

# Ghetto Child

## Mystikal, Master P & Silkk the Shocker

(Master P)

It's crazy out here (uhhhhhhh)

Yo mama I'm tryin to keep my head strong (whats up Mystikal?)Uhhhhhh! (uhhhhhh) I'm just a ghetto child  
trying to make it

Uhhhhhh! I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it(Chorus)

Uhhhhhh! This ghetto got me crazy

Mamma, won't you pray for your baby?

Uhhhhhh! I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it

Mamma, I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it

I feel like a bird nigga with no wings

I'm stuck in this ghetto trying to have a little change

My homies killing up each other cause we gotta eat

And I ain't tripping cause I'm running from the police

I done seen little kids in the projects starving

I done seen more hoes messing then Marvin

See in the ghetto the sun it barely shines

But so many niggas in jail and the welfare lines

And all my life I thought Bill Clinton ran the country

Until I found out Bill Gates had all the money

And the media starting east and west coast wars

I'm from the south, where they prejudice on us all

Come out of the powdered milk and eggs don't fill us up

But why the government sold us drugs and charges to clean us up

Gave us three halves and high interest student loans

Four dollar minimum wage and section eight, we call it homeChorus x2

(Mystikal)

It's real when you can do whatever you want to do

When you want to do it

Ain't to many niggas out there living like that

That's why the rest of you niggas aint never gone through it

How many niggas in the pen

How many niggas in the cemetary don't know why?

How many strikes y'all niggas need

How many innocent children in the ghetto got to lose their lives?

WHY! Why you gotta make your momma cry?

HUH! She take you out of the street

cause that's where you gonna die

But you don't listen cause your mind is one track

And your head is hard

And your getting flipped, and your talking back  
Showing your ass actin straight up of the wall  
Let me talk to y'all, don't think it's too hard to fall  
But that's far and all  
I done saw it all, it's cool when it started off  
Now niggas duckin bullets like dodge-a-ball  
Niggas got me scared to plant my seeds, fear of how high it's gonna grow  
Living in a messed up world, in a messed up time  
I'm telling ya, you can't do shit no more!  
It's bigger than us, it's out of our hands  
That's why I'm praying to God  
Oh heavenly father, keep my head above the water  
It's your world, but where's your children  
Your sons and your daughters  
We struggling, trying to get out of the ghetto  
And Compton trying to make it to mars! Chorus x2 (Silkk The Shocker)  
Dear mama pray for your son, hoping I can make it through this game  
Wishing I can change, I've been through so much  
Seen so many things, couldn't find the words to explain  
The only way to avoid stress is to get high, by drinking hennessey but I  
But I can't get too high, cause I gotta keep my eyes on my enemies  
I've seen harder times, but there gonna be some harder days  
Penetentary close, but you know what? Cemeteries aint that far away  
Before I die I'm trying to make the whole world feel  
like our people scared to stand there  
The way we express ourself, they think that we all some killers  
But look into the eyes of a ghetto child influenced by the street  
Go to sleep to gunshots, wake up from the sirens of the police  
See now my life aint been the same nigga, life as a thug  
If I had to draw a picture of my life  
I have to paint my picture in blood  
Closest homie died, before he die little cousin told me this  
Get you something cause cemeteries  
packed full of niggas who had dreams to be rich  
So keep your head up, to all my ghetto children it was hard  
To tell my family one day I was gonna grow up to make millions  
When I told them, they seemed to laugh at my so called dream  
I like to scream when I came home from jail  
When I was told best friend turned into a fiend  
I aint gonna lie, my conscience aint clear, when I close my eyes  
Of course you gotta realize, god forgive me, I'm just trying to survive  
They cut welfare and health care, that shit gotta stop  
I got a positive note, my auntie having a baby  
Congratulations, she on rocks Chorus 2X

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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