

# Ghetto Love

Master P

(2x)

You just don't know what you do to me  
And I hope you know what you got

I remember walking you from school and homies hate me  
But I ain't tripping cause I knew one day girl you'd be my lady  
Probably have my baby I know it sound crazy  
But thugs need love and if you real girl save me  
Your loyalty got me a sucker for love  
And when I went to jail you sent kisses and hugs  
And I could feel your lips through your letters  
You said wait for me, 'cause you down with whatever  
Now I'm out girl and we balling  
Mansions, 600 Benzes, Lex Luther, trucks and Ferraries  
Rolex watches and bracelets  
Diamonds on your ears and taking trips in foreign places  
Now we be hooked like drugs  
But you been there from the beginning, that's why we call it ghetto love

And I hope you know what you got  
You just don't know what you do to me  
And I hope you know what you got

My thug love got the weight of the world on his shoulders  
So every chance I get I try to grab him and hold him  
Boo you know I care, I'm gone be there through the toughest of times  
Trying not to ever stress ya take the pressure off ya mind  
You my kind of nigga ain't nobody else gone do  
I can't see being in love without you  
Beside me, inside me, nothing can divide you and me  
That's why them other broads know we gone be  
I ain't tripping, although your ass be slipping sometimes  
Running around and creeping but you know just where to find your true love  
Before the fame the big names and the money  
I was at the bus stop with you honey  
That's why you got me pushing phat ass rides  
With a swoll bank account living in a million dollar house, but don't doubt  
If you gotta go back to the projects I won't diss ya  
I'm coming right with ya cause I love you thug

[Chorus (5x)]