

Ghetto Superman

Lyfe Jennings

Ha Ha Ha Ha I'm Fine yo this yo boy ghetto superman aka lyfe aka don't got a wife what's up young blood what up everybody talking bout living on Capitol Hill we're living on a hill you know talking 'bout front row front row we're living on death row

We grew up in the gutta eating peanut butter sandwiches no jam we looked up to the hustlers on the corner folks always screaming get your money man had dreams of moving on up to the big leagues like George, Weezy and Florence but it's kind of hard when polices having you killed ressercted rearrested from old bench warrants

Yeah it's a struggle man but handle it the best we can only difference between folks that's free and folks in jail some of us got caught on our way to heaven taking a short cut through hell

Ghetto Superman (Superman) faster than a (swoop) Cadillac they wanna be talk beaten when the polices pull you back yeah it's a bird it's a plane no it's Ghetto Superman talk slicker than a republican sold almost as much dope as Uncle Sam your friendly neighborhood Superman

If you played on my playground you would be use to hearing steak outs they shooting lost my daddy in a shoot out just a blue while another family going had dreams of finding a good job so he wouldn't have to run (nigga I'm gonna stick up kid) finally get what we deserve instead of having a table they diverse

It's a bird it's a plane no it ghetto superman you all