

Ghetto Fabulous Filtered Water

Audio Push

Access code please
9-0-9-5-1
Enter

I remember hot days in the Honda, sittin' in the back
Before I had a dream, before I had a sack
Before I had a lot of girls singin' all the tracks
Writing raps trynna figure out if my daddy coming back
He alive, he just ain't shit
And did a lot of things a real nigga can't get
Like never go to jail but still make my life hell
Then start showin' up when a nigga's tape sell
You feel? This is mom's work, Kim, I love you
I had to write a verse for everytime I ain't hug you
Because I was just mad, you was mad
That I looked just like my dad
I ain't have plus the money wasn't doing proper math
So you, had to take care of three kids
You did good girl, I'll get you out the hood girl
You want a Benz and the house like you should girl
So I'm working 'til you get that from your middle one
Cause this one's for the number four at Bakers
Watching Kobe on the Lakers
And before all this food came catered
Yeah you Rosa Prince turned King
I'll probably have daughters and show 'em a father
This is ghetto fabulous filtered water

I'll get you some water, baby
Just don't ride my wave
I'll get you some water, baby
Just don't ride my wave

When I was young me and my momma had beef
Sixteen years old kicked out on the streets
I remember hot days in the Cadillac, or the Ford Focus
Head bobbin' in the front seat 'cause I was momma's oldest
Look outside, see my cuzzo's doin' dirt
She tried to save us so she put us in a church
Refrigerator empty just like momma's purse
Anytime we asked for something she said wait until the first
Made it work, stackin' crumbs, trynna make it out these streets
They take money out her check, she come take it out on me
Plus her daddy was a killer so she dealt with lots of anger
She turned that bottle then come whoop me like a stranger, damn
Still I love every time I still forgave her right
Jealous of my bro because his pops was in his life
But when I get that million momma I'ma get you right
For every white tee, every meal, and every Nike you ain't have to get
We didn't have no mattresses, we had pallets on the floor
But we knew when them taxes hit
We gon' get that big screen with the Xbox
Some new Jordan's livin' larger
Brand new whip, a brand new fridge with that ghetto filtered water
Drink up

I'll get you some water, baby

Just don't ride my wave
I'll get you some water, baby
Just don't ride my wave

Good days turned to long nights
Long nights
Let me know
Them good days turned to long nights
Long nights
Let me know
Them good days turned to long nights
Long nights

This is Too Much Fly High reporting live for 90951 News. We are on-scene at the brush fires in San Bernardino California. We're told that they started earlier today at the spark of an album release. We're getting reports, the entire leftside is on fire now. The leftside is on fire