

# Victim Of The Ghetto

Freeway

Ch  
Down in my area, chk a chk uh... real shit nigga uh  
It's the ROC  
Yeah... Free... yea uh feel me.. Pa pause  
Yo.. yo

I was born in west but migrated to north  
Remember cold nights grindin' AK and a toss  
Four door for the stick up boys if they want war  
Fiends comin' all night all I heard was four more  
Rocks in the cap  
When it was jumpin' me and Rell hit dances  
You could pick me out the crowd rockin' the cap  
But things change  
'Cause my man Rell fightin' a body  
On state row where it's so cold  
Rockin' his blues  
I roll with the ROC  
Still trynna rock at a show  
Shit ain't like 98' niggaz pockets is low  
Which way do I go?  
Indictments blew over  
Man whipped a few shoulders  
Shovel nick boulders gettin' it slow  
Me, I'm in the studio switchin' the flow  
Changin' the styles  
My son and daughter need pampers  
'Cause they just shittin' them up  
And changin' the size  
My man Just quipped the Jags  
See the change in his eyes

And I eat, sleep, buy, sell - drugs  
'Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto  
When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs (shots)  
'Cause I'm just another product of the ghetto

This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets  
This is how it goes down in my neighborhood  
This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets  
This is how it goes down in my area

My man blingin' platinum wheel, platinum gat  
Took a trip down south came back with platinum caps  
I'm still trynna write platinum raps  
But made a slight change from verse one  
Started jugglin' packs  
It's like I'm travelin' backwards  
Rewindin' the time  
Putting four on nine  
Must be outta my mind  
(uh) nine, get it outta my palm  
Just grab four and a half get it outta my trunk  
Free we need you at the studio  
Out to lunch - out on the block  
These niggaz just pulled out on my man  
And the only rock I worry bout is right on my face

We bout to go shake, rattle his block (shots) with no plans  
Shots fired, cops came  
But I'm a grown man  
I stick around till my clip is empty  
Cops threw me on the ground  
When my clip got empty (shots)  
Now bars is all I see a thug is all I'll ever be

I got, 11 in I was facin' a dub, got nine left  
My click show love they write back  
My cousin M's son, little Di he's so grown  
Said he hold chrome, run blocks, and write raps  
Wrote him right back  
Told him I control the bones  
Try to play the phone  
We could rhyme and hold wax  
Leave that drug shit alone  
Don't forget you grown  
It'll put you places where your mind can't get you back from  
Little nigga ain't write me back since  
Still supply the jail  
L. Pridgon you got mail  
It's probably all the letters you wrote him  
What you mean?  
All the fucked up shit you told him  
This shit from my cousin Emily I'm quotin' (uh huh)  
Right out her letter  
Little Di, got popped in the head tryinna steal a nigga leather  
That's what the cops said but the streets could tell you better