

You Don't Know (In The Ghetto)

Freeway

You don't know
Whoo..on the grind, uh, so gangsta, don't ya agree? uh
You don't know
This just in case y'all dunno how it go down in the hood
Freeweazy here to break it down to ya

Tryna to survive in the hood everyday
Takes, everything you work with
Everything you got quick
From the cops wyle off the product
Show em what helped alot but I can't get it
I hugged the block, light an L
Let my man hit it and ran with it
Sell it nixed to the pops
Hate to tell ya if he don't get it from me
Then he gon get it somewhere else
Sometimes I would if I was somewhere else
Me and my man on the corner with two crates
Picture us rollin, somewhere else
Pretendin to be pushin the V's
Then two fiends walked up to me
Brought me back to reality
He want three and he want five
But my packed stash (why) cuz the cops act like I'm Lil' Cease
Crush on me, keep rollin by
Tryna to put the cuffs on my black ass literally

(You don't know)
How it is in the hood so Freeway bring the hood to your front porch
My niggaz duck court pour weed in the woods
Set up shop and move rocks on the front step
(You don't know)
How it is in the ghetto the tech blow hear shots echo
We can't let go, stuck on the block
Stuck in the hood, street niggaz up to no good

No rules, no trees just alot in the push
My ? in the house, read my mouth
Fuck the D's got a pocket to push
Send fleas in the opposite way
Quarter to one guess I stop at the ?
Gimme a grub, count up the profit I made
Rule number one
Sell your first stack and cop you a gun
We hear gun shots, we hardly amazed
My man Willie Mays and Santana live on the run
What does it mean? not goin back
Not gettin caged, strong with a gat
Prepare for the raid
Listen Mothers, bodies still underaged
You better talk to your sons
Send em on a straight line from the lines
And move straight to the pen
Sleep with a blade, husky niggaz touchin they chin
Get bailed, get out and then they at it again
All for the love of the pay

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Every since I don't stop waist side
Sparks had the ambition to ride
O. Town play games but I need this chain
Got me deep in the game
To the point, yea coulnd't get no rest, no sleep
All I did was hug the block
And shake the police while they shakin the bag
At age 18, like half a brick, crack got half the street
Most of my always call me "Snoop"
Cause I couldn't cook this shit then
So I brought all my worst stylin fiends
Runnin back to the kid like "Sparks man, you sold me some bullshit"
But I kept on pumpin cause the block kept on jumpin
I'm not stoppin, I was told the sky's the limit
Plus I'm tryna to push the roads
And park the ??
And let you know what exactly takes places in the ghetto
When techs blow
When the cops circle, I know the bells like ?
Run fast with that .38 special

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