

Ghetto Flight

C-Bo

It's 1994, gang-bangin' done played out
But I still stay strapped cause I don't wanna get
played out
On the concrete with internal bleedin'
Moms at my hand screamin': 'Bo, don't leave me!'
I'm stairin' in to the sky, thinkin' that I'm gonna die
Here come the onetime, f**k the pigs, they are the last
I wanna see
Pen and pad, no love from the deputy
Onetime's gettin' deeper
And Finally I hear the ambulance creep up
I'm feelin' dehydrated
They hook me up with some I.V. and a life flight
Sayin' that I'm gonna make it
Hoo-ride was the first thing on my mind
But the onetime got prints from my Tec-9
They busted first and I busted back in return
Ain't no love for them faggot ass baby worms
That's all I gotta say to porky
Now get the f**k out my face
Detective got mad but I can give a f**k less
I got family and they won't let the shit rest on my
side
Bald head mean muggin' locs, 3-10, 6-5
Is my nigga Teebo, Big Ikey hittin' like a viking
Insane in the brain and can't wait to ride, see
No matter what they do, you can lock me down
But at twelve caught a ghetto flight
Cause there still be smokin'...

One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...
They ridin' on my bumber, bustin' with a Mac-11...
One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...
They ridin' on my bumber, bustin' with a Mac-11...
One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...
They ridin' on my bumber, bustin' with a Mac-11...

As I've seen deep in my thoughts
Not thinkin' of my senses and all the blood I done lost
It seems like I'm stucked with no luck all of a sudden
So mothafuckas swiftly sweeped on the P-I double Z-O
man
I was helpless, if ya could have felt this pain
I had in my side and my brain
Never think that I could end up on my back, player
I never thought a slug could enter through my skin
layers
Fuck! I feel a burnin' sensation and I'm waitin'
For the pain to go away but I know it's gonna stay
So I guess I'm fucked in the game
Then appeared a bird in the sky, don't know where it
came
Snatched the P-I double Z-O quick, took me on the trip
Don't know which direction, I'm waitin'
Felt like I went cross the continent
Seems like it took a whole day, then we touched down
White coats all around, suprise, I'm alive in a

hospital
Done lost half of my soul, I feel I left control
I'm slippin' away, I took my life for granted
A few hours passed and I still feel stranded
I'm awakin' to see shit in front of me that I never
seen before
But I feel alright, then I tripped that I just took the
ghetto fligt...

One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...
They ridin' on my bumper, bustin' with a Mac-11...
One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...
They ridin' on my bumper, bustin' with a Mac-11...
One-eight-seven, one-eight-seven...
They ridin' on my bumper, bustin' with a Mac-11...

My homie took a bullet in the kidney
HK in my hand, down on one knee
On his side, Q-Ball don't die
Mad as f**k and I don't understand why
The little B.G.'s didn't bust no caps
After a minute shoot-out still had a loaded strap
Damn and they supposed to be hardcore bangers
And I got the only empty cocked back chamber
Prayin' for my homie not to rest in peace the shit
Just ain't right to take a life from an O.G.
Retalion is all I can think
Negative and incorrect, here comes the P.D.
Damn, I got a gat and my homie don't look too good
I hear the bird over the hood
Now I got faith he'll make it
Without a doubt the next album's dedicated
To my homie Q-Ball
Rest in peace and f**k the rest of ya'll
So-called homies, I don't the meanin' when I'm hittin'
ya down
But when I'm gone ya wanna see me
Ain't no love in this Garden Blocc life
And I won't sweat to put a bullet in your chest
And have you next on the ghetto fligt...