

# Little Ghetto Boy

## John Legend & The Roots

My grandmother suits was tailor made,  
Sundays Mahalia played  
Simple familiar ways,  
Like how she kneeled and prayed  
Willin', master forgive us,  
Our trust pastors had us real afraid  
I never listened yet I still obeyed  
I got to see how Philly played at such an early age  
What my father was into sent him to his early grave  
Then moms started chasin' that base, like Willie Mays  
My childhood was all of forty nights and forty days  
Trouble was my ball and chain, shorties would call me names  
Humble beginnings  
But a star is what it all became  
My journey from a dirty hallway,  
To the Hall of Fame  
Music my therapeutic way to cope with all this pain  
Was headed for the drain,  
Soakin' before the rainwater came  
And chaos, into the order came  
I started doin' what I'm 'sposed to do in life  
Tryin' to move out of the dark,  
And closer to the light  
They say if you get a chance to do it over do it right  
Tomorrow isn't promised every time, you say goodnight  
Knahmtalkin'bout? Uh, yo  
Story of a little ghetto boy, check it out Yeah yeah  
Little ghetto boy, oh  
Playin' in the ghetto street, ay-ay!  
What'chu gonna do when you grow up  
And have to face responsibility?  
Yeah yeah Will you spend your days and nights in a pool room?  
Will you sell caps of madness, to the neighborhood  
Little ghetto boy  
You already know, how rough life could be  
Cause we see, so much pain and misery  
Yeah, yeah Little ghetto boy, yeah  
Your daddy was blown away  
Hey yeah

He robbed that grocery store yeah  
Do you know that was a sad sad day?  
Ey-yeah All your young life you've seen such misery and pain  
The world's a cruel place to live in, it ain't gonna change yeah  
You're so young, and you've got so far to go  
Don't think you'll reach your goal young man  
Talkin 'bout the ghetto boy  
Yeah yeah yeah Yeah, yeah little ghetto boy-oy  
When when you become a man, yeah  
You can make things change  
Oh if you just take a stand, yeah yeah You've got to believe in yourself, in all that you do  
You've got to fight to make it better, better  
And you will see, that others will start believin' too  
Then my son, things will start to get better  
Hey yeah yeah (Everything has got to get better)  
Oh  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Everything is gonna get better  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Yeah yeah yeah  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Don't you know its gonna get better  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Hey yeah yeah  
(Everything has got to get better)  
I do believe that everything  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Whoa  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Oh yeah yeah  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Whoa  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Little ghetto boy, hm yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah  
(Everything has got to get better)  
Hey yeah yeah  
Got to believe that everything  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Whoa ho oh oh oh  
Whoa yeah  
Whoa ho oh oh oh Oh yeah yeah

Yeah, yeah, little ghetto boy  
Mm yeah yeah

Songwriters

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