

# 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]