

# Ghetto Love

## Brody Dalle

I had some problems that no one could seem to solve them  
But you had the answer you told me to take a chance  
And learn the ways of love, my baby and all that it has to offer  
You told me your secret love won't let you down, oh, all my love baby  
Hey nigga ain't shit gonna ever change between you and your boo  
Put a hold on me ever since I held you  
What compelled you to be my nigga besides passion and love  
You ran up on a real bitch with understandin' and trust  
Fuck the others, none of them compare to us  
And under covers you my muthafucka nigga  
When you stickin' my stuff  
You laid pipe unlike any other plumber  
Took me shoppin' all day and at night, you kept me cummin'  
Made dinner, collard greens, candied yams and steak  
Taught me how to measure grams, cook rocks and chop weights  
Caught a case, 'cuz you're boy ran his mouth too much  
And it's a disgrace how the pain felt to miss your touch  
But as the days keep passin', keep it actin' with stacks of letters  
Hit you so you don't forget us when you'd rather not be livin' in the cella  
Hella muthafuckas want your occupation  
But they can keep pacin', 'cuz I'm gonna be waitin' on my baby  
And all this love, is waitin' for you  
My baby, sweet darlin'  
And all this love is waitin' for you  
Don't worry bout a thin, nigga stay down  
As long as you can hang, I'ma be around  
Ran into your boy, had heard he'd spread the word  
That you was soft, braggin' he collectin' your cheese  
And pissin' me to fuck off, the first thought of committin' a felony never left  
I missed the big breaths you took when we waz puffin an L  
Just the little things you do with the bigger ones  
I saw better SL 500s colorful Gucci sweaters and leathers  
Diamond letters girl you broke, I saved the sugar for you  
Keep the business runnin', droppin' off keys in Cancun  
Cash rules and you remain to be the king of my throne  
Position taken, flippin' calender pages till you get home  
Wanna blast your boy for snatchin' up my happiness  
But I regret what'll happen to this dollar foundation, if I'm incarcerated  
Two you can make it through, we bail on the jealous

Who tell us the opposite of that, forever you and Brat  
I tried to take the blame, but you preferred to handle my fame  
So I'm waitin' with open arms to rekindle the flame  
And all this love, is waitin' for you  
My baby, sweet darlin'  
And all this love is waitin' for you  
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