

# In The Ghetto

Trae

Yeeeeeah

In the ghetto, I'm living in a ghetto world  
In the ghetto (in the ghetto), it's a struggle but I gotta maintain

Welcome to the ghetto, where forever be the same  
Hard times, got my people unable to maintain  
Everytime I look around, it's somebody doing bad  
That'll put you in the grave, for som'ing they never had  
Everyday in the hood, it be the same thang  
Poverty running my people, so they love pain  
And I don't know if it's wrong, but still I know it ain't right  
I seen a lot of people die, in the street life  
The other day it hit my heart, when I watch the news  
A lil' girl got killed, while she was 'sleep in her room  
And she ain't deserve to die, cause that's a kid dog  
Them niggaz took the life, that she ain't get to live at all  
Sometimes I wanna help the ghetto, but it ain't gon do a thang  
Cause I know that they ignorant, and that's a god damn shame  
It's an everyday task, trying to live a good life  
Inside of the ghetto, where everybody be shife

Welcome to the South, niggaz ain't sleep at all  
Ery'body out on the block, stay ducking them laws  
A couple niggaz on parole, hustling by the sto'  
I'm telling that ain't the way to go, play your role  
But you don't hear me though, this what I'm living fo'  
Hustle till I get mine, grind cause I need mo'  
Shots release, too late for you to scream peace  
This how it is in the street, leaving is obsolete  
And still I maintain, seeing the same thang  
Sometime I scream, my brain just looking for a change  
But day in and day out, I move in and move out  
Keep my bidness discrete, I'm on a paper route  
I wasn't broke for nothing, still I was learning some'ing  
If you ain't been through nothing, then you ain't seen nothing  
This how it really is, around my way  
Where anybody can get it, anytime of the day

I analyze the block, babies are running round with glocks  
Dope in they socks, can't skip hot so fuck the cops  
Moving from crumbs to bricks, nigga these slums are thick  
I try to tell my lil' niggaz, but they think they slick  
These white folks don't play, they gon hot your way  
They try to give you twenty years, just for living the wrong way  
And who's to say now-a-day, right from wrong  
They ain't living how we live, so they can't get in my zone  
We get chased home for stones, and laws wanna break our bones  
In places in and out a high cell, to roam  
And that's prolly the reason, we going crazy  
Pissed at poverty, cause the system trying to fade me  
Lately, I've been trying to stay out of trouble  
But it's hard to stop from copping, the sack and flipping the double  
Don't catch the wrong route, when you on that Metro  
There's a sign in front of the hood, that says Welcome To the Ghetto

I wonder, if heaven got a ghetto

But b-burning down the b-block, I put the petal to the medal  
Running with my cousins in Texas, Lil' Cross and Big Money  
My nigga Trae and Lil' Joe, nigga all action  
In the ghetto, I've been riding through the hood for years  
And ain't a damn thang changed, mama still shedding tears  
Niggaz fresh out the Penn, some niggaz just going in  
Some niggaz gon run and stutter, turning they self in  
Never seen a black man, flying dope on a plane  
But they lock us up for it, shackle us with chains  
Welcome to the ghetto, ghetto starts and mob cars  
With bullet holes in it, niggaz shot up and scarred  
But still living, driven by the game itself  
To stay alive in these cold streets, mashing for wealth  
Up in this ghetto, O.G.'s P's and C's  
Thugs, pimps, playas hit the 6-4's or 3's

Yeeeah, ghetto ghetto life  
Of mii-ine, li-li-li-life life (welcome to the ghetto)