

GHETTO YOUT

Lancey Foux

Nah, nah, nah, nah
Nah, nah, nah, nah
Nah, nah, nah, nah, mm (Yeah, yeah)
We can fall from grace (Yeah, yeah)
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah (Yeah)
Ooh-woo, ooh-woo
Yeah-yeah, yeah, yeah

We can fall from grace (Nah, nah, nah)
We can fall above (Nah, nah, nah)
Tears run down my face (Nah, nah, nah)
Dagger in my heart (Ooh)
We can fall from grace (Nah, nah, nah)
We can fall above (Nah, nah, nah, nah)
Tears run down my face (Nah, nah, nah)
Dagger in my heart

Ooh, yeah (Yeah)
Yeah
Yeah-yeah, yeah (Oh)
Yeah (Psh, psh)
Psyke (Bop, bop, bop)
Whew (Woo)
Ah, woo (Bop, bop, bop)
Yeah-yeah (Psyke)

Money can't change who I'm meant to be, my heart with a ghetto
My young boy right beside of me, ready to redrum
We can go eye to eye and see, who'll be the scared one?
Nobody I idolise, it's only me that I'm scared of

It's only me in the ride at night, hop in the coupe and I tear off
Thinking 'bout when it's my time to die, could go, you know I got my bread u
p
Close my eyes, tryna watch my life, and I'm looking like, "Oh, it's you"
Age nineteen, what were you doing? Two hoes in the bed, one couldn't do it
Even the day that I hopped out the womb, I knew that I couldn't abide by the
rule
I clocked this shit, I don't wanna go school, came last in class, first clas
s what I flew
African man and I walk with the jewels
Walk with the blood, bring your gang, ring your crew
Ain't no man I could be scared of, ain't no man I could be scared of
Until I look in the mirror, ain't no one I could be scared of
Any girl, I pick a rare one, she wanna fuck 'til she give up
I know what I am, what I'm meant for, this story gonna bring tear drops
Open my eyes in the ride, I'm only scared of I, I

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It's a vibe, Western .40's when we pull up in the ride
You better hide, little nigga, don't act silly, bullets fly, little nigga
My bitch ain't Bonnie, but I'm Clyde with this nine or this spinner (Spinner

), yeah

Bags under my eyes (Under my eyes), bags in the bank (Bags in the bank)

Bags stuffed in the shoe box, yeah, we'll try make for tru'

You're my brodem, we're splitting this food

Used to rob niggas, still do

My advice, please don't get rude

Feds on my back, so more time, I'm cocoon

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