

Ghetto

Leela James

She's gettin' ghetto up in here
She's gettin' ghetto up in here
Whoa, whoa, whoa.

She be like, "One Mississippi, two Mississippi rock!"
Backed up
Like I said before, he's my man.
What part of that conversation don't you understand?
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
(She's gonna get ghetto up in here)

The gloves gonna come off, grease up my face, put you in your place
Didn't want to scrap, poppin' on the cap when ya gotta fall back ?

Tryin' to be a lady but you keep pushin' me
It's gonna get pretty.
Leave me alone, go on by the way stop, throw another cell phone ?

When you had him, you mistreated him
Now I found him and I'm feedin' him
And he's happy, there's no drama
So you can save those hardy notes for the doctor

'Cause I ain't givin' him up
I'm lovin' him up
Me and him every night, drinkin' from the same cup
They say you don't know a good thing 'til it's gone
And now I found him in my arms

She be like, "one Mississippi two Mississippi rock!"

Backed up?
Like I said before, he's my man.
What part of that conversation don't you understand?
Whoa, whoa, whoa
(She's gonna get ghetto up in here)

The gloves commin' off, grease up my face, put you in your place
Didn't want to scrap, poppin' on the cap when ya gotta fall back(?)

Leave me alone, go on by the way stop, throw another cell phone.

Took advantage of his kindness
Didn't appreciate his sweetness
Now I'm present, you're the past
Ain't my fault what y'all had didn't last

See, I wanna kill the confusion
(Girl, there ain't no confusion)
I want you to know it's me he's lovin'
(You know it's you I'm lovin')
I'm even thinking about having his children

So, I think you should go find yourself a new boy?

Have you ever been in a party,
Droppin' your sexy and bottles

Came flyin' in your direction?
Turned around saw two kitty-cats fightin'?
Tried to play the good Samaritan,
Now your face is scratchin'.
They're gettin' pretty, pretty, gettin' ?
Someone call security bout to be an outbreak
Stillettos comin' off ?
When the cops break it down half the party's in my loff

He gloves gonna come off, grease up my face, put you in your place
Whoa, whoa, whoa

Uh, uh, don't make me ghetto.