Ghettoverit

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

I hate to love you, what more can I say?
Got played from the get go
Like this shit you had me sold on
This time, I let myself control on and wore it outYou front like you're ghetto
But I know that you're not best be backing that bling up
I ain't got game, girl, I got season
It's high time you put your please on and wore itOn and on and on, my head spins around
When you diss my bro's and my ride breaks down
While you hang with your ho's at the club down town
Ghetto life, ghettoverit now, ghettoverit nowYou want the thug life
You don't even know that's so '97
I guess, I really wasn't on point
You just played me like a dope joint and burned me outThat fool got the gold tooth and imitation rims
Who pimped out his Prelude
It's high time you dropped the zero
And started flossing with the hero
We can't go on like this for real though this homiesOn and on and on, my head spins around
When you diss my bro's and my ride breaks down
While you hang with your ho's at the club down town
Ghetto life, ghettoverit it now, ghettoverit it now
Ghettoverit it now, ghettoverit it nowAnd all you do, it's just plain wack
So sizzuck, a dizzack and blowOn and on and on, my head spins around
When you diss my bro's and my ride breaks down
While you hang with your ho's at the club downtown
Ghetto life, ghettoveritOn and on and on, my head spins around
When you diss my bro's and my ride breaks down
While you hang with your ho's at the club downtown
This ghetto life, ghettoverit it now, ghettoverit it now
Just ghettoverit it now, ghettoverit it nowI hate to love you what more can I say?

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