

# The Ghetto

## The Game

Stay with me, please, don't leave me, baby  
I love you, stay with me, please, baby  
Someone's coming, please, please

It seems like everywhere I go, everybody's in a struggle  
Oh, the whole world is a ghetto  
Oh, the whole world is a ghetto  
The ghetto, the ghetto, the ghetto  
The, the, the, the

It be jam-packed in front of the stoops in Siberia  
Same way they are in the middle of Nigeria  
Every part of the whole world, there's an area  
That, if you're poor, another day alive is a miracle  
The blocks in Watts got crooked cops that frame the innocent  
No different from Flint, Michigan  
Living in the D, checking in with the pimps and them  
It's similar to O-Town, in the Southern Peninsula  
Pretty city, skyscrapers will fool you, look through to  
Inner cities the rich won't move to  
The nice parts, they well-protected by a vanguard  
The opposite of how these concentration camps are  
Low-income housing, it dwells murderers  
But children don't qualify for health services  
The bourgeois act like they don't see starvations  
Like they spraying Estée Lauder on sanitation

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Streetlights come on, cop cars' lights flicker  
They smoke us like cigarettes, need a light, nigga?  
Used to chastise or string us up to spite niggas  
War to fight for the culture, instead we eaten by vultures  
They mix us like mimosas, hang us on wanted posters  
Asked for license and registration with they gun out the holster  
Some of us guilty, some of us not, some of us filthy rich  
Others just watch us niggas drive up the block  
We think we keeping it one hundred coming back to the hood  
They think we flossin' money, so they pull a ratchet: what's good?  
It happens in Compton, happens in Queens, happened to Big L  
Happened to Chinx and 2Pac in that passenger's seat  
Sometimes it's internal, happens to you before you happen to bleed  
What's beef? Cops killing niggas dead in the streets  
So before we look outside, we gotta look within  
Cause, now, we the dinosaurs, I think the world 'bout to end

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I'm from the project buildings, high stories

My stories from valence to glory  
Dog-eat-dog world, gory  
In the gutter, brother despise brother  
Throwing threats at each other  
Broken bottles and bar fights with box cutters  
Alcoholics, narcotics, organized  
Families sleep from a gas stove, burned alive  
They bagging up drugs with plastic gloves  
On his way to the top with his cash, he shrugs  
Kidnappers, degenerate thieves and gamblers  
Stealing, panhandlers, wrapping grams up  
Rubber bands on they Grams, what?  
Playing cards and they bored  
Members of gangs, living by and dying by the sword  
Block parties, fools stamp debit cards  
Your hood ain't no different from ours  
We share the same dreams, same money  
Same clothes and cars, instead we get the same jail bars

The world's a ghetto, the world's a ghetto  
The world's a ghetto (Ghetto)  
The world's a ghetto

Me and God's son, jumping out of project buildings in black parachutes  
Both classic, both ride through the hood in a pair of coupes  
Flow sick, mix the Henny with the Theraflu  
He told me I was ill at that Houston's, nigga, where was you?  
Hip-hop critics, sit the fuck down, get a chair or two  
I ain't tryna kick knowledge, just a pair of graphic parables  
Grew up, spent the whole middle school in the same pair of shoes  
Me and my brother sharing shoes, my childhood was terrible  
That's why I spend nights on the rooftop, smoking medical  
You got a minute, my nigga? Let me break down the variables  
Adapted to my surroundings, flow better than I used to  
Momma, this for us buyers, for the days I wore FUBU  
Having beaucoup dreams, deuce-deuce in jeans, my nigga  
Now, I'ma end your career in two sixteens, my niggas  
If he the God's son, then I must be the prophet  
And all this "King of L.A." shit, you niggas need to stop it  
(The ghetto)

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Uh, it's a ghetto  
Uh, it's a ghetto  
It's a ghetto  
(You gonna take that top note or what, man?)  
We gonna do this harmony or we gonna do it right  
This motherfucker Chuck gonna come here swinging  
He's gonna come here drunk off that shit  
Come on, now, let's get it right, tighten up, nigga  
Hey, one, two, three, four)  
It's a ghetto, it's a ghetto  
It's a ghetto, it's a ghetto  
One more time  
It's a ghetto, yeah  
It's a ghetto, it's a ghetto  
Hey, it's a ghetto  
(Alright, alright, alright, that sound good

But we need to work on this other one, now  
Let's get it tight  
Come on, Lyrica, JC, Pharaoh  
Let's make this shit happen man, come on)  
One, two, three, four  
Oh, oh, oh, took your love away  
I wanna know