

Ghetto Hell

Afu-Ra

Cradled in the womb of the metropolis, dodging hell swarm
Vision of going to heaven, nothing can stop this
Although I'm optimistic, balance it with being realistic
Is paradise is part of the plan or scribbled in some book and shit
It all goes down as rain drops on my neighborhood
Love my hood and motherfucker this ain't good
Crack heads selling dope to dope heads
On blocks that's rented by house niggaz
That's all getting rich off of the bloodshed
And as I experience, none the lesser
And it's high and it's high as I got off of the reefers
The balance levels of horror, yo, ain't never disappear
I know, you know
It's like we livin' in hell in the ghetto
I know, you know
Babies is dying in the ghetto
I know, you know
Mothers are crying in the ghetto
I know, you know
It's like we livin' in hell in the ghetto
I know, you know
Like that, like that, like that
I put the pedal to the metal, heavy metal in the ghetto
I ain't got to raise it, cause hell is the grimy ghetto
I guess that's the catalyst for so many fantasies
We can fantasize and happen to be surrounded by misery
The daughters and sisters, the little bitties
Princess inside ya beautiful
But mommy can't afford the sparkles and dresses
As a matter of fact, kids around here
Need to be walking with a vest on
'Cause the quietest streets around here, can be a war zone
And I'm in such disgust, 'cause the police
Instead of protectin' and serving, they serving us
They brutalizin' and battering, as a matter of fact
They play ghetto, officers, I see them laughing
Trynna pick up girls in uniform
Hanging out them college dorms, we need some inform
Why is he a ghetto? 'Cause society divided by nothing but money, hello
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Like that, like that, like that
From city to city, all over the globe
So many poverty stricken lives, the facts'll make ya heads explode
Cities and families, all over, global overload
From Brownsville to Russia, through Somalia, through Croatia
Lyrics are live, fight to survive, it's a horror ride
Demons coming for your hide but there's no where to run
Straight up, and there's no where to hide
Guess what, 'cause negative situation is winning by a landslide
And if you living this life, there's the worst schools
And the worst doctors, guess what? Society got ya
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