

Pride

Ghetts

Ghetto

Yeah (Like, look in the mirror and tell me what you see)
I-I-I-I see (I see Junior)
(Well, you wanna know what I see? I see black, I see power, I see a badass m
other that don't no crap of nobody) That's me
(Well, you wanna know what I see? I see power)

Four wheels and a locked door
From a cell window, I'm not sure
A lot of sick niggas that were given the wrong cure
(I see pride)

I watch the thieves bail
They sent him with youth jail
But they said I took crime a loose scale
So, I said I'm just trying to survive in this cruel world
Can you blame me?
From getting cars when you [?] keys
Robberies to shotting knees
Ghetto done a lot of deeds
Real crime, real jail, this ain't monopoly
Real time in real self, this ain't philosophy

Four wheels and a locked door
From a cell window, I'm not sure
A lot of sick niggas that were given the wrong cure
(I see pride)

In too deep
Bopping in streets
I'm within two weeks
Back on my feet but within two months
Back in a cells, with two bunks, toothpaste and a tooth brush
You've seen on CNN, how many we offend
More than three and ten
Some I go to November
I'll guess I'll see you then

Jahova
I'm here now
You don't see what I see
What have you been through?
My life has been hard, nigga

Young spitters are rolling, they're still walking
Young baby mums and they ain't coping
Old school friends in [?], coking
All a child hold was pain
No sunny days, no clouds and rain
Life depictions, you don't wanna fuck me
Don't wanna suck me, I'll get someone lucky
What do you know about poverty, no food?
Weed in the balls and shank in the shoes
My mum's shedding tears and her son's confused
You should live life into Jahova's shoes

Yeah

It's A-V-A to the Lanche (The lanche)
It's real, you don't know me but you will
So, Ghetto, why these MCs chatting shit, man?
I'm a producer and I still come fourth, merk MCs

My neighbourhood's hot
Fuck neighbourhood watch
Around here, you get robbed for your chain and your watch
Who cares if you got status or not?
You can't come around here, don't play with your crotch
But here, we keep flamers in socks
You can't come around here and blatantly floss
I've seen too much property, I've been glued up
I've seen pricks move through, they get moved up
Yo, I moved up but I know what it likes to be young
I be hungry to move up
What do you know about being star?
I ride on the road, nicking cars
You think that I'm just spitting bars?
I be on the road, living hard

A lot of sick niggas that were given the wrong cure
Old school friends in [?], coking
You can't come around here, don't play with your crotch

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