

Ghetto Ashes

Sauce Walka

Oowee

Real life, never no fake shit

So many ghetto ashes

Baby girl having tears falling down her lashes

Stand outside with her kid, she done seen her passing

Can't even enjoy Fourth of July without guns flashing

In cars crashing

Young niggas with mask 'cause they ain't askin', they blastin'

Ain't no whips up on they back, but people bleedin' over passion

The ghetto

Where niggas rather look at your pockets instead of hello

Rob a bank head with shorty and lil' buddy, then call the LO

This is real life

On summer days, just step outside and feel them chills life

Them police posted and you'll get frozen if you don't spill right

These ghetto streets is full of black ice

We still dippin' in the fast lane, livin' the fast life

Got fast ice

Five hundred thousand dollars if I punch left and then I punch right

That's another two hundred G's

My arm freeze like Russian trees

My women sell just like Russian kis

The greatest grower with a thousand P's couldn't fuck with me

I'm jungle boy

Captured all them white tigers out the jungle, boy

Then put 'em in my own zoo on the computer just for you to enjoy

I'm moving coy

The way I move my shows, you'd think I grew with Roy

Anything ever went against, my crew destroy

Boy