

Straight From Da Ghetto

Lost Boyz

The rap skills they flow just like water from a faucet
I been here from Queens, thought I lost it
Well I've been waiting, hibernating
It's mad peoples eyeing on the streets, so with the streets I'm debating, see
The government is one some ill skit
That's why my peoples sling rocks, they bust shots, either kill, kid
So yo, we need to face the fact, black
Once a fellow blows from the ghetto, see there's no turning back
My mom dukes needs she need some loot, I can't seed it
That's why I do my thing here, so I can be there
I'm on this lane, and I'm talking from the slum
Cuz the Cheeks is from the slum and from the slum is here I come
Aiyo, I thought I'd give it to ya
Peoples try to hold the fam back because they felt we couldn't do it
Aiyo, I live out in the gutter
Now you see how long it takes for Cheeks to make butter
Coming straight from the ghetto

Aiyo, I come from the ghetto, I live for the ghetto
I even cry for the ghetto
Aiyo, I might have a verse for the ghetto
That means I might have to die for the ghetto

The rough times will remain in my brain
I make it hard to maintain, tearing clowns out the frame
I been away for mad peoples thought I fell
But I just came back from my visit in hell
I seen the demon and we chatted, about this and that
And other foul things that never mattered
He said it's time to get ya props
But still watch ya back from jealous fellas and them crooked type cops
So yo I did what he got it, police never reported
The day they found my little man Shawn snorted
Some kids slit his throat for a little coke
But we caught the suspect, 911 is a joke
But listen that's how it goes on the street, man
You can't be beat, us real fellas gotta eat
With selling drugs, busting shots, how local thugs
Money we divided, now they works under works from the ghetto

I represent for the borough of Queens
Getting out of state money, hang on Uptown scenes
I hit the Bronx just to boogie with my aunts
Then I burst out to Brooklyn, haven't been there in months
I see the crews, smoking blunts, drinking bew
It'll be for my cousin Lou, I'm out about two
Right now I push a napsack, with some Timbs
But I'm soon to push a black Ac' with deep dish rims
Yo, Big Dex hits me off with the fat beats
Rest in Peace to Tyrone from the back streets
Our God, won't press in fiend time
My nigga named Chris and big Craig why they die?
Aiyo, I can't forget the shorty, her name was Ebony
She got smoked in 40 and it made mad noise
But listen that's how it goes
When niggas fight to make room

For elbows, when running the ghetto

[Hook 4x]