

Born In the Ghetto

Fat Joe

Yeah, it's time, baby
It's time to speak the truth, maturity
Niggas gotta evolve to let niggas know the real
Call yourself real, ya gotta start speakin' about the real
This is Joe Crack, The Don an' this is what I'm bringin' to youYo, nowadays, I'm flirtin' with uncertain death
Lord, I gotta be dyin' 'cause after all this cryin'
How much more hurtin's left?
When will the pain stop? This depression an' anxiety
Is gonna make me show another side of meMy niggas ride with me 'cause I'm the truth
There's benefits to rollin' with this clique
Don't nobody fuck with you
Still they label me a tyrant an' a backstabber
But study the facts of crack, the shit don't add upI'm bringin' opportunity to my community
Probably the only rapper that cares
But still you out to ruin me
Who you foolin', be? I'm for unity, Latins an' blacks
Could you fathom the strength, we have of the two it attach?Born together, voted alike
These 'Uncle Charm' politicians ain't holdin' us right
How could the same nigga be 20 years in office
When it's clear the only thing that's risin' is unemployment?Abortion, little kids havin' kids
The school system is failin' us, now ain't that some shit?
While the rich keep gettin' richer, the poor keep dyin' young
I can't hide no more, the time has comeI was born in the ghetto
Tremblin', tryin' to stay alive
'Cause when you're born in the ghetto
No one seems to hear your cryBrown skin, you know I love my brown skin
Every day, I'm confronted with racism
These motherfuckin' coppers wanna bag us
An' have us shackled up in state prisonsAfter all the taxes I pay
You would think when they stop us
They would have something nicer to say
Than, "Get the fuck out the car, where the drugs at?
All the jewelry, you wearin', where the fuckin' guns at?"Once they search the car clean an' find nothin'
The same crooked cops try to act like they know us or somethin'
Laughin', tellin' jokes by the thousands
Two seconds ago they tried to send us to the mountainsLeave my son without a father, my wife without a
husband
The more I think about it, man, it's just disgustin'
Still we live amongst 'em, everybody wants out

That's why we rap like we got silver spoons in our mouths
Like we ain't grow up on welfare
Nigga, don't even go there, you probably wore Pro Players
We need to educate the youth, tell our seeds the truth
Too much to share, the bare minimum will exceed the proof
I was born in the ghetto
Tremblin', tryin' to stay alive
'Cause when you're born in the ghetto
No one seems to hear your cry
Yeah, so much pain
Trying hard to stay alive, stay alive
Out in these streets
Man, sometimes it can get so tough
Yeah, yes, it can, yes, it can, yeah
It can get so hard, so hard, so hard

Songwriters

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