

# Ghetto

## Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Raekwon] Yo, yo, yo, turn me up, turn me up  
Turn me up, turn me up, yeah, yeah, come on  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, take everything, yeah  
Yeah, real shit, real shit, Shallah Raekwon  
All day, let's go, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo  
[Marlena Shaw "Woman of the Ghetto" sample][humming] I was born and raised, in the ghetto  
I was born and raised, in the ghetto  
I was born and raised, in the ghetto  
Listen to me, and just lay up  
[Raekwon] Park Hill Projects, one eight pound  
Holding it down, that's the motto, 'lo goose and lottos  
Blunts on the regular, O.G. style  
I'm into old V's, swinging in cabs, slinging them OZ's  
All I know is running in fiends labs, hitting the green bags  
Visualizing Chef in the green Jag's  
Wait til I get on, the haters gonna hate it  
In this corner, a rich young don with a crisp lab  
[Marlena Shaw "Woman of the Ghetto" sample][humming] Brother, listen to me  
Brother, listen to me  
Listen to me, and just lay up  
How do you make your bread in the ghetto?  
How do you make your bread in the ghetto?  
[Cappadonna] Hustling, hustle & flow  
We make bread in the ghetto, by selling that crack  
See niggas that make bread by busting the gat  
Might stick a nigga up, stab him dead in his back  
It's a dirty bread game, but we get through them stacks  
Bread game, rather have bread than fame  
Some sell pills and weed, it ain't no joke  
Might sell anything as long as we not broke  
So if you getting that bread, we be coming for your throat  
It's crazy what a brother might do for the bread  
Might violate parole til ya family is dead  
We get bread in the ghetto, while we ducking the feds  
  
I heard bread in the ghetto got a loaf on his head, come on  
[Marlena Shaw "Woman of the Ghetto" sample] Brother, listen to me  
Brother, listen to me  
Listen to me, and just lay up

How do you get rid of rats in the ghetto?  
[Ghostface Killah]Yo, yo, aiyo we ox 'em, duff 'em, stuff 'em in black bags  
Torture them, toss 'em out the window with rift rafts  
Cuz we don't take kindly to rats in the ghetto  
Either your mouth stay shut or get slapped with the metal  
Big fat rats get fried like porkchops for snitching  
Get your ass hung like a wall clock  
It's Tone Stark, Billy the Kid when the gun bark  
A wire sticking out his shirt, he talking to NARC!  
[Marlena Shaw "Woman of the Ghetto" sample][humming]How do you raise your kids in the ghetto?  
How do you raise your kids in the ghetto?  
Feed one child and starve another  
Tell me, tell me, and just lay up  
[U-God]We like brothers, we came from the same mothers  
In the projects, under the same covers  
Wore the same drawers, fucked the same whores  
Rolled dice, kicked rhymes, did crimes in the same hall  
Sprayed our names on the same wall  
Yo, your kids knew my kids, your wiz knew my wiz  
Now you caught up in music and showbiz  
If that's what it is, then that's what it is  
Run up in your crib, with twelve black brothers  
That'll digest to live, die just to live  
Some called us martyrs, some called us fathers  
Run up in the club like the suicide bombers  
We be the brothers, ready past lovers  
Never wanna see us, blow, we not others  
Somewhere in the competition, friends got lost  
The money got flipped, your tables got crossed  
Now you all caught up in that label talk  
Brain dead in the grain of thoughts  
With a name and a game that can change New York  
We ate from the same fork, pop had the same thought [echo]

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