

# Ghetto Boy

Rio Da Yung OG

(Marc Boomin, this you?)  
Yeah, yeah  
It's Rio  
Ghetto Boyz in this bitch, nigga, free P

I'm a motherfuckin' Ghetto Boy, bitch, I grew up in Section 8  
Buy a pint, sell a five, drink eleven straight  
Shoot a nigga twenty times, watch him elevate  
I give props when they due, I don't never hate  
Skip the line at the club, I don't never wait  
In the Scat' runnin' lights, I don't never brake  
Bought a split in all chunks, it was never shake

Move the bag quick as fuck, ain't got a lick of patience  
Eight of Wock', eight of red in one lemonade  
Drink the bitch and take a nap, call that medicatin'  
Thought about it 'fore we drunk the pint, that's premeditation  
Oh, the bag just touched down? Now let's celebrate  
Oh, your Cash App ain't workin'? I take other payments  
Move the bag on my own, don't need no inspiration  
I'm finna show you how to stack it, this a demonstration  
Nigga, pay attention  
Bro in Cali pimpin' hoes, he be breakin' bitches  
I'm finna cook a whole brick, it's gon' take a minute  
I can't use a scale, it's too much weight, I be breakin' benches

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Shoot a nigga twenty times, watch his body rise  
I'm finna put the red on hold, it's Wocky time  
Couldn't conceal my AR pistol, it's Glocky time  
I done took four Perc-10s, I'm on a Roxy time  
He was broke and weak, he got some money, he cocky now  
Baby, I ain't tryna fuck, just top me down  
I hate pigs and I just wanna beef, I'm an ahki now  
This dog hittin' hard as fuck, it'll knock Rocky out  
I'm a Ghetto Boy, baby, free Big P  
And I'm quick to chase a nigga down, I got big feet  
The SK'll turn a nigga engine block to Swiss cheese  
These ain't no Puma runners, baby, these some big B's  
Take the shake out a pound, sell it for the low  
Take some flour out of town, come back with hella dough  
Bitch, I heard you loud and clear, the fuck you yellin' for?  
I grew up 'round fiends, all my life, I been smellin' dope

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