

# Ghetto

## Ace Hood

Leave my heart to the ghetto  
Rubber bands stuffed all in up  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, get money  
(Get money)  
That's the motto, hustle all day  
Then we do the shit tomorrow I'm in the ghetto  
(Ghetto)  
I'm in the ghetto  
(Ghetto)  
Gotta get it  
(Gotta get it) That's the motto, live for today  
You might never see Tomorrow  
I'm in the ghetto  
(Ghetto)  
I'm in the ghetto  
(Ghetto) See I went straight to the pros  
Who done done it like me, breakup  
The flow now they holla 'He a beast'  
From the city where there's Killas and dealas  
And street beef, and them crackas on the corner Every avenue and place and my homies servin' hard  
'Cause they livin' by the day, see I do it for my family  
And hustled by the way, now I'm back up on the block  
Ya see, I'm cooler than them othas Certified colored sneakas, keep a fitted for the club  
When I step out on the scene all them hoes be showin' love  
They know I'm that dude that be ringin' through the block  
Ace, Ace, Ace, Ace, yeah fool heard it right  
I done been down to the bottom now I'm bound to see  
The top, my hood Leave my heart to the ghetto  
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(Ghetto)  
I'm in the ghetto  
(Ghetto)You gotta love ya hood  
You need to love your projects  
Ay, get me, get meI got 'em a couple triple beams about an ounce of bakin soda  
I Got that revenue that's hittin' colda than Sammy Sosa  
[unverified] ya' see growin' up, I seen alotta things  
I weren't supposed so growin' up I lost alotta people  
That were closa that's why I stay up on my grindAnd only roll with soldiers, I hit the block  
And serve 'em everything away from soda  
Don't fuck with out the soda, sellin' coke  
With out the cola, my clientele is strictly rockYou can tell it by the odor, I keep that nino  
With the mac hid underneath the sofa  
So if you ridin' slngin' tricks I suggest a coma  
Them pussy niggaz want me dead so I suggest and dopaLeave my heart to the ghetto  
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Ay, get me, get meYeah, I wake up in the ghetto tryin' dream a couple mill  
I'm forced to get, momma shootin' up and poppin' pills  
Daddy on the porch with no remorse he sittin' still  
This be the city that never pity they would rather killI wipe my eyes and check my clientele who by yaself  
I grab the pots and bakin' soda, yeah that odor smell  
This be the hood, I got connections like a phone cable  
So watch where you work 'cause a mistake can be fatal'Cause crakas searchin' for that person tho I'm  
undertable  
Can't find no witness, fuck them snitches  
That get snitches popped, another day just talkin' on the block  
With a million on my glock and a half off in my sockLeave my heart to the ghetto  
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