

Welcome To The Ghetto

Spice 1

Welcome to the ghetto
Livin' day by day in my hood on the spot
See the same old things:same dope fiends cops
Just an average day in the streets of California
5-0 find a young girl dead around the corner
Mommies on her knees she had tears in her eyes
And nobody knew why the young girl had to die
People look ashamed it's been life this fo' years
Bloody sheets on her body face wet from her mama's tears
She couldn'ta been over 4-5
And if mommy wasn't based she would still be alive
But now the street is a place you could be swallowed by death
Brothas takin' each other's lives
And goin' to REST IN PEACE
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto
My cousin died last year
And I still can't let go
I walk the streets of my city of my neighborhood
Seein' dope fiends livin' off can goods
15 niggas on the corner
And niggas die young in California
5-0 'll get a dope case and flaunt it
Have your ass on "America's Most Wanted"
But I don't slang or either gang-bang
And though my old school homies do the same thang
I still got love 'cause you gotta live
So you can give
And raise a family G
But you gotta do your best slangin D-O-P-E
So keep a grip on yourself and stay mellow
And welcome to the ghetto
(welcome hard up with it to my life) ??

Welcome to the ghetto
(welcome hard up with it to my life)

From across the seas comes cocaine
But you never seen a black man fly the plane
Look at the news:a young black death
Was it drug related,take a guess
I flash when I look in the mirror black
Cause my reflection is a 9 millimeter Gat
I think about genocide
And have thoughts of my homies who died
Everybody back stabbin
But I ain't the one to talk I'm into gafflin'
Death gives a shit about your color
But yet I see mo dead young brothas
I'm goin' crazy out here
Seein' 24 brothas die by the end of the year
And I still gotta deal with the 5-0
And I stopped sellin' dope in 9-0
But if I came to it
I probably still do it
Put a Nine in my draws get straight to it
I hope that I never see the day
That I get 20 years for a cake

B-K-A as a key
So open up the door for the mo money
But I ain't gotta do that G
Cause I'm down with the F-A to the see to the you to the L-T-why
G-nut X-tra Large and S-P-I-see-E make niggas feel like jello
And welcome to the ghetto
(Welcome hard up with it to my life)

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