

In the Ghetto

Trae tha Truth

Yeeeeeah

[Hook x2: Russell Lee]

In the ghetto, I'm living in a ghetto world
In the ghetto (in the ghetto), it's a struggle but I gotta maintain

[Trae]

Welcome to the ghetto, where forever be the same
Hard times, got my people unable to maintain
Everytime I look around, it's somebody doing bad
That'll put you in the grave, for som'ing they never had
Everyday in the hood, it be the same thang
Poverty running my people, so they love pain
And I don't know if it's wrong, but still I know it ain't right
I seen a lot of people die, in the street life
The other day it hit my heart, when I watch the news
A lil' girl got killed, while she was 'sleep in her room
And she ain't deserve to die, cause that's a kid dog
Them niggaz took the life, that she ain't get to live at all
Sometimes I wanna help the ghetto, but it ain't gon do a thang
Cause I know that they ignorant, and that's a god damn shame
It's an everyday task, trying to live a good life
Inside of the ghetto, where everybody be shife

[Hook x2]

[Yung Redd]

Welcome to the South, niggaz ain't sleep at all
Ery'body out on the block, stay ducking them laws
A couple niggaz on parole, hustling by the sto'
I'm telling that ain't the way to go, play your role
But you don't hear me though, this what I'm living fo'
Hustle till I get mine, grind cause I need mo'
Shots release, too late for you to scream peace
This how it is in the street, leaving is obsolete
And still I maintain, seeing the same thang
Sometime I scream, my brain just looking for a change
But day in and day out, I move in and move out
Keep my bidness discrete, I'm on a paper route
I wasn't broke for nothing, still I was learning some'ing
If you ain't been through nothing, then you ain't seen nothing
This how it really is, around my way
Where anybody can get it, anytime of the day

[Lil Boss]

I analyze the block, babies are running round with glocks
Dope in they socks, can't skip hot so fuck the cops
Moving from crumbs to bricks, nigga these slums are thick
I try to tell my lil' niggaz, but they think they slick
These white folks don't play, they gon hot your way
They try to give you twenty years, just for living the wrong way
And who's to say now-a-day, right from wrong
They ain't living how we live, so they can't get in my zone
We get chased home for stones, and laws wanna break our bones
In places in and out a high cell, to roam
And that's prolly the reason, we going crazy
Pissed at poverty, cause the system trying to fade me

Lately, I've been trying to stay out of trouble
But it's hard to stop from copping, the sack and flipping the double
Don't catch the wrong route, when you on that Metro
There's a sign in front of the hood, that says Welcome To the Ghetto

[Hook x2]

[Spice 1]

I wonder, if heaven got a ghetto
But b-burning down the b-block, I put the petal to the medal
Running with my cousins in Texas, Lil' Cross and Big Money
My nigga Trae and Lil' Joe, nigga all action
In the ghetto, I've been riding through the hood for years
And ain't a damn thang changed, mama still shedding tears
Niggaz fresh out the Penn, some niggaz just going in
Some niggaz gon run and stutter, turning they self in
Never seen a black man, flying dope on a plane
But they lock us up for it, shackle us with chains
Welcome to the ghetto, ghetto starts and mob cars
With bullet holes in it, niggaz shot up and scarred
But still living, driven by the game itself
To stay alive in these cold streets, mashing for wealth
Up in this ghetto, O.G.'s P's and C's
Thugs, pimps, playas hit the 6-4's or 3's

[Hook x2]

[Russell Lee]

Yeeeah, ghetto ghetto life
Of mii-ine, li-li-li-life life (welcome to the ghetto)