

# Ghetto Commandments

T-Pain

Woo  
Yeah yeah, ay  
Woo  
Forgive me father  
Dear Heavenly Father-ha  
Ah (ay)  
Yeah yeah  
Trap (Ay), Trap, Trap, Trap  
Ay (Ay) (4x)  
Follow my ghetto commandments  
You'll see the way that ill handle it  
You gonna' get fucked down  
Or you gonna' get fucked up  
Its still a big deal,  
Get fucked or get fucked up, nigga  
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 Hit it one more time  
Follow my, Ghetto Commandments  
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Nigga, first of all (all)  
Im the first and last (last)  
You just the first to fall (fall)  
Im just the first to blast (Blaw)  
If you're gonna' curse us all, (all)  
Then im gonna' have to curse yo ass  
The leave you in the park,  
Underneath some bugs, dirt, and grass (yeah)  
Im the only me, (me)  
But im the first to bust (bust)  
And you're the first victim, (victim)  
Quinching my thirst for blood (Ugh)  
Trust me homie, you dont want to go to work for us (us)  
I'll turn you hook to ass, (ass)  
And turn your burst to dust  
Tell me the difference between love and lust, (lust)  
Cause I love the love, (love)  
And im in love with lust (lust)  
Walk up to your bitch come up when those nevels come (is)  
To leave a crack of a crack of a butt (yeah)  
Make her lay down in a back of a back of a truck (truck)  
And when she come up like a squirell,  
She just asking for nuts (brr)  
24s on my caddy im just asked for putt (fore)  
So when you come up to my trap you're just asking for us  
They say thou shall not talk, (talk)  
Thou shall not speak, (speak)  
Thou shall bow in the presences of a G (g)  
I spray mace in a bad boy's eye  
Leave his shit all fuckin' so,  
Thou shall not see (see)  
Thou shall not smile  
Thou shall never teeth  
I'll paint thou or thou shall repeat (peat)  
Thou shall not (Thou shall not)  
Bitch I said dont talk,  
Shoot you in you daddy's head and feet,  
And thou you're gonna walk  
Im sick in the head, piss in the bed

Hop around the ocean, I leave the fisherman red  
So much blood on the car, the cops holla' 'soo-woo'  
Bitch im from New Orleans, you know I know that doo-doo  
Ipod blastin', 2pac yeah hit em up  
Chow down, spit em up  
Black bag, get em up  
Call the chef tonight, were having sinners for dinner  
Aint no wireless in the hood, so I aint talking about twitter  
And I say,  
The run away, the rap around (Rap aight)  
You talk, then you walk, me im shaftin' down (sh-sh)  
See me and the pigs, we dont fuck around (uh-uh)  
That snitching in the hood, lemme' break that down (break it down)  
They do theres, we do ours, understand me?  
Im blowed up, cripin with my family  
And we dont dont give a fuck about the,  
POs, COs, cause we know  
That we goes,  
Then do time in parol (rol)  
Now im back on the black at night shift  
Stack on the top im cockin' it  
Back in the block and you know im cooping it  
Shoebox full of money with a sock in it  
And we celebrating the ghetto by popping it  
So no champange or crysto  
Machine guns or pistols (tols)  
Blaw, hood shit  
Like that? Game over (over)  
See in my hood we crip, or dip  
Follow me (3x)  
On some gangsta shit, Biotch  
[Chorus]