

Ghetto Vet (Featuring Mack 10 & Mr. Short Khop)

Ice Cube

Life

Niggas used to come and get me
When it was time to disagree with an enemy
Pass the Hennessy it gives me energy
Packed the gat in the small of my back
Where these niggas at I clear the whole pack
Talkin' shit 'cause I'm down for my set I'm a vet
Smokin' on a wet cigarette
(who these niggas think they are)
(wishin' on a ghetto star I represent my tar)
I start bustin' and they scatter like water bugs
'cause these westside niggas is harder thugs
Enslave us but nothin' can save us from sportin' Ben Davis
Shootin' at your neighbors
(cause sometimes I feel like a nut don't give a fuck when I open ya up)
Hot rocks fly from the back seat and
Busta ass niggas run like a track meet
An if you crawl in the middle bleed mo' dinner little (what)
Killer king is the hospital
Feelin' numb from the bullets I hum
And when they hit black mothers have fits I don't give a shit Fool I'm a vet you can bet that
I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)
Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there (For life) I'm still there
My house shoes get wet from the dew on the grass
Up early in the morning takin' out the trash
Feelin' like a loser alcohol abuser
Two youngsters roll up on a beach cruiser
One on the peddles the other on the handle bars (what)
Tryin' be ghetto stars they said:
Are you from the west side is it so?
I said hell yea and who want to to know (me)
In slow mo fo' fo' slugs face down in the mud
Puddle full of blood left for dead
The pain starts to spread now I can't feel my legs
I meet doctor who at King Drew medical center
As I enter I see you
He said the bullet hit a nerve that was vital
I said I can't move my legs he said don't try to
Now this ain't the end my friend but you'll probably never walk again

I sit there motionless holdin' this pain inside contemplating suicide
At night I jerk and jerk
But my dick don't work it don't even hurt (damn)
Now who'd ever thought a nigga rude as Ice Cube
I be pissin' through a tube fool I'm a vet Fool I'm a vet you can bet that
I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)
Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there
Young ghetto nigga in a wheelchair Fuck a V-A they need G-A
Gang hospital for a crippal now I'm drinkin' rippal
Same corner same hood I'm still there
With bandannas tied to my wheel chair
To all the hood rat hoes I'm fine
They mad 'cause my tongue get tired
Now everybody want to put they dope on me
Sayin' I won't get searched by the LAPD
I'm sitting on a doorway duece five
Dependin' on neck to keep my ass alive
I don't got folks but my arms about a one six
My fuckin' legs lookin' like tooth picks
Some times I can't deal got to beg the be G's to roll me up the hill
Put me on the porch now I'm on the torch smokin' cocaine
Just to maintain nothin' to gain nutin' to lose
And last night I couldn't make it to the bathroom
Feelin' like a two year old you can't get a sip from the brew I hold
Nigga its the only friend to a stranger AKA handicap gang banger
There's a lot in my life I regret becomin' a ghetto vet
Fool I'm a Vet [Repeat: x2]
Fool I'm a vet you can bet that
I could dance underwater and not get wet (check it)
Its rainin' bullets and I'm still there
Young ghetto nigga in a wheelchair Life
Yea
Life
Yea
Life
Life

Dedicated to all the ghetto vets
For every nigga that done took one for the hood

Songwriters

ANDERSON, STEPHEN / HUNT, LIONEL JR / JACKSON, O'SHEA Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>