

# Ghetto Story

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Here's my, ghetto story  
Been in hell through the fire, now, gonna take it higher  
(This a survival story, true ghetto story)  
Here's my, ghetto story  
So many reasons to sing now, plus now we got the  
keys to the kingdom (This is my story, real ghetto story, hey)

1. I remember those days when Hell was my home  
When Me and Mama bed was a big piece a foam  
An mi never like bathe and my hair never comb  
When Mama gone a work me go street go roam  
I remember when Danny dem tek me snow cone  
An mek him likkle bredda dem kick up Jerome  
I remember when we visit dem wid pure big stone  
An the boy Danny pop out something weh full chrome  
I remember when we run, Fatta get him knee blown  
An mi best friend Richie get, two inna him dome  
I remember so the avenue tun inna warzone  
An ,Mickey madda fly him out, cau she get a loan  
But, Mickey go to foreign and go tun Al Capone  
Mek whole heap a money and sen in our own  
Now a we a lock the city and, that is well known  
Yesterday Mickey call me pan mi phone  
Mi say Mickey.....

R: We get di ting dem  
Dem outta luck now  
Mi squeeze seven and the whole a dem a duck now  
We have whole heap a extra clip cau we nuh bruk now  
Rah...Rah..Rah...Rah

R1: We got the kingdom so we have to make way  
We take it from the bottom to the top baby  
And now the whole community can live greatly  
(Rah...Rah..Rah...Rah)

2. I remember those days when, we was dead broke  
And, I could barely find a, dollar for a token  
Hop in the train just to get where I'm goin  
Po Po's after me I'm runnin like I'm smokin  
Remember those days when I went to bed hungry  
All I ever ate was white rice and honey  
Big dreams in my head empty my tummy  
Might crack a smile but ain't nothin funny  
I remember playin over needles in the street  
Everywhere I go and there was some part of mr  
Thirteen thirteen was, hookers and hoes  
On 11th avenue sellin bodies for dope (Whoa)  
Remember cryin sayin that will never be me  
Gonna make it someday gotta be somebody  
Say, mommy don't worry it's just you and me  
But, one day we will get out of this misery (Hey!)

R: We get di ting dem...

R1: We got the kingdom so we have to make way...

\*: Here's my, ghetto story (Story)  
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3. Jamaica get screw, tru greed an glutton  
Politics manipulate and press yutes button  
But we rich now ,so dem caan tell man notin  
Cuz a we a mek Mama a nyaam Fish an Mutton..Ehhhh  
Ova dehso mek mi tell unnu some'in...  
Tru mi dey a foreign now a guy kill me cousin  
An mi here sey TD deh dey but him sey he wasnt  
Anytime mi fly down him a get bout dozen....Cause.....

R: We get di ting dem...

R1: We got the kingdom so we have to make way...