

Intro

Ghetts

I'm live in the booth
No lies, just truth
2000 & Life, it's proof
And yeah, I did time as a yout
But now my focus like snipers on a roof
On a roof like a sniper writing on the roof
Lighting up a zoot
I was caged but now I'm a tiger on the loose
Mind of a troop, knife in my boots
Try me, I'm loose; likely I'll shoot
Let the slugs fly then fry in your kuff
And, by the way, 2000 & Life
Was worth every pound you could find
Are you ready? I'm ready
I said are you ready? I was fucking born ready
See, you with me, nigga? Cock that!
Right now, this one's a Player G production, yeah? Get in tune to 2000 & Life, know what's popping off. Hold tight my nigga Kano. Hold tight my nigga Demon. Hold tight Lightnin. Niggas better know what's going on, ya know. Hold tight Avalanche, yeah? It's a fucking wrap out here, yeah? Fucking wrap, yeah? I've heard your bullshit mixtapes. Listen

They don't know about Ghetto, I'm
Hearing talk about Ghetto, but they don't know my background
I'll never back down, smoke brown or back clowns
I guess I'm just too damn proud
I stack pounds, clap rounds, and act foul (like)
Hands that'll [?] in a man's house (like)
Mad frown, cap down in the back town
Slap down that clown, I've got that clout (like, like)
Yeah, that's foul
Two-four and it's all careless now
Run up on your parents' house
Take more than a fair share, then bounce
Break laws, I don't fear Blair, swear down
Break jaws and I scare brehs with accounts
Face war with the rer-ter that I found
Break whores with their ears pierced, then I'm out
Then I'm out, then I'm out, and I roll with a mouthful of gold
Out in the cold, yeah, I'm out for the dough
Out and about, never out without dro
Now I'm out of the pen, I be out for the hoes
I'm about with niggas that are down in my zone
Robbing and shotting it, then we're counting the pro'
Everybody's like 'what were they listening to? What were they listening to?

G-H-E-double-T and O
My heart ain't nuttin' but freezing cold
I always walk with the heat on road
And all I really want is Ps and hoes
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I'm G-H-E-double-T-O
Behave or say the peace through your keyhole

Three days, you'll be in need of a chiro
He's late? You'll be the first in a deep hole
These days, I be with your niece getting deep throat
She states: "please me, I wanna be choked"
Weekdays, we rave, brandy and sweet Coke
I'm so ghetto, they banned me from Heathrow
Everyday, I'm angry, I need notes
Starving, leave home without barfing
Same clothes from last week, I'm not charming
Dark skin with a dark grin and a dark grim
Yeah, keep thinking I can't swing
Nope, I'm the king of the ras' ring
Lose inna nuttin' but I think of the past, king
I'm moving quick, cutting and blasting
And I've got niggas running and asking
How come I leave home with a gun and a sharp thing?
I'm from a mean zone, ducking and chancing
With niggas that deal coke for money and fast things
From Plaistow to the slums of Barking
Guns are barking, I'm done with talking

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Ghetto ain't just my name, it's my frame of mind
I've been ghetto since eight or nine
Running away from po', running [?]
Fifteen, I was like "Mummy, I'm making dough"
But that's in [?]
And for more than a couple of days, I hoped
That I'd be back in the gutter and taking phones
Back with the nutters, I'm breaking bones
Recognised I'm naughty by nature
Ghettofied, who you calling a faker?
Selling white to be balling, it ain't fun
Getting high in the morning, I blaze punk

Telling guys that are talking of [?]
Pedal bikes that will walk and the heat buss
Or fights in the morning, hear the 8 bus
Every time I come around, I create fuss
I used to stay up to make bucks
But now I make dubs that make bucks
And niggas are cross
Like my Huaraches are laced up, so
You was in the army for eight months?
That don't make you a soldier
In your headback, I'll put two and it's over

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