

The Ghetto

Beanie Sigel

Darkness falls when the cold air hits the ghetto streets
Many are called by few are chosen
Who's to say that when life will deal you the deck of cards
Will you have on your poker face?

The hood is desolate
Block dark as it's ever been
Young and strong off rock and tying the heroin
And when they fix ain't around larceny settles in
That's when the ground opens up and coffins shuffled in
Ain't nobody getting money
They just getting by
Trying to suppress their poverty by getting high
Some search the bottle for what they can't find in God
An empty stomach and a gun equals homicide
Some take the day in stride, praying that the night will change
Grandma searching for the answers in her Bible page
Ain't nothing worse on a ears than a crying mother
Seeing her baby dying, stretched in a ghetto gutter
Murders ruled out they say it's self suicide
Smoking dicks drying to drift to the other side
They say he's in a better place where he'll feel no pain
You'll soon know the truth when they dig your grave

Out my window I see poverty (out my window)
Youth is dying, feels like death just follows me
I see poverty
Most folks chase a high to escape reality in this Ghetto (just follows me)
In this ghetto, oooh, whooooa...
Whooo

This fucking recession got everybody stuck broke
This shit depressing, everybody cut-throat
If you ain't spending 45 large on the whole joint
You're forced to buy 9 hard compressed from a small point
The hood dreary
Neighbours look weary
At the young bucks who just pop pills or smoke airy
Shit's scary
To niggas with one package on one corner going to war with one ratchet
The young bucks catch cases
Ramming on their afters
Burn the connect
Let their man jam them for the package
Hustling backwards
All they want is sneaker money
A Breitling and a Grand Marquise
A fresh pair of trees and some V-neck Ts
they done with a gun and squeeze
Til the cops box them in
Caught him with a Glock and ten
Now they on state roll, cold locking in
Calling home every chance he get
Talking shit
Making when I get home threats
The block moves on
Young buck the street don't stop

Niggas selling whipped up rock
The fiends won't cop
Try to switch they hustle to weed, the tree won't pop
There's just more of it, this shit don't end
I seen niggas lose they life playing dice and skin
They'll get the same money over
Lose it twice again
There's a war going on outside nobody's safe from
You either make a way or take one
Yeah, I just know what I know
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