

# Ghetto USA

Stat Quo

[Intro: Stat Quo]

YEA'! Uh, uh, uh!

Uh, uh, uh uh uh uh!

Sing the song now, uh!

YEA'!

Hah'!

All my niggaz in the muhfuckin' struggle...

Uh, uh!

Let me talk to you!

[Stat Quo (Antonio McLendon):]

We from the ghetto. - Born in the bullshit.

Preacher in the pulpit, granny need a lil' fix. (whooohhhooohhhoooo!)

Blood pressure high, work a job, no benefit! (ooh, yeeah!)

Whip repo'd, now it's back to the dealership. (yeeah, yeeah!)

Tryna play the game, gettin played like instruments (yeeeah, yeeeah!)

On the fence in my defense, make a mile out an inch. (oggg, yeeah!)

Momma said the devil in my soul, I should repent;

My dawg lost his daughter, say he ain't seen God since! (ohhhhhohhh!)

Said: "Look, bro'! - Listen, bro'! - Ya ain't makin' sense! "

He replied: "You're right." - Pockets full of lint. (ohhhh!)

Willie Lynch hung shit, hint hint. (ohhhhhh!)

The root of all evil, now I know what they meant!

To my dawgs in Flint hustlin' to pay they rent (yeeeeahhhhhhhhh!)

Thomasville Heights all night in a trench (yeeeeaaaaahhhhh!)

Fuckin' with the junkies or 9-2-5 on a bench,

Clockin in', clockin' out, like: "Where time went? " - Damn... YEA'!

[Chorus: Antonio McLendon {Stat Quo}]

I come up haaard. - Hard, baby.

But what don't kill you makes you stroonger!

But I come too faar! (faaar!) Far, baby.

To watch tears drop from yo' hunger. (huunger!)

As long as we keep on grindin'. (ohhhh!) - Keep on tryin'! (ohhh!)

Wishing's not enough! (wishing's not enouuugh!)

To change our situation {uh!} - time is wastin'! {Ghetto U.S.A.!}

We got to come up! (we got to come uuuup!)

[Stat Quo:]

I keep tryna get ahead - but the fact still remain (ooh, oooooh!)

Every dime I make it take half of my change! (wooooooo!)

Ain't nuttin change, same fight, same ring, (yeeeah!)

But it ain't pay-per-view, it's a survival thing. (ooooh, baby!)

Some slang green pills, crank and 'caine

Some bitches strip and gold-dig' and whore to maintain! (ooooohhhh-

ooooohhh, yeeeeeah!)

My aunt just lost her job, here this shit go again!

Couldn't pay her bills, she put a bullet in her brain! (ooooh, oooohhh!)

Her chil'en in the same house livin' with the stains

On the wall - can't afford to move, what a shame! (ooohhh, oooohh, ooooooooh  
hhhhhhh!)

Shit done drove my uncle insane,

He talkin' to himself thinkin he the one to blame! (hmmmmmm!)

Got seduced by the boy, shootin trouble in his veins. (uh-ooooh!)

Wanted the pleasure, became a slave to the pain! (ooohhh!)

Livin' in the streets, died drowned by the rain

His life down in two's, his blood flowin through the drains. - Damn... YEA'!

[Chorus: Antonio McLendon {Stat Quo}]

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But I come too faar! (faaar!) Far, baby.

To watch tears drop from yo' hunger. (huunger!) {yeeeeeah!}

As long as we keep on grindin'. (ohhhh!) - Keep on tryin'! (ohhh!) {let's go  
!}

Wishing's not enough! (wishing's not enouugh!)

To change our situation {uh!} - time is wastin'!

We got to come up! (we got to come uuuup!)

[Outro: Stat Quo]

Now or never!

Now... and forever!

Yeah!

Every nigga in the struggle!

OHH!

YEA'!