

# Ghetto Rain

Silkk The Shocker

Picture this, any man that hustle because like to is a fool.  
Any man that hustle because he got to feed his family....  
that's a real man.nYou see I hustle because I got feed me family  
I got families to feed, I got feed my mama,  
I got to feed big mama, I got to feed my cousin,  
I got to feed my lil' brother, I got to feed my sister,  
I got to feed my kids, I got to feed my people.

The ghetto's got me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
the ghetts got me hustlin' tryin' to stay alive.  
The ghetto get me hustlin' tryin' to survive,  
and I know I'm goin' to hustle until the day I die.

UUGGHH!!!

It's da black rain to da moon and tears that cause lies  
see that's the way I felt when my lil' brother died.  
And some fools say it ain't no justice  
and other niggaz say it ain't no peace  
that's why thugs help their on these projects and on these streets.  
See my daddy made me a dealer  
and my cousin made me killer.  
See that's why everything we do, they gonna respect us and feel us  
And I'm still tryin' to understand why big daddy was with da rest  
and my nephew on the last counter on da 14th down the car reck.  
It ain't muthafucker down on dope, on crack, or aids  
and I see so many ghetto people go to jail  
and live your life and die like slaves.  
I got a relative on apeel doin' 25 flat  
on murder or ride nigga fuck it Johnny Cochran can't fight that.  
And since I'm black and I'm rich  
they see to overlook It's me advise  
first class niggaz tryin' call da police tryin' to book us.  
Ain't that a bitch, I done made millions  
and still goin' through a thang  
That's niggaz ask me P why the fuck you never change.

It's like I'm rich and poor  
I open the world and slang dop  
it's the world changes knowand changes I thorp.  
I thank all my big brothers with out him I wouldn't made it through  
so with life on line put all up 4 him so I put that shit on TRU.  
The ghetto got me caught up, no broken dreams  
the ghettos trap, I see some on crack, and dope fiends.  
My hommie, Never did no crime but lien' up in the hearse  
thank god 4 all that I got from that times can be wrorst.  
Ever feel like u was swimming, and really was dronin'  
you ani't wanna smile but your tender smile always see me clownin'  
I trade my life to make the world better  
trade everything I got including life  
to bring back my brother Kevin.  
See I spit the realist shit  
tryin' make yo'll feel this shit.  
Yo'll tryin' put the finger on our side,  
livin' middle bricks livin' this shit.  
See I tell you everybody use to ride benzes  
but we had to ride buggies  
mom wanted better things for me

but private school was way past our budget.  
So if I'm happy and I'm smilin' and I'm camouflage my problems  
the only way I can really solve them  
if I really grab and revolve them.  
So I grab it and I cocked it  
I was going to pop it.  
But I stop, forgot I was rich.  
what everybody not rich.  
Every month so close to gettin' no profits  
my only hustle, I told them to stop it,  
but can't really knock it.  
Everybody died up in game  
everybody tryin' to maintain  
wall from out da ghetto,  
close my eyes and still see the pain.  
Sometimes I just get fed up.  
To all my souljas worldwide  
I know its hard to stride.  
Keep your head up!