Ghetto, ghetto, I've been praying for you Hallelujah.

It is easy as 1, 2, 3, I wanna be what's on TV, And if that's wrong, please don't blame me, Cause where I live we have nothing In the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto. In the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto.

Little kids growing up without no education, Mom's on drugs, cause that's her only medication. Nobody's home, but they ain't on a vacation, But they left the kids alone watching the TV station. What's wrong with the picture, please, someone give me the answers They be wondering why the girls grow up to be dancers Then we wonder why the boys grow up to be dealers And they be angry at the whole world ready to kill us. After we start to resolve the whole problems How we let our little children destroying the goblin Why we got them all killing and stealing and robbing We need to plan a little seed to prevent the mobbing Why don't we teach them that science to reach for the stars? Cause they can beat the fire with the future worst than odds Don't want them looking in the past and covering scars They need a path out the ghetto, hello.

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Little boy had a dream of being a ball player Cause little homie wanna grow to be a rhyme slayer, Little missy wanna grow to be a model While the momma at home just drinking out the bottle. How come little one to grow and be a councilman? Sitting in a governer, a mayor politicianman. Probably cause the politicians keep tricking 'em Promise that they fixing it but they ain't really fixing it. That's why they want to be like me Like giga like B and Nicky and Ree Every day in the ghetto is an emergency But the power that be don't emerge in see. That's why you see killing, that's why you see crimes, That's why you see homies in the prison doing time That's why you see crack, that's why you see blackstrap But no access out the ghetto, ghetto.

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Ghetto, ghetto, I've been praying for you Hallelujah.