macadamien, gaming them for my homie
No need to be uncalm if you pack right
And learning just enuff to keep your sack right
Late nights, I wonder what they getting fo'
Early morning on the corners, what they hitting fo'
Seven young G's but they serve down

In a jeep ride, east side what they swerve now
Not thinking about what's really going on
Got crept on, stepped on, now they gone
I spent 4 years in the county wit nutting but convicts around me
But now I'm back at the pound
And we expose ways for the youth to survive
Some think it's wrong but we tend to think it's right
So make all them ends you can make
'Cause when you're broke, you break, check it out
So ain't no need for your mama to trip
'Cause you's a hustling ass youngsta, clocking your grip

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