

Ghetto Village

Warren G

Would you like to go with me, down my dead end street?
Would you like to come with me, to village ghetto life? Let me tell you 'bout the village where I dwell, it's a
Living Hell still tryin' to make a Heaven outta this right here
Watching fo' the postman hopin' fo' paper
Please stop the bus mister driver, wait up we got
Rock fights where the dead end meets
The stop lights is out so it's dead in the streets
The countyline look long, but I'm kinda hungry
So I pack a sack lunch, and got on Late for class again, it's half past 10
And moms gonna whoop ma ass again
Now and then I get the feelin' that the world is mine
I start sittin' back watchin' time fly by
But uh, but I'm so proud to say
That the ghetto is the reason that I'm loud today
And you come get a glimpse of what's happenin'
See for yourself how it is where I live at Would you like to go with me, down my dead end street?
Would you like to come with me, to village ghetto life? It shouldn't take long to see, the place that belongs to me
It's all good, ain't nothin' like home to me
No Diplomas but I, got some knowledge out of
My other partners that made it up outta here
And now not a whole lot of us get rich
But like the old saying goes, "Ain't life a bitch?"
Ah shit, the Landlord just raised the rent, fuck that
Dem old days that came and went like this There's more ways you can use your time instead of
Looking for shit that you used to find
By the age of 16 ya finally come to grips
Livin' life like this and nothin' else mean shit
Looking for a smooth getaway
Cool, 'cuz soon I'll see a better day
And if not, then I gots to deal with it
I ain't makin' this, up Hell naw it's real nigga Would you like to go with me, down my dead end street?
Would you like to come with me, to village ghetto life? No more surprises hopin' I can open your eyes
And so I'm trying, instead of lookin' up in the sky
I'm in the fast lane speed dreaming
Nappin' on cruise control please believe it
In my city when you see it at night, look different than it does in the day
Ain't no tellin' what'd happen if it wasn't this way
I ain't trippin' off of shit it's a good thing
I made a name off the local neighborhood gang And at that time I started rhyming

And, set up a hill without help to start climbing
And I've been around this for a minute
You gotta get your own mix and get wit' it
I made myself, learn to pay myself
Nigga the game don't wait so I'ma stay myself
And now you can go and tell another nigga
On how the real ones is livin' in the ghetto
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