

# Ghetto Rain

## Silkk the Shocker

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Picture this, any man that hustle because like to is a fool  
Any man that hustle because he got to feed his family  
That's a real man, you see  
I hustle because I got feed me family I got families to feed, I got feed my mama  
I got to feed big mama, I got to feed my cousin  
I got to feed my lil' brother, I got to feed my sister  
I got to feed my kids, I got to feed my people The ghetto's got me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
The ghettos got me hustlin' tryin' to stay alive  
The ghetto get me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
And I know I'm goin' to hustle until the day I die Uh, it's da black rain to da moon and tears that cause lies  
See that's the way I felt when my lil' brother died  
And some fools say it ain't no justice and other niggaz say  
It ain't no peace that's why thugs help their on these projects  
And on these streets See my daddy made me a dealer and my cousin made me killer  
See that's why everything we do, they gonna respect us and feel us  
And I'm still tryin' to understand why big daddy was with da rest  
And my nephew on the last counter on da 14th down the car wreck It ain't muthafucker down on dope, on crack  
or AIDS  
And I see so many ghetto people go to jail  
And live your life and die like slaves  
I got a relative on a peel doin' 25 flat On murder or ride nigga fuck it  
Johnny Cochran can't fight that  
And since I'm black and I'm rich  
They see to overlook it's me advise First class niggaz tryin' call da police tryin' to book us  
Ain't that a bitch, I done made millions  
And still goin' through a thang  
That's niggaz ask me P why the fuck you never change The ghetto's got me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
The ghettos got me hustlin' tryin' to stay alive  
The ghetto get me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
And I know I'm goin' to hustle until the day I die It's like I'm rich and poor, I open the world and slang dop  
It's the world changes know and changes I thorn  
I thank all my big brothers with out him I wouldn't made it through

So with life on line put all up for him so I put that shit on through  
The ghetto got me caught up, no broken  
dreams

The ghettos trap, I see some on crack and dope fiends  
My hommie, never did no crime but lien' up in the hearse  
Thank God for all that I got from that times can be worst  
Ever feel like you was swimming and really was  
dronin'

You ain't wanna smile but your tender smile always see me clownin'  
I trade my life to make the world better, trade everything I got  
Including life to bring back my brother Kevin  
See I spit the realist shit tryin' make you'll feel this shit  
You'll tryin' put the finger on our side, livin' middle bricks livin' this shit

See I tell you everybody use to ride Benz's but we had to ride buggies  
Mom wanted better things for me but private school was  
Way past our budget  
So if I'm happy and I'm smilin' and I'm camouflage my problems  
The only way I can really solve them if I really grab and revolve them  
So I grab it and I cocked it I was going to pop it

But I stop, forgot I was rich what everybody not rich  
Every month so close to gettin' no profits  
My only hustle, I told them to stop it but can't really knock it  
Everybody died up in game, everybody tryin' to maintain

Wall from out da ghetto, close my eyes and still see the pain  
Sometimes I just get fed up  
To all my souljas worldwide  
I know its hard to stride

Keep your head up  
The ghetto's got me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
The ghetts got me hustlin' tryin' to stay alive  
The ghetto get me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
And I know I'm goin' to hustle until the day I die  
The ghetto's got me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
The ghetts got me hustlin' tryin' to stay alive  
The ghetto get me hustlin' tryin' to survive  
And I know I'm goin' to hustle until the day I die

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