

The Ghetto

Too \$hort

Talking bout the ghetto...funky funky ghetto
Trying to survive, trying to stay alive

The ghetto
The ghetto
(Talking bout the ghetto)
The ghetto
The ghetto
(Funk funky ghetto)

Even though the streets are bumpy, lights burned out
Dope fiends die with a pipe in their mouths
Old school buddies not doing it right
Every day it's the same
And it's the same every night
I wouldn't shoot you bro but I'd shoot that fool
If he played me close and tried to test my cool
Every day I wonder just how I'll die
Only thing I know is how to survive
There's only one rule in the real world
And that's to take care of you, only you and yours
Keep dealing with the hard times day after day
Might deal me some dope but then crime don't pay
Black man tried to break into my house again
Thought he got off early doing time in the pen
Even though my brothers do me just like that
I get a lot of love so I'm giving it back to the...

The ghetto
The ghetto
(Talking bout the ghetto)
The ghetto
The ghetto
(Funk funky ghetto)

So just peep the game and don't call it crap
Cause to me, life is one hard rap
Even though my sister smoked crack cocaine
She was nine months pregnant, ain't nothing changed
600 million on a football team
And her baby dies just like a dope fiend
The story I tell is so incomplete
Five kids in the house and no food to eat
Don't look at me and don't ask me why
Mama's next door getting high
Even though she's got five mouths to feed
She's rather spend her money on a H-I-T
I always tell the truth about things like this
I wonder if the mayor overlooked that list
Instead of adding to the task force send some help
Waiting on him I'd better help myself
Housing Authority and the O.P.D.
All these guns just to handle me in the...

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The ghetto
(Talking bout the ghetto)

The ghetto
The ghetto
(Funk funky ghetto)

Even though they put us down and call us animals
We make real big banks and buy brand new clothes
Drive fancy cars, make love to stars
Never really saying just who we are
We use alias names like TOO \$HORT
Sell you stuff you might kill for
Young kids grow up and that's all they know
Didn't teach him in school now he's slangin dope
Only thing he knows is how to survive
But will he kill another brother before he dies?
In the ghetto, you keep one eye open
All day long, just hoping and hoping
You can pay your bills and not drink too much
Then the problems of life you'll be throwing up
Like me, but you don't see
Ten years from now, where will you be?

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(Talking bout the ghetto)
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(Funk funky ghetto)

So much game in a Too \$hort rap
Blacks can't be white and whites can't be black
Why you wanna act like someone else?
All you gotta do is just be yourself
We're all the same color underneath
Short Dog's in the house you'd better listen to me
Never be ashamed of what you are
Proud to be black stand tall at heart
Even though some people give you no respect
Be intelligent, when you put em in check
Cause when you're ignorant, you get treated that way
And when they throw you in jail you got nothing to say
So if you don't listen it's not my fault
I'll be getting paid while you'll be paying the cost
Sitting in the jailhouse running your mouth
While me and my peoples try to get out

Chorus