Welcome to the Ghetto

Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Livin' day by day in my hood, on the spot
I see the same old things, same dope fiends, cops
Just an average day in the streets of California
5-0 find a young girl dead around the cornerMommy's on her knees, she had tears in her eyes
And nobody knew why the young girl had to die
People look ashamed it's been like this for years
Bloody sheets on the body, face wet from her mommy's tearsShe couldn't have been over 4-5
And if mommy wasn't based, she would still be alive
But now the street is a place you could be swallowed by death
Brothas takin' each other's lives and goin' to rest in peace
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto
My cousin died last year and I still can't let goI walk the streets of my city of my neighborhood
Seein' dope fiends livin' off canned goods
15 niggaz on the corner and niggaz die young in California5-0'll get a dope case and flaunt it
Have your ass on, "America's Most Wanted"
But I don't slang or either gang-bang
And though my old school homies do the same thingI still got love 'cause you gotta live
So you can give and raise a family G
But you gotta do your best slangin' D-O-P-E
So keep a grip on yourself and stay mellowAnd welcome to the ghetto
(Makes me wanna holla, the way they do my life, yeah)
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Welcome to the ghettoFrom across the seas comes cocaine
But you never seen a black man fly the plane
Look at the news, a young black death
Was it drug related? Take a guessI flash when I look in the mirror black
'Cause my reflection is a 9 millimeter Gat

I think about genocide
And have thoughts of my homies who diedEverybody backstabbin'
But I ain't the one to talk, I'm into gafflin'
Death give a shit about your color
But yet I see mo' dead young brothasI'm goin' crazy out here
Seein' 24 brothas die by the end of the year
And I still gotta deal with the 5-0
And I stopped sellin' dope in 9-0But if it came to it, I'd probably still do it
Put a Nine in my drawers, get straight to it
I hope that I never see the day
That I get 20 years for a cakeB-K-A as a key to open up the door for the mo' money
But I ain't gotta do that G 'cause I'm down with the F-A to the C
To the U to the L-T-Y, G-nut X-tra Large and S-P-I
C-E, makin' niggas feel like jelloAnd welcome to the ghetto
(Makes me wanna holla, the way they do my life, yeah)
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Welcome to the ghettoWelcome to the ghetto
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