

Ghetto Commandments

T-Pain

Woo
Yeah yeah, ay
Woo
Forgive me father
Dear Heavenly Father-ha
Ah (ay)
Yeah yeah
Trap (Ay), Trap, Trap, Trap
Ay (Ay) (4x)
Follow my ghetto commandments
You'll see the way that ill handle it
You gonna' get fucked down
Or you gonna' get fucked up
Its still a big deal,
Get fucked or get fucked up, nigga
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 Hit it one more time
Follow my, Ghetto Commandments
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Nigga, first of all (all)
Im the first and last (last)
You just the first to fall (fall)
Im just the first to blast (Blaw)
If you're gonna' curse us all, (all)
Then im gonna' have to curse yo ass
The leave you in the park,
Underneath some bugs, dirt, and grass (yeah)
Im the only me, (me)
But im the first to bust (bust)
And you're the first victim, (victim)
Quinching my thirst for blood (Ugh)
Trust me homie, you dont want to go to work for us (us)
I'll turn you hook to ass, (ass)
And turn your burst to dust
Tell me the difference between love and lust, (lust)
Cause I love the love, (love)
And im in love with lust (lust)
Walk up to your bitch come up when those nevels come (is)
To leave a crack of a crack of a butt (yeah)
Make her lay down in a back of a back of a truck (truck)
And when she come up like a squirell,
She just asking for nuts (brr)
24s on my caddy im just asked for putt (fore)
So when you come up to my trap you're just asking for us
They say thou shall not talk, (talk)
Thou shall not speak, (speak)
Thou shall bow in the presences of a G (g)
I spray mace in a bad boy's eye
Leave his shit all fuckin' so,
Thou shall not see (see)
Thou shall not smile
Thou shall never teeth
I'll paint thou or thou shall repeat (peat)
Thou shall not (Thou shall not)
Bitch I said dont talk,
Shoot you in you daddy's head and feet,
And thou you're gonna walk
Im sick in the head, piss in the bed

Hop around the ocean, I leave the fisherman red
So much blood on the car, the cops holla' 'soo-woo'
Bitch im from New Orleans, you know I know that doo-doo
Ipod blastin', 2pac yeah hit em up
Chow down, spit em up
Black bag, get em up
Call the chef tonight, were having sinners for dinner
Aint no wireless in the hood, so I aint talking about twitter
And I say,
The run away, the rap around (Rap aight)
You talk, then you walk, me im shaftin' down (sh-sh)
See me and the pigs, we dont fuck around (uh-uh)
That snitching in the hood, lemme' break that down (break it down)
They do theres, we do ours, understand me?
Im blowed up, cripin with my family
And we dont dont give a fuck about the,
POs, COs, cause we know
That we goes,
Then do time in parol (rol)
Now im back on the black at night shift
Stack on the top im cockin' it
Back in the block and you know im cooping it
Shoebox full of money with a sock in it
And we celebrating the ghetto by popping it
So no champange or crysto
Machine guns or pistols (tols)
Blaw, hood shit
Like that? Game over (over)
See in my hood we crip, or dip
Follow me (3x)
On some gangsta shit, Biotch
[Chorus]