

Money In The Ghetto

Too \$hort

In the ghetto
You think life is hard
Food stamps and to' up cars
Wall to wall dirty on carpet
Sit in a bucket hopin' you can start it
And ride around to the liquor store
Can't get a job get drunk some more
You better stop trippin' on them stereotypes
Cause in the ghetto there's a good life
We ain't starvin' like Marvin and won't see no roach
When ya chill wit the rich folks in the hood
Ya sittin' on leather watchin' big screens
Bought by the dope fiends
Smokin', and what about the brother wit the good jobs
Save money and workin' hard
Bought a house for his wife and kids
Ya only got one life to live
I know a brother that got some cocaine
Ya know his face but don't know his name
Ya know he got the sack man
And he's sittin' on a phat bank
Sellin' cars at his house in the driveway
Being so clean don't roll it just fly away
Cause folks got money in the ghetto
Yea you know

Hey hey hey
What cha got to say
(It's money in the ghetto)
Hollywood
Havin' money in the ghetto

Money in the ghetto ain't nothin' new
It's been like that way before you
Was even born get up from the down stroke
Chocolate City for the black folks
Say it loud in ya hot pants
Man child in the promise land
I take ya back to iceberg's land
And all the players that came before him
If you a everyday hustler, get cha money
Cause what they do to black man ain't funny
All the time tryin' to put us the pen
You get parole and then they send ya again
All the homies in the hood gettin' paid
You might have left but the money stayed
In the ghetto it ain't all bout drugs
Gettin' paid doin' all kinds of stuff
Only rule on the street is don't get caught
Unless ya hustle ain't breakin' the law
And even though rich folks got it good
We're sittin' on it phat in the hood
I'm ridin' them gold ones
Smokin' dank and it's potent
Ask them fools cause they know
It's money in the ghetto

I got money baby just tell me the price
Cause Short Dawg ain't nothin' nice
I always hit the town wit my boy Ben Franklin
Spend fo get an ounce a dank then
Rich nigga get high relaxin'
And if I bust a Ben Frank get some Andrew Jackson's
Five twenties for a hundred dollar bill
You know the math lets make deal
On a one dollar bill if ya look on the front
Ya find the face of George Washington
Make money baby that's all I do
That's how I know Thomas Jefferson is on the two
Abraham Lincoln got shot and died
Freed the slaves so they put him on the five
And how much in my old time friend
They put his face on the front of the ten
They are the dead presidents
From the hood and they represent
The american dream for the average minority
Make some money get some weed and a forty
I'm on the east side livin' like a king
Kick back watch a fifty inch screens
Bounce to the west and hit studio
And spend my money in the ghetto

[Chorus]