

# The Ghetto

One Be Lo

Ay, this is life man, niggaz out here talkin  
rappin about shit you ain't never seen or had no parts in, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
n?

Shit ain't cool man, ay Lo, take 'em where you from

Let me take you to a place where the sun don't shine  
Killers don't talk, little kids don't mind  
Men don't work, don't take care of babies  
You bought my album but bootleggers don't pay me  
City runnin wild, cats don't give a f\*\*k  
Junior High students don't say no to drugs  
Liquor stores don't ask shorties for their ID  
This is a place where don't nothin surprise me  
The ghetto

The ghetto, yo..

Now you can get shot, everyday it's a struggle to be alive  
Mentally, physically, only the strong survive  
Can't hide from the fact ghettos is filled with blacks (blacks)  
crack (crack) smack (smack) roaches and rats  
Thugs totin they gats, this ain't a nice place to visit  
The people that you live with, hearts cold and frigid  
That girl over there, don't even bother with her (why?)  
She's a hoodrat, gold-digger, never had a father figure  
Her older brother was a big time drug dealer  
When he was young his role model was a drug dealer  
Now that he's older, everybody wants to cop a boulder  
He took a bullet in his head, now he's in a coma (bloaw!)  
You callin 9-1-1, this ain't a joke  
You rollin like a blunt cause you might get smoked  
The sad part about it ain't the money or the dope  
The trigger man wasn't even old enough to vote

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Shit ain't all good in the hood  
Touch mine, wish a nigga would  
You knowwhatI'msayin? (In the ghetto)

Landlords don't do nothin but collect rent  
Police don't patrol, serve or protect it  
Brothers don't allow others to hustle on they block  
Always carry heat cause the beef don't stop  
And it don't quit, everyday the same shit  
Hustlin to get you what your job can't get  
And I ain't even talkin 'bout a Benz or Mercedes (what you talkin about?)  
I'm talkin about toothpaste, diapers for your babies  
The basic necessities of life  
The homeless sleepin in a cardboard box every night

The only playgrounds is vacant lots and burned buildings  
You gotta feel sorry for the children  
How they gon' do they homework when they homes don't work?  
They can't read books cause the lights don't work (nope)  
They can't take a bath cause the water don't work (nope)  
The stove in the kitchen, plus the heat don't work (nope)  
It's cold at night, they mommas can't afford jackets  
She too busy tryin to support the crack habit  
The State took her kids, now they all doin bids (man that sound crazy)  
I know it sound crazy but that's how it is, in the ghetto  
The ghetto

All I see are hearts that's hollow, from Detroit to Chicago  
Just hopin you can follow  
Shit's real, I know it sounds crazy  
Shit, it's how it is, how it is..

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(This is a place where) Nothin surprise me  
(This is a place where) Nothin surprise me..