

(Pow x30)

Thirty somethin' shots from the ghetto gun
All in the ears of the ghetto young
Some ghetto girls, some ghetto sons
Throwing rocks at the bus and other ghetto fun
I always wondered where the ghetto from
Cause I'm from the ghetto, the never ghetto come
But you win if the bell of my ghetto rung
But if the ghetto lose, that mean a ghetto won
That's how they do the ghetto, that's how the ghetto done
They keep it, they never bring the ghetto none
We make the ghetto tick, we make the ghetto run
We make the ghetto sick, we make the ghetto dumb
These n****s off that ghetto beer and that ghetto rum
And that ghetto bass with my ghetto drums
And my ghetto words and these ghetto problems
Get ghetto sums
That's why...

The pizza man don't come here no more
Too much dope
Too many n****s on the porch
So the pizza man don't approach (no, no, no)
Pizza man don't come here no more
Too many n****s on the block
Too many n****s gettin shot
So the pizza man don't stop (pow, pow, pow)
The pizza man don't come here no more
Too many n****s gettin robbed
N****s don't wanna starve but
"Niggas ain't got no jobs, blah blah blah"
The pizza man don't come here no more
Deliver, deliver, deliver

Is it cause they're selling nicks out there all day
Cause a prostitute sucking d**k in the hallway
Little Caesar's never sendin' pizza out ya'll way
Papa Johns never get delivered where y'all stayed
The Ghetto was a physical manifestation of hate
And a place where ethnicity determines your placement
A place that defines your station
Remind you n****s your place is the basement
White people in the attic
N****s selling dope, White people is the addicts
White folks act like they ain't show us how to traffic
All that dope to China, you don't call that trappin'?
Breaking Bad, learned that from a tv
So don't say its politics when you see me
When you gon' apologize for your cd
N****a that don't match red and black to a gd

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Can I get delivered from the sin and get a little slice of Heaven I can enter in again
Or maybe just imagine that I'm livin in a mansion or a palace and my pizza gets delivered in a Benz
Make a savior out of savage like they made it out of magic
So it take a n****a havoc and it make it into friends
You don't even need a salad, it don't make a n****a fatter
Actually take a n****a backwards and make a n****a thin
That's a deep dish
Chicago style get the peace stick
Homerunner hitter, I be drillin' on the weak pitch
Pay into the plate then I put it in your face
I'm a man, never bitin' on the hands that I eat with
No Giordano or Di Giorno
Homemade bull, they bring it to him like a toro
Throwing dough up in the air-bottom to the top and shredder full of cheese smatter than a purple ninja turtle

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