Ghetto Boy

King Los

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I got that, B-More in me yeah that's my problem (What what)
I rep my city, yeah bitch I got 'em (Na-na-na)
Fuck what you heard, niggas be wildin'
You got me fucked up, I'm from the bottom (Oh yes Lord!)
Walk like I'm pimpin', talk like I'm mackin'
The projects love me, yeah boy what's happenin' (Na-na-na)
I'm finna kill 'em, I'm finna kill 'em
I'm on a hunnid, I done hit the ceiling
I'm thinkin'
Fuck these bitches, we go for dollars
And I'm my brothers keeper, bitch I'm Nino at "The Carter"
The equalizer bitch I'm deeper, wiser, handsome, smarter
Man call a ambulance, your ass don't stand a chance in Sparta
Oh no no!
I'm out the west side, just ask my grandma
I used to move the pack, had a pack of blamma
My niggas stacked with AKA's and ain't no Capa Gama
And now we laughing to the bank like na-na-na-na
Fuck with me!No sunshine or feeling better (The ghetto)
Watch 'em all scatter they'll kill each other (The ghetto)
If yo daddy dead, can't make him proud in (The ghetto)
Damn little boy, how you make it out of (The ghetto)I got that hustlers desire, that fire burning
I got that "Boyz n The Hood" mixed with that higher learning (Na-na-na)
Niggas is bugging, niggas ain't fucking with me
They not on my planet, why should I panic, motherfuckers should be
Thanking the Lord that I'm building the ships so you niggas won't drown
In the midst of the flood
'Cause I'm giving you prophecy, niggas ain't watching me properly,
Bitch I be switching it up like a gear on a bike
Play if you want, say what you want, hear what you like
But take what you need, 'cause it's dear to your life
Fake if you want, I'll be there on the flight

Like
Free my ghetto, we the ghetto
Real boy, cut strings, we don't need Geppetto
They say it's levels to this shit, well you can't see my level
This a reach, you would need the devil, he would need a shovel
Bitch I'm deep
All I beat is odds, all I get is that
At least I know
All I need is God, and I can bridge the gap, Keyshia Cole
OMG, he's so cold, I know it's me, at least I'm told
Los bring rap back to life, this shit needs some soul!
You can ask my grandma
I roll because I miss my dad, you can ask my mama
They shot my nigga in the head, ain't no happy camper
Now I'm the best rapper alive, na-na-na-na-na-na
Fuck with me!Lost souls and dope fiends (The ghetto)
From what we're told there ain't no kings in (The ghetto)
Gun shots and caution tape (The ghetto)
Why is an honest dollar so hard to make in (The ghetto)No sunshine or feeling better (The ghetto)
Watch 'em all scatter they'll kill each other (The ghetto)
If yo daddy dead, can't make him proud in (The ghetto)
Damn little boy, how you make it out of (The ghetto)

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