

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 out You 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 it On 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 now You 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 out That 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 homies On 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 now And all you do, it's just plain wack
So sizzuck, a dizzack and blow On 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, ghettoverit On 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 now I hate to love you what more can I say?

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