

Ghetto Life

Afroman

Ok, we got the Birdman in the building (the birdman)
We got Killa in the building (yeah)
We got Young Weezy in the building (Weezy)

Nigga it's, B-M, J-R, Weezy baby
Tryna see him, naw, he need to even eighty (shut yo chips up)
And, I ain't speakin G's, I'm talkin M
And I'm walkin like a pimp in (piiiiimp) them all street tims
Man shorty got more green than a Boston Gems
Green ... , they don't cost in rims
Wayne appear, nigga put a walls in ya ear
Let ya know a fuckin boss up in here
How much it cost for this here?
How much it cost for this year?
'cause Me and Stunna bout to buy it
Put yo spoons down, Cash Money off the diet
I pass in a ride on triot, that's traze
But those who was in the days when the teachers was on that pay
I'm raise in the cajun cage, with a bit of amazing grace
And prone to move coke at a amazing pace
Man my daddy super Dave, let's race it
Real not have me, B I'ma win it, I'm a champ

In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto booooooy (ghetto booooooy)
Livin in the ghetto me, in the ghe-tto streeeeeets
(Somebody tell me what's crackin before)
I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup
For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin me
Ghetto, ghetto, Ghetto Life

Aye, aye, holla at me T-Keez, T-Keezy, Birdman, Birdman
See I ride in them shake (34's) when I'm pimpin these hoes (beyotch!)
It's just that, (TQ:Sunshine City!) when I'm smokin that dro
When it comes to this ice, real livin his life
Get moeny, pimpin hoes, with these ghetto type
Nigga check the background, I got O.G. stripe
Just a hoodrich nigga flippin birds on a bike
Not survive in this world with guns, pahs, and knives
Pour out, a lil' liquor, mami lost her life
All my niggas in the penitentiary holdin that life
See I'm stunnin for my niggas with this chromed out pipes
This swish interry foreign german lifes (beyotch)
And I keep this big toolie just protect my ice (holla at me nigga)
I act, a damn fool, when I'm full of that white (absolute beyotch)
But it's the Birdman daddy with these ghe-tto stripes
Ghe-tto hood (Uptown), Ghe-tto pipe (9 Millimeter)
Ghe-tto walk (yeah), With my ghe-tto life (Beyotch)

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Uh-huh, Diplomats, man listen
Ayyo the duck just born, I need seven more leaders
C-Five, Fo'-Fum, and a Seven-Fo' fever (what else)

Act up though I let the Fo' fever leave ya (leave ya)
Dice game, head crack, Six-Fo' fever (fever)
When I'm in L.A., I got Six-Fo' fever (fever)
Fever for the flava of a six-foot diva (let 'em know)
I told the po to feave her, I'm a bouty crook
Out to juuust, not a chef (?) know how to cook
With the piece stocks, cook up the rocks
Seventh Delenix is hot, I done cook up the block
Send glocks to ya block, out done cook up yo sspotss
That's how coke for that cook up his watch (what else though?)
I'm one of those, that will look up to Pac (why?)
'cause when I get pulled over, cook up the cops (damn, follow what)
All they say is, look at his drop (what else?)
Hand on my liscence, look at his watch (fuck em)
But, thug shit dogg, we down with Baby (baby)
We come through clownin baby (baby)
And if we, surrounded babies, ducktape the kids to the wall
Then shoot circle all around the baby, Killa!

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Ghetto, ghetto, In a Ghetto Life

It's nothin man, Killa!
Diplomats, Cash Money
Baby, holla!
Jim Jones, Santana, what's good, Roc-a-Fella
(brrrrrrrrrr-brrrrrrrrrr!)

Birdman
Fly, to hood near you
Then they got 'em cheap (whoo!)
(Yeah, ya know, ya know)
Get that call out one more time
(brrrrrrrrrr-brrrrrrrrrr!) (3x)