

Ghetto USA

Stat Quo

[Intro: Stat Quo]
YEA'! Uh, uh, uh!
Uh, uh, uh uh uh uh!
Sing the song now, uh!
YEA'!
Hah'!
All my niggaz in the muhfuckin' struggle...
Uh, uh!
Let me talk to you!

[Stat Quo (Antonio McLendon):]
We from the ghetto. - Born in the bullshit.
Preacher in the pulpit, granny need a lil' fix. (whooohhhooohhhoooo!)
Blood pressure high, work a job, no benefit! (oooh, yeeeah!)
Whip repo'd, now it's back to the dealership. (yeeah, yeeah!)
Tryna play the game, gettin played like instruments (yeeeah, yeeeah!)
On the fence in my defense, make a mile out an inch. (oggg, yeeah!)
Momma said the devil in my soul, I should repent;
My dawg lost his daughter, say he ain't seen God since! (ohhhhhohhh!)
Said: "Look, bro'! - Listen, bro'! - Ya ain't makin' sense! "
He replied: "You're right." - Pockets full of lint. (ohhhh!)
Willie Lynch hung shit, hint hint. (ohhhhhh!)
The root of all evil, now I know what they meant!
To my dawgs in Flint hustlin' to pay they rent (yeeeeahhhhhhhhh!)
Thomasville Heights all night in a trench (yeeeeaaaaaahhhhh!)
Fuckin' with the junkies or 9-2-5 on a bench,
Clockin in', clockin' out, like: "Where time went? " - Damn... YEA'!

[Chorus: Antonio McLendon {Stat Quo}]
I come up haaard. - Hard, baby.
But what don't kill you makes you stroonger!
But I come too faar! (faaar!) Far, baby.
To watch tears drop from yo' hunger. (huunger!)
As long as we keep on grindin'. (ohhhh!) - Keep on tryin'! (ohhh!)
Wishing's not enough! (wishing's not enouuuugh!)
To change our situation {uh!} - time is wastin'! {Ghetto U.S.A.!}
We got to come up! (we got to come uuuup!)

[Stat Quo:]
I keep tryna get ahead - but the fact still remain (oooh, oooooh!)
Every dime I make it take half of my change! (wooooooo!)
Ain't nuttin change, same fight, same ring, (yeeeah!)
But it ain't pay-per-view, it's a survival thing. (ooooh, baby!)
Some slang green pills, crank and 'caine
Some bitches strip and gold-dig' and whore to maintain! (oooooohhhh-
oooooohhh, yeeeeeeah!)
My aunt just lost her job, here this shit go again!
Couldn't pay her bills, she put a bullet in her brain! (ooooh, oooohhh!)
Her chil'en in the same house livin' with the stains
On the wall - can't afford to move, what a shame! (ooohhh, oooohh, oooooooooh
hhhhhhh!)
Shit done drove my uncle insane,
He talkin' to himself thinkin he the one to blame! (hhmmmmmm!)
Got seduced by the boy, shootin trouble in his veins. (uh-ooooh!)
Wanted the pleasure, became a slave to the pain! (ooohhh!)
Livin' in the streets, died drowned by the rain
His life down in two's, his blood flowin through the drains. - Damn... YEA'!

[Chorus: Antonio McLendon {Stat Quo}]
I come up haaard. - Hard, baby.
But what don't kill you makes you stroonger!
But I come too faar! (faaar!) Far, baby.
To watch tears drop from yo' hunger. (huunger!) {yeeeeeah!}
As long as we keep on grindin'. (ohhhh!) - Keep on tryin'! (ohhh!) {let's go
!}
Wishing's not enough! (wishing's not enouuuugh!)
To change our situation {uh!} - time is wastin'!
We got to come up! (we got to come uuuup!)

[Outro: Stat Quo]
Now or never!
Now... and forever!
Yeah!
Every nigga in the struggle!
OHH!
YEA'!