

# Ghetto Fantasies

Psychopathic Rydas

"Yea..it seem like...it seem like you always tryin' to get to a certain point you know what i'm sayin? Once you get there it aint what you thought it was, so even the realest mother fuckers...mother fuckers seem like they got it made, they got fantasies...there's no end to a fantasy, once you meet your fantasy you got 5 more fantasies...that's real...c'mon wit' it Foe Foe"

It's all about the money, hoes and gats  
And hangin' wit' my Rydas smokin' bat, after bat, after bat, what?  
Cadillac, bitch we full fledgin  
Raised up in the hood like a legend, always contendin'  
'Cuz the top is where i'm headed  
Top of the world, I got the Rydas and diamonds it's all imbeded uh  
I'm smokin' an ounce, another mission keepin' you hoes on your toes  
The Foe Foes about to blow, blaw!  
Give it to me, I want it all for me, i'm greedy  
Fulfillin' my Ghetto Fantasy, so f\*\*k the needy  
I was born in the ghetto, where all my folks stay  
Dreams of black trucks with bumps and pushin' weight  
Livin' like a superstar, hookin' up wit' Mel Farr  
Gettin' him high, and runnin' out for new cars  
'Cuz where I grew up I wasn't worth a dime  
Crips with no lifes, where I spend my time  
One up top, steady hot, and now for one time  
Bright and wise, Blow a 9, pullin' knives on a sucka'  
'Cuz I was a broke mother fucka  
'Til I got wit' the Rydas, started sportin' black trucks, uh

"Ghetto Fantasies, love don't like here anymore"  
Rydas are for real, Rydas are for life  
Rydas do it wrong, until they do us right y'all (2x)

I make my Ghetto Fantasies into realities  
Paid-ass Rydas, wit' ghetto mentalities  
Growin' up without shit, no skrilla  
From crack houses, to mansion's in the hills  
And a big black truck wit' the bump in the driveway  
Back in the day Full Clip didn't have it that way  
Try to Ride on my shit, ima hafta see you in your hood  
All my fantasies came true now, hollar at Bullet  
Uh, Ryda trucks, I wanna buy one of them  
Just 'cuz it say's "Ryda" on the side of'em  
I wanna fleet of trucks, to carry all my bucks  
And f\*\*k mud ducks, and wearin' tux, like Chucks  
'Cuz this sucks, I ate so much Raymond Pride  
I'm startin' to think it's my name (What up Raymond?) uh  
I'm gettin' by on powdered milk and a can of peas  
But the best thing in my life is free  
My fantasies

Well basicaly, my Ghetto Fantasy has gotta be  
a way to get me and my people outta this society  
I'm tryin' G, but you aint helpin' me by battling me  
And askin' me how tough me and the Rydas be  
We need to, get it together, before it fall apart  
So gimme all your shit, my gat is aimed straight at your heart  
But i'm ruthless, and I gotta get's what's mines  
And i'm breakin' fools off in the drive-thru and now what?

My Ghetto Fantasy's to roll wit' a million G's  
Rydas like me, ready to die like me  
Blazin' pounds of weed 'til my fuckin' eyes bleed  
Menageatrois's like mu' fuckers what we need  
The weed be them thugs Rydin  
Prepare to bust, Psychopathic Rydas  
Have the pigs getta buzz  
But if they ever kill us then our souls will remain  
Dwellin' in they brain 'til they blow a fuckin' vein (And that's real y'all)