

# The Ghetto

Lil' Flip

In this world I'm gon' pity  
I was raised in the ghetto-out the city  
(Naaaaah, mmmmmmm)  
In this world I'm gon' pity  
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Look I was raised in in the (ghetto)  
I got payed in the (ghetto)  
alot of gangsta's got made in the (ghetto)  
alot of wanksta's got, got in the (ghetto)  
got shot in the (ghetto)-but not popped in they metal  
I use to hang out with the ol' G's and peep game  
they use to send me to the store and tell me keep the change  
now it's eight years later and I run shit  
kiss the ring 'cause now I'm on some dumb shit  
and I ain't with that kissing ass shit dawg  
you owe me stacks, don't hold me back-  
I'm backin heat with the Heatmakers  
I can spitt it from the head I don't need a piece of loose sleeve paper  
you wonder why I never mix and mingle  
I'd rather roll a dutch and mix my single  
and I don't know about ya'll but I'm workin  
and I don't know about you but I ain't hurtin'

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My neighborhood ain't shit like Mister Rogers  
cause in the(ghetto)niggaz quick to squabble  
everybody unemployed in the (ghetto)-well fair, health care  
shit the game ain't fair-  
alot of ya'll never come back to the (ghetto)  
'cause ya'll greedy ass fuck  
niggaz don't take care of they kids they'd rather by a new truck  
you wanna be a ghetto star and ride in the hood  
cause when the D's post up it's goin down in the hood  
it's understood that more paper, bring more haters  
everybody wanna coach but we need more players  
in eighth grade I got paid on a regular basis  
I'm stepping out with Air Max with the regular laces

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Something is holdin me back