

Ghetto Child (feat. Master P & Silkk the Shocker)

Mystikal

It's crazy out here
Yo mama, I'm tryin to keep my head strong
What's up Mystikal? I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it
I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it This ghetto got me crazy
Mama, won't you pray for your baby?
I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it
Mama, I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it I feel like a bird nigga with no wings
I'm stuck in this ghetto trying to have a little change
My homies killing up each other 'cause we gotta eat
And I ain't tripping 'cause I'm running from the police I done seen little kids in the projects starving
I done seen more hoes messing then Marvin
See in the ghetto the sun it barely shines
But so many niggas in jail and the welfare lines And all my life I thought Bill Clinton ran the country
Until I found out Bill Gates had all the money
And the media starting east and west coast wars
I'm from the south, where they prejudice on us all Come out of the powdered milk and eggs don't fill us up
But why the government sold us drugs and charges to clean us up
Gave us three halves and high interest student loans
Four dollar minimum wage and section eight, we call it home This ghetto got me crazy
Mama, won't you pray for your baby?
I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it
Mama, I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it This ghetto got me crazy
Mama, won't you pray for your baby?
I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it
Mama, I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it It's real when you can do whatever you want to do
When you want to do it
Ain't to many niggas out there living like that
That's why the rest of you niggas ain't never gone through it How many niggas in the pen?
How many niggas in the cemetery don't know why?
How many strikes y'all niggas need?
How many innocent children in the ghetto got to lose their lives? Why, why you gotta make your momma cry?
Huh, she take you out of the street
'cause that's where you gonna die
But you won't listen cause your mind is one track And your head is hard
And your getting flipped, and your talking back
Showing your ashy act, ass straight up off the wall
Lemme talk to y'all, don't think it's too hard to fall
But that's far and all And sore and all, it's cool when it started off
Now niggas ducking bullets like dodge balls

Niggas got me scared to plant my seeds, fear of high's gonna grow
Living in a messed up time, a messed up court I'm telling ya, you can't do shit no more
It's bigger than us, it's out of our hands
That's why I'm praying to God
Oh heavenly Father, keep my head above the water 'Cause it's Your world and we your children
Your sons and Your daughters
We struggling, trying to get out of the ghetto
Trying to make it to mars!!! This ghetto got me crazy
Mama, won't you pray for your baby?
I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it
Mama, I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it This ghetto got me crazy
Mama, won't you pray for your baby?
I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it
Mama, I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it Dear mama, pray for your son
Hoping I can make it through this game
Wishing I can change, I've been through so much
Seen so many things, couldn't find the words to explain The only way to avoid stress is to get high
By drinking Hennessy but I but I can't get too high
Cause I gotta keep my eyes on my enemies
I've seen harder times, but there gonna be some harder days Penitentiary close, but you know what?
Cemetery's ain't that far away
Before I die I'm trying to make the whole world feel
Like our people scared to stand there The way we express ourself, they think that we all some killers
But look into the eyes of a ghetto child influenced by the street
Go to sleep to gunshots, wake up from the sirens of the police
See now my life ain't been the same nigga, life as a thug If I had to draw a picture of my life
I have to paint my picture in blood
Closest homie died, before he die little cousin told me this
Get you something 'cause cemeteries
Packed full of niggas who had dreams to be rich So keep your head up, to all my ghetto children it was hard
To tell my family one day I was gonna grow up to make millions
When I told them, they seemed to laugh at my so called dream
I like to scream when I came home from jail When I was told best friend turned into a fiend
I ain't gonna lie, my conscience ain't clear, when I close my eyes
Of course you gotta realize, God forgive me, I'm just trying to survive They cut welfare and health care, that shit
gotta stop
I got a positive note, my auntie having a baby
Congratulations, she on rocks This ghetto got me crazy
Mama, won't you pray for your baby?
I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it
Mama, I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it This ghetto got me crazy
Mama, won't you pray for your baby?
I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it
Mama, I'm just a ghetto child trying to make it

Songwriters

BROCKERT, MARY / LAWSON, CRAIG STEPHEN / VICKERS, ODELL / MILLER, VYSHONN KING /
MILLER, PERCY ROMEO III / TYLER, M

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Ultra Tunes

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>