

# Ghetto World

Jacki-O

Yeah everybody wanna know who Jacki-O is (Jacki-O)  
Well I'm just a girl that's trying to stay a float  
Trying to make it out of this struggle no scars  
It's hard real hard baby you just got to do  
What you got to do, do what you got to do

My old girl gave me strength and she raised me well  
She said don't hold in you got to write about this hell  
Well momma you had a born winner and I ain't crazy  
I'm a survivor hell I'm a 80's baby  
The streets raised me  
A bitch don't get no rougher then that  
Liberty City? It don't get no tougher then that  
Don't get it twisted I'm from the hood  
I'm a fortunate girl  
I see more money then them bitches in the corporate world  
Kick in the cloey party in prada, shop at the harbor?  
I'm a booster bitch, why bother?  
I love the way my weed blow in the ghetto breeze  
I'm in Miami where I live it ain't no palm tree's  
Niggaz be on the block with work they got from the dock  
We Flintstone kids we surrounded by bricks and rocks  
And my thugs don't give a fuck about catching a case  
We bring them stacks back I-95 and they exit on 8

I'm addicted to this ghetto world  
(survive in these streets)  
It's hard on a ghetto girl  
(making ends meat)  
What am I gonna do? When this is the life I choose

This nigga put me down but he started to change  
He put the chevy up nigga went and cop the range  
Tucking in his shit then he started talking funny  
But I say I'm a gutter bitch and I won't change for money  
I ain't a little girl I'm out here on my own  
And the decisions I made they turnt me to a woman  
The booze the bars the jumping into dudes cars  
Fights with broads the life of a ghetto star  
I could be lamping on ripplekey? I done seen the stacks  
But I be in U.S.A getting my weed stacked  
If that's chanel I'm rocking maybe a topic  
Of a bitch conversation in the latest street gossip  
So be it I don't even see it  
I just breeze through the hood  
Blow tree's and I'm good  
The box of shifty I'm linking bout fifty  
My gutter bitches get me vibe and sing with me

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It's been so bad to fast walking the streets  
Auction for half the cost we got it for free

That's how we eat showing love breaking tips off  
Making ends meat with that instant credit rips off  
We love the streets ain't nothing out of reach  
We play hard and be strong the struggle won't be long  
As I open up my window to a new day  
The sun shine but the skies are still gray  
All the scars I bare I'm glad God is there  
Aint no complaints it's hard but it's fair  
I ain't laying down even when it's trouble  
It ain't nothing I just keep me a hustle  
I roll through the beams then through the scotts  
Enjoying my hood and listening to pac  
I remember not to let it control me  
I just keep my head up and I won't let it fold me

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[Repeat till end]