

Good Ol' Ghetto

Usher

Yeah let me holla at you real quick
I'mma bring y'al back to the good ol' good ol days
Ya feel me?
Some of that...

Good ol, good ol, good old ghetto, good ol
Good ol, good ol ghetto
Good ol, good ol ghetto, ghetto, ghetto
Good ol...heh

I told my man I'm having a barbecue
So grab some folks and won't you slide right through
He brought this shorty that I used to know
It brought me back to when I was in school
She said Usher where have you been?
We used to kick it every now and then
Remember when I used to call your phone
Tell you come on cause my mother's gone
How about them times I had to throw
A rock at your window
To let you know to come downstairs
And open the door
And after that baby it was on fa'sure

Honey got my head spinnin' around for real
Cause I'm thinking 'bout how good you used to feel
And I got a girl now and I don't get down like this, huh
But I must admit I'm tempted and startin' to reminisce, cause

Ay yo, ay yo, ay yo
Ain't nothing like some good ol' ghetto
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Now she's asking me to take her
On a tour of my house so we can catch up
For all the time lost since I blew up
And became the man that drops his pants
And every girl around the world is dying to love
Break the beat down
Let me tell you what I'm talking about
If you're not carefull it'll turn you out
It's that way she used to go
When you want it nice and slow
Even though you can't
The memory will make you want some mo'
She used to understand me
Touch me, hold me, taught me how to be a man
She used to kiss me all them things she used to show me
Damn I wish that I could do it again

Honey got my head spinnin' around for real
Cause I'm thinking 'bout how good you used to feel

But I got a girl now and yo she's right upstairs
But I must admit I'm tempted and startin' to not care, cause...

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Never had somebody that's as bad
Somebody with a whole lot of body
That'll choose, make you wanna leave the one you with
Cause you know how good it is
Not a prissy, lil' missy baby, talk that slang
I used to love how she kissed me when she popped that thang
She was a friend of the fam
Hot without the glam, not
When I be trippin'
She didn't really give a damn, stop
It's what I need to do
Cause I know what's this is leading to
If I keep on thinkin' bout that back
I'mma be right back in it cause yo

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