Ok, we got the Birdman in the building (the birdman) We got Killa in the building (yeah) We got Young Weezy in the building (Weezy)

Nigga it's, B-M, J-R, Weezy baby Tryna see him, naw, he need to even eighty (shut yo chips up) And, I ain't speakin G's, I'm talkin M And I'm walkin like a pimp in (piiiiimp) them all street tims Man shorty got more green than a Boston Gems Green ..., they don't cost in rims Wayne appear, nigga put a walls in ya ear Let ya know a fuckin boss up in here How much it cost for this here? How much it cost for this year? 'cause Me and Stunna bout to buy it Put yo spoons down, Cash Money off the diet I pass in a ride on triot, that's traze But those who was in the days when the teachers was on that pay I'm raise in the cajun cage, with a bit of amazing grace And prone to move coke at a amazing pace Man my daddy super Dave, let's race it Real not have me, B I'ma win it, I'm a champ

In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto booocoy (ghetto boococy) Livin in the ghetto me, in the ghe-tto streeeeets (Somebody tell me what's crackin before)
I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuup
For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin me
Ghetto, ghetto, Ghetto Life

Aye, aye, holla at me T-Keez, T-Keezy, Birdman, Birdman See I ride in them shake (34's) when I'm pimpin these hoes (beyotch!) It's just that, (TQ:Sunshine City!) when I'm smokin that dro When it comes to this ice, real livin his life Get moeny, pimpin hoes, with these ghetto type Nigga check the background, I got O.G. stripe Just a hoodrich nigga flippin birds on a bike Not survive in this world with guns, pahs, and knifes Pour out, a lil' liquor, mami lost her life All my niggas in the penitentiary holdin that life See I'm stunnin for my niggas with this chromed out pipes This swish interry foreign german lifes (beyotch) And I keep this big toolie just protect my ice (holla at me nigga) I act, a damn fool, when I'm full of that white (absolute beyotch) But it's the Birdman daddy with these ghe-tto stripes Ghe-tto hood (Uptown), Ghe-tto pipe (9 Millimeter) Ghe-tto walk (yeah), With my ghe-tto life (Beyotch)

In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boooooy (ghetto boooooy) Livin in the ghetto me, in the ghe-tto streeeeets I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin meeeee Ghetto, ghetto, I'm a Ghetto Life

Uh-huh, Diplomats, man listen

Ayyo the duck just born, I need seven more leaders

C-Five, Fo'-Fum, and a Seven-Fo' fever (what else)

Act up though I let the Fo' fever leave ya (leave ya) Dice game, head crack, Six-Fo' fever (fever) When I'm in L.A., I got Six-Fo' fever (fever) Fever for the flava of a six-foot diva (let 'em know) I told the po to feave her, I'm a bouty crook Out to juuust, not a chef (?) know how to cook With the piece stocks, cook up the rocks Seventh Delenix is hot, I done cook up the block Send glocks to ya block, out done cook up yo sspotss That's how coke for that cook up his watch (what else though?) I'm one of those, that will look up to Pac (why?) 'cause when I get pulled over, cook up the cops (damn, follow what) All they say is, look at his drop (what else?) Hand on my liscence, look at his watch (fuck em) But, thug shit dogg, we down with Baby (baby) We come through clownin baby (baby) And if we, surrounded babies, ducktape the kids to the wall Then shoot circle all around the baby, Killa!

In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boooooy (ghetto boooooy) Livin in the ghetto me, in the ghe-tto streeeeets I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin meeeee Ghetto, ghetto, In a Ghetto Life

It's nothin man, Killa!
Diplomats, Cash Money
Baby, holla!
Jim Jones, Santana, what's good, Roc-a-Fella
(brrrrrrr-brrrrrrr!)

Birdman
Fly, to hood near you
Then they got 'em cheap (whoo!)
(Yeah, ya know, ya know)
Get that call out one more time
(brrrrrr-brrrrrrr!) (3x)