

Ghetto Is a Trap

TRU

Just the other day my brother got killed
its might be worse where you hang, but the projects where I live
I see my partners on the corner cold serving the dope fiends
I see no dreams, instead I see more fiends
when Im on the cutter off than one
for every dollar I make the white folks make a hundred
and I can understand why niggaz sell cain
cause every nigga got it good as the next man
and white folks know that there will always be dope
because they always have a kid that's starving and broke
and now they wanna try to seize the crack and drug dealin'
know that there will only lead to more and more killing
a nigga got a steal deal with the f**king police
I dipped in my alias and tell them they don't know me
for some strange reason they still take me in
trying to get a nigga to do time in the pen
on the motherf**king murder weapon stanking identity (why is that?)
cause they ghetto is a motherf**king trap

two marks got me out of the ghetto
but the ghetto is where im from
welcome to the ghetto, it's a trap
but the ghetto is where I grow

Nigga as you know im c-murder
kicking the funky shit that you never even heard of
Im talking 'bout the motherf**king ghetto
where many punk bitches get killed ho
but I dont give a f**k about that G
cause im rolling with a sick ass pops
I met a kingpin said he want a ki
I didn't know he was the motherf**king police
I said f**k and kicked him in his knees
and got away cross the street in some trees
I started laughing saying, "Damn, he done slacked up."
little did I know they 50 done had backup
all I heard was freeze
with three bullets to my back I feel to my knees
I started screaming and crying
everythang getting black, yo im dying
all I could remember
thought I always catch a bullet from a gang member
the the ambulance came, paramedics asking me my motherf**king name
damn I almost choked
with six f**kin' doctors sticking tubes down my throat
but through all of that I made it
why I wanna I live man, I think im crazy
now im going to the pen, but I dont give a f**k cause ill be out in 10
all that shit cause im tired of eating scraps
the ghetto is a trap

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Boom, Boom, Boom and im a gonner

but im tripping on life cause 50 is right round the corner
and mama say boy pray, better be glad it wasn't you that got blew away
killed in the dope game, ill probably craft that on life
in the motherf**king dice game, cause in the game of life it has 1 rule
watch your ass, count your money, don't be a fool
and don't f**k with a broke bitch, cause if you f**k with a broke
bitch they get you in the f**king ditch
so you can play the roll of a dummy
think a bitch like you when a bitch really like your money
now that don't mean shit nigga
you better sleep with one eye open, and keep you finger on the f**king
trigger, or go out like Jack, Jack died in the projects
and Jill got another f**king nigga black
or you can go out like a clucker, and end up six feet deep motherf**ker
and listen to what I say cause in the ghetto somebody else gets blowed
away, cause that has no age, smoked out dope fiends on the
motherf**king rage, so I refuse to be caught not strapped
when I walk into the ghetto, knowing the ghetto is a trap.