

Little Ghetto Boy

John Legend

[Black Thought]

My grandmother suits was tailor made, Sundays Mahalia played
Simple familiar ways, like how she kneeled and prayed
Willin, master forgive us, our trust pastors had us real afraid
I never listened yet I still obeyed
I got to see how Philly played at such an early age
What my father was into sent him to his early grave
Then moms started chasin that base, like Willie Mays
My childhood was all of 40 nights and 40 days
Trouble was my ball and chain, shorties would call me names
Humble beginnings but a star is what it all became
My journey from a dirty hallway, to the Hall of Fame
Music my therapeutic way to cope with all this pain
Was headed for the drain, soakin before the rainwater came
And chaos, into the order came
I started doin what I'm 'sposed to do in life
Tryin to move out of the dark, and closer to the light
They say if you get a chance to do it, overdo it right
Tomorrow isn't promised every time, you say goodnight
Knahmtalkinabout? Uhh, yo
Story of a little ghetto boy, check it out

[John Legend - overlapping BT's last two lines]

Yeah yeahhhh
Little ghetto boy, ohhh
Playin in the ghetto street, ay-ayyyy!
What'chu gonna do when you grow up
and have to face responsibility?
Yeah yeahhhh

Will you spend your days and nights in a pool room?
Will you sell caps of madness, to the neighborhood
little ghetto boy
You already know, how rough life could be
Hard to see, so much pain and misery
Yeahhhhhhhh, yeahhhh

Little ghetto boy, yeah
Your daddy was blown away
Heyyyy yeahhhh
He robbed that grocery store yeah
Don't you know that was a sad sad day?
Eyyyyy-yeah

All your young life you've seen such misery and pain
The world's a cruel place to live in, it ain't gonna change yeahh
You're so young, and you've got so far to goooooo
Don't think you'll reach your goal young man
Talkin 'bout the ghetto boy
Yeah yeah yeahhhh

Yeah, yeahhhh little ghetto BOYYYYY-OYYYY
When when you become a maaaaan, yeahhhh
You can make things change
Oh if you just take a stand, yeah yeahhhh

You've got to believe in yourself, in all that you doooo

You've got to fight to make it better, better
And you will see, that others will start believin too
Then my son, things will start to get better
Hey yeahhhh yeah

"Everything has got to get better" - [repeat in background]

Ohhh

Everything has got to get better

Yeahhh yeahhhh yeah

Don't you know it's gonna get better

Heyyyyyy yeah yeah

Got to believe that everything

yeahhhh yeah yeah yeah

Whoahhhh ho oahhh oahhh oahh

Whoa yeah

Whoah ho oahhh oh ohhhhhhhh

OHHHHHHHH YEAH YEAHHHH

YEAH, YEAHHHHH, little ghetto boy

Mmmmmmm yeah yeahhhhhhhhhh