

# Ghetto Livin'

Mia X

[O'Dell]

Ghetto living (ghetto living)

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[Spade]

My mama once told me (told me) that the streets ain't safe

So I walked 'round with a vest and a strap on my waist

I'm living in a strange place where all the odds are against me

I'm doin bad and the shit you got is startin to tempt me

We never had cause the ghetto got us trapped in depression

Learnin lesson after lesson cause the devil be testin

It got me stressin, keep my Smith N Wesson cocked at all times

Cause even I could fall to victim at the drop of a dime

But that's the chances I got to take to escape all of this madness

That put you in the casket for the cornbread and cabbage

[Dolliolie/(O'Dell)]

Lord knows I'm tryin to find an exit out the ghetto

But it won't let go, that's why I got to tote my pistol

[Chorus]

Ghetto living

(Father forgive me, I know that what I do is wrong)

Ghetto living

(I been tryin a find a better way for so long) x2

[Valerio]

Soldiers die in my world but people look at killers like stars

We duckin from the laws cause we ain't tryin to live behind bars

Growin up with less, envious of what the next man had

Never knew what livin good was till I started movin them sacks

My hood infested with crack, that's why I paint a picture so vivid

I tell it cause I live it, runnin with boss bitches and niggas that get convicted

This street got us all, nothin changed in the game but the players

I'm talkin about the hustlers, the ballers, the killers and the rhyme sayers

That's why I ain't scared to pop a nigga, stop a nigga, drop a nigga

I only fuck with the real, cause it's real in my battlefield

I hope it's true what they say, and that the father forgives

Excuse me for the things I do cause in the ghetto I live

[Dolliolie/O'Dell]

Chorus x2

[Mia X]

This shit's goin get even realer, so you ain't gotta ask, I feel ya

I live the life of a hard knock, that ghetto bitch on the block

My nigga had a shop, I took the rocks and bag weed

Chased them broads down with china, and ran alot of minors

With big tymer dreams of money, hoes and clothes

They didn't get it, tombstones and jail cells also come with it

I pity all them babies born from crack mama's

But I'm a mama too and when the bills is due I gotta

Get it how I live, bitter tears I cry

My best friend, my cousin and my man died

Or should I say was murdered

I know you heard the same stories before

We walk the streets like we poverties whores behind the dollar bill  
This still life got us dying so young  
Precious Lord let the new day come  
Uh, come on  
Cause ain't no winning when your living like that  
It's the blueprint, the plan, the set up, the trap

[Dolliolie/O'Dell]  
Chorus x2