

Ghetto

Trina

Long nails, pack of weave
Dutches and a bag of weed
That's all a bitch like you need
You from the fucking ghetto
That Reggie Miller that you push
Don't be burning like that Cush
You gone need that Reggie bush
Fucking with the ghetto
Moscato filling up my cup
Run outs we don't give a fuck
New folk get me so fucked up
Coming from the ghetto
So watch it when you in tha south
And watch what you say out your mouth
And watch yo step cuz slippers count
When you in the ghetto
Wife beater, nigga Tim's
Slide in with some bigger rims
Flip a key and hit the flee
And go an get some bigger gyms
Tha hood is in the building man
I'll get you in your feelings man
It's some shit outside your house
With rims tha size of ceiling fans
I'm the pride of King Kong
I'm stomping through the Congo
I can make it clap clap, beat it like a bongo
Cat got your tongue
You tell that pussy let you tongue go
Wouldn't of did this shit right here
So gutter but the song so

Ghetto, country, hood, ratchet
Put your hands up if you fucking that shit
Ghetto, ya know opposite of busse
Twelve inch yaki, big round booties
Ghetto
Way to hello, say I'm ghetto
Fly with the medal
Tell em that it is what it is
I make it do what it do
And I love where I live
And my people love it too, cuz we ghetto

You in the Benz in the projects
Lights in yo mama's name
You hustle lock yo celly
And that's the third time yo number changed
Transport airbrush, outside speakers on
Valentino pussy huggers
High heel sneakers on
My feet done, nails too
All on the front porch
You cooking in some Vicki's ass
Hanging out yo boy shorts

Camouflage stiletto's

And diamonds on her metro
Tatted silhouettes, cuz wet is just so fucking ghetto
Dope game, bond man
Bonds money, bonds man
That's how you spend funds man
When you in the ghetto
If you make your money easy
And yo swag is off tha heezy
And yo favorite rapper Jeezy
You are muthafucking ghetto
Hundred dollar jeans on
Price tag bragging
But tha world kiss yo ass
So you where them fuckas sagging
Cd of the newest choice
And Nike's be tha shoe of choice
Candy paint, 24's
Boosters, hoes, and licka stores
(ghetto, so fucking ghetto)

Tomboys, hot boys
Hammer laying in your lap
Got bitches laying in your bed
And robbers laying in your trap
Dubs on the four wheela
TV's in the headrest
And hundred dolla best
Cuz he was tricking give tha head best
Section eight with chase
Eviction notice getting served
Child support, hood homes
Advance on the fucking third
Bootleg DVD's
Rico had anotha kid
Income tax checks
You claiming other people's kids
More hard gold teeth, tattoos dreadlocks
You serving out tha room window
Oh now you call it bedrock
Lace front, long lashes
Looking for a trap star
Now every nigga in the ghetto
He thinkin he a rap star
Fully automatic stick
Out a town a dummy brick
Now watch him role and watch him stick
When you in the ghetto
Pills, dro, kid, blow
And people you don't wanna know
Weed bags, corner stores
It's so muthafuckin ghetto