

# Ghetto Life

Tha Eastsidaz

I was born... coming up from the ghetto  
Where the OG's never let go  
This is somethin I had to know  
Had to be real sneaky  
Watched niggas that tried to creep on me  
Stay away from the ones that's sheisty  
That's what my momma always told me  
When ya livin on the eastside, ghetto  
In the ghetto, ghetto  
I never knew what my life would be, ghetto  
In the ghetto, ghetto  
I'll show what I'm talkin bout, ghetto  
In the ghetto, ghetto  
When ya comin from the eastside, ghetto  
In the ghetto, ghetto  
I see you takin bills

I'm ready to ride, ready to roll  
Ay check this mack I bet you're boyfriend aint knowin  
That I'm steadily blowin your back out  
Watch me track out on these niggas and bounce out on these hoes  
Get at em like "what's up trick" you know how it goes  
It's Friday night, the club is about to close  
And I was lookin fabulous  
So I, got up to stretch 'bout to catch me one of these stragglers  
True eastside dogs, and we barkin not simpin  
Yo holmes 'bout that time to start this parking lot pimpin  
I keep that thang, huh, posted in the same spot  
Nothin but my khaki shorts, house shoes, boxers and my suede shine  
I'm from the home of the riots  
That's before the peace died but I'm still hollin out eastside

Uhh, what y'all busters gon do  
When the pimps, bangers, and hustlers smash on you  
It aint about who's sellin the most caine  
Put us all together nigga see you run thangs  
If you can't hang, stay the fuck out the kitchen  
Bitch I'm ghetto fabbed out, so fuck politickin  
Waitin for a chance and the shit it never happened  
Time is money, and when you get it keep it clackin  
All you hear is, with my two inch twist  
I keep the goodyear grip, so the dubs don't slip

If you want my claims, I think you besta make a change  
So close your eyes when I let my back end hang  
I ride til the motherfucking wheels fall off  
Domie's got daytons, Goldie's got daytons

All burnt to the turf up in a goddamn fool  
Old school motherfucker breakin jaws and rules  
Choose to bang, who's to blame but myself and the set  
All my peers through the years steady gettin it whet  
Give me a rep, that's what I wanted most in my life  
Did it all like a hawk, so I'm totin my stripes  
Will I quit it, I'm comitted til the day I drop  
Slangin rocks, sprayin shots, sayin fuck the cops  
Locked up in the Chevy and my switches is hot

Gave em pain as I swang on the bitches I sopt  
Bandanna on the antenna swangin and ridin  
Eastsidin, ghetto life is invitin

Me and my brother had to walk to school  
I used to get him he downposed for joe cool  
A couple of dickies, with some quarter sacks  
Damn cuz I can't believe my kinfolk gave me that  
Had a nigga lookin G'd up  
With the scarf on my head, stealin sheets on my bed  
I seen baloney sandwiches without no motherfuckin bread  
I stole a pack of chips with the big homie Fred  
Now we sippin on some kool aid  
I got suspended from school for cussin out the teacher's aid  
And now I'm bout to get a whoopin, but you know I'm steady woofin  
On the side where they ride the most  
Eastside is the beach, westside is the coast  
And we ghetto like a motherfuckin hot buttered toast  
In the mornin with some government cheese (government cheese)  
We keep it ghetto like a nigga shootin dice on his knees  
Get your money first rule number one, hello  
Livin it up is livin life in the ghetto