

# Ghetto Life

## Dj Eleven And Cosmo Baker

Ok, we got the Birdman in the building  
We got Killa in the building  
We got Young Weezy in the building  
Nigga, it's B.M, J.R, Weezy, baby  
Tryna see him, naw, he need to even eighty  
An' I ain't speakin' Gs, I'm talkin' M  
An' I'm walkin' like a pimp in them all street tims  
Man, shorty got more green than a Boston Gems  
Green Austen, they don't cost in rims  
Wayne appear, nigga put a walls in ya ear  
Let ya know a fuckin' boss up in here  
How much it cost for this here? How much it cost for this year?  
'Cuz Me an' Stunna 'bout to buy it  
Put yo spoons down, cash money off the diet  
I pass in a ride on triot, that's traze  
But those who was in the days when the teachers was on that pay  
I'm raised in the cajun cage, with a bit of amazin' grace  
An' prone to move coke at a amazin' pace  
Man, my daddy, super Dave, let's race it  
Real, not have me, B. I'ma win it, I'm a champ  
In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boy  
Livin' in the ghetto me, in the ghetto streets  
I'm a ghetto life, any second dog, I can blow up  
For ghetto me an' you best to be watchin' me  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto life  
See, I ride on them shake when I'm pimpin' them hoes  
Just that Sunshine City, when I'm smokin' that dro  
When it comes to this ice, real livin' his life  
Get money, pimpin' hoes with these ghetto type  
Nigga, check the background, I got O.G. stripe  
Just a hood rich nigga, flippin' birds on a bike  
Not survive in this world with guns, pahs an' knives  
Pour out a lil' liquor, mami lost her life  
All my niggaz in the penitentiary, holdin' that life  
See I'm stunnin' for my niggaz with this chromed out pipes  
This swish interry foreign German lifes  
An' I keep this big toolie just protect my ice  
I act, a damn fool, when I'm full of that white

But it's the Birdman, Daddy, with these ghetto stripes  
Ghetto hood, ghetto pipe  
Ghetto walk, with my ghetto life  
In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boy  
Livin' in the ghetto me, in the ghetto streets  
I'm a ghetto life, any second dog, I can blow up  
For ghetto me an' you best to be watchin' me  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto life  
Ayyo, the duck just born, I need seven more leaders  
C.Five, Fo' Fum an' a 74 fever  
Act up though I let the 4 fever leave ya  
Dice game, head crack, 64 fever  
When I'm in L.A., I got 64 fever  
An' a fever for the flava of a six foot diva  
I told the po' to feave her, I'm about to crook  
Out to just, not a chef, but I know how to cook  
With the piece stocks, cook up the rocks  
Seventh Delenix is hot, I done cook up the block  
Send glocks to ya block, out done cook up yo spots  
That's how coke for that cook up his watch  
I'm one of those, that will look up to Pac  
'Cuz when I get pulled over, cook up the cops  
All they say is, look at his drop  
Hand on my license, look at his watch  
But, thug shit, dog, we down with Baby  
We come through clownin', baby  
An' if we, surrounded babies, duck tape the kids to the wall  
Then shoot circle all around the baby, Killa  
In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boy  
Livin' in the ghetto me, in the ghetto streets  
I'm a ghetto life, any second dog, I can blow up  
For ghetto me an' you best to be watchin' me  
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto life  
It's nothin', man, Killa, Diplomats, Cash Money, Baby, holla  
Jim Jones, Santana, what's good? Roc-a-Fella  
Birdman, fly to hood near you, then they got 'em cheap  
Yeah, ya know, ya know, get that call out one more time

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