

Where straps are seen more than dads
Cause they clap at these boring actors
Cause everyone's big with hard weight
Now everyone thinks they're Scarface
It gets fizzy when their plans evolve
And they end up in the can for coke
I hope you're 7-Up (I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)
Where we wish for better luck (huh)
But we still see black cats
We get cheese cause we're lab rats (woah)
So then we reproduce
And we grind just to feed our yutes
Gettin' by's like squeezin' through
That's the cycle of me and you
We're designed to lose (I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)
Where the yutes get high off an 8th
Ride for their name
And love to die for their chain
Just cause he swore on his cross
That if he gets popped then the war's kickin' off
And we'll take it to them
Now that's what I call the chain of events
You break out the chain they're takin' your breath (I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)
Where there's no congestion charge
But to roll through my hood there's a section pass
I.e to travel these ends
There must be family, friends
Or you're an outlaw
My hoodz a tight space it's hard to get out of
Get lost or found gone
Cause the kids wid da metal are (I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)
(Huh) and I've come dis far
I'm in da ghetto like Justinz yard
Matter of fact Justinz heart

[Chorus: Badness]

Life is more than rough, see you,
You have to be bold and tough, yoooo
You have to can hold it up? woaaa
Ina di ghetto, ina di ghetto
(I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)

[Ghetto:]

Uh, I be up from the crack of dawn
I ain't aalyiah but I'm back & forth
It's cold but my jacket's warm
And even with the heat on my side
Some how I still manage to catch cold,
My hats low
So my eyes ain't seen
Bandana on da neck
Cause I might bang a hammer on a threat
My nine ain't clean (I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)
My name speaks for itself
If I come to a fight
I'm a leave with a belt or chain
But I guarantee u won't leave with your health or name

Everyday I see more pain
I be tryna get doe four ways
In stacks so I could'nt be broke for four days (I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)
And I scream greengate all day
Cause I'm a greengate gunhappy goon
And before 2007 ask anyone I never had one happy tune
Cause there ain't nothing nice round ere
Nuttin but rats n mice round ere
G-H I'm in an unhappy mood (I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)
Niggaz are wylin out
Cause there ain't nutin 2 smile about
Enemies be tellin me watch when they find me house
I be like mind your mouth
From now everyting on my mind is foul
Fuck a nine to five I'm like gimme a nine
A crack a 9 of brown n lemme provide the sound (I-I-Ina Di Ghetto)

[Wretch 32:]

(Huh) and I've come dis far
I'm in da ghetto like Justinz yard
Matter of fact Justinz heart

[Chorus x2: Badness]

Life is more than rough, see you,
You have to be bold and tough, yoooo
You have to can hold it up? woaaa
Ina di ghetto, ina di ghetto