

# The Ghetto

Freddie Gibbs

I used to let my  
Close partner keep his chopper up in my school locker  
Young and naive when I wasn't actin' a fool I was  
Playin' with emotions or playin' ball  
Used to sell bud at the village  
Knew a lotta killers since they was small  
East 17th, Virginia St invented me  
Constructed the kid into a crook, look up my history  
I looked up to the niggas with Lexuses and Infinitis  
Corrupted in correctional facilities  
Cause me I'm from the  
The ghetto, the ghetto, the ghetto ghetto  
And to make it out where I'm from yes you gotta do something special  
Especially when we stressed in these economic conditions  
Traditionally causing us to cook a rock in the kitchen  
Get it flippin'  
Get it jukin' and jumpin' like Earl Manigault  
But you die today you put money before your family though  
I'm east side GI, like Charlie Caddystone  
Embassy Liquors pay attention, they out to getcha in the

Ghetto, the ghetto, the ghetto ghetto  
I'm from the ghetto, the ghetto, the ghetto ghetto  
Where the laws that caught niggas our own default with us  
Everyday we gotta pray to the lord to walk with us  
In the ghetto

Cans of spam, hand to hand  
No deals made, dolla for dolla, gram for gram  
Follow me and see just how much a man can stand  
Before we go off the deep end  
Come in your crib and creep in  
Help us get home invaded  
The hustlas they gon' get raided  
Eventually, but for now they stay thuggin' and motivated  
Misguided miseducated  
We barely be graduated  
And our lack of skills lead to some daily infatuations  
In the ghetto, the barrio, the hood, the slums  
Government funds fill my city up with drugs and guns  
And I can't go for being broke so I'm a go on the run  
Momma can't stand the way I live but can't give up on her son  
Even though I know she hear about my habits through the grape vine  
Stealin' the car on Sunday, to hit the state line  
Gettin' drunk and twisted off liquor all through the daytime  
Handshakes and gang signs, don't play with mine

Granny I really miss you while I'm on the road  
Them Sunday dinners was more than just food for the soul  
Don't be no fool, cause there's plenty fools walking the globe  
Convicted felons equippin' tools, all in my shows  
Chose another road they wanna die in these streets  
They look at me in disbelief when I rhyme about peace  
I had people shot at to see me just to see me deceased  
My policy is fuck police till all my niggas released  
Speak!  
The way I'm feelin' my anthem for ghetto children

Fill my daily appetite for destruction I want rebuildin'  
Rest in peace to Lil' Ebony, Richardson lord we livin' crazy  
It's hard to cope when these cowards is killin' babies  
The ghetto ain't just a place it's a mentality  
Most of us carry with us constantly causing casualties  
Stealin' and dealin' is how I deal with my reality  
Sirens and gunfirin' never rattled me  
I gotta be from