

# Lil' Ghetto Boy

Dr. Dre

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Wake up, jumped out my bed  
Hung in a 2 man cell wit my homie Lil 1/2 Dead  
Murder was the case that they gave me  
Dear God, I wonder can you save me  
I'm only 18, so I'm a young buck  
It's a ride, if I don't scrap, I'm getting stuck  
But that's the life of a G, I guess  
Ese's way deep, shanked two in they chest  
Bests run 'cause brothers is dropping quicker  
Ugh, too late, damn, down goes another nigga  
Bouncing off the walls, throwing them dogs  
Getting a rep as a young hog  
It ain't nothing like the street life  
Betta be strapped wit yo shank, 'cause ain't no fist fight  
So I guess I gots to handle mine  
Since I did the crime, I gots ta do my time Lil' ghetto boy  
Playing in the ghetto streets  
What'cha gonna do when you grow up  
And have to face responsibility Now, I'm holding a dove, sitting on swoll  
27 years old, up for parole, stroll  
I'm back up on my feet wit my mind on the money  
That I'm making as soon as I touch the street  
Things done changed on this side  
Remember they used to thump but now they blast, right  
But it ain't no thing to me  
'Cause now I'm what they call a locec-assed O.G.  
The little homies from the hood wit grip  
Are the ones I get with cause I'm down to set-trip  
Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so what ya want to do  
Didn't know we had a 22  
Straight sitting behind his back  
I'm grab his pockets and then I heard six caps

I fell to the ground wit blood on my hands  
I didn't understand  
How a nigga so young could bust a cap  
I use to be the same way back  
I guess that's what I get (for what)  
For trying to jack them little homies for they bread Lil' ghetto boy  
Playing in the ghetto streets  
What'cha gonna do when you grow up  
And have to face responsibility Something for the real OG's to get wit  
Some facts, made our made, now you want to run and play  
Like every single day, really doe  
You know me, I'm the smooth macadamia, gaming them for my homie  
No need to be uncalm if you pack right  
And learning just enough to keep your sack right  
Late nights, I wonder what they getting fo'  
Early morning on the corners, what they hitting fo'  
Seven young G's put they serve down  
In a jeep ride, east side what they swerve now  
Not thinking about what's really going on  
Got crept on, stepped on, now they gone  
I spent 4 years in the county wit nutting but convicts around me  
But now I'm back at the pound  
And we expose ways for the youth to survive  
Some think it's wrong but we tend to think it's right  
So make all them ends you can make  
'Cause when you're broke, you break, check it out  
So ain't no need for your mama to trip  
'Cause you's a hustling ass youngsta, clocking your grip Lil' ghetto boy  
Playing in the ghetto streets  
What'cha gonna do when you grow up  
And have to face responsibility

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