Ghetto Life

Cap 1

Ok, we got the Birdman in the building
We got Killa in the building
We got Young Weezy in the building
Nigga, it's B.M, J.R, Weezy, baby
Tryna see him, naw, he need to even eighty
An' I ain't speakin' Gs, I'm talkin' M
An' I'm walkin' like a pimp in them all street tims
Man, shorty got more green than a Boston Gems
Green Austen, they don't cost in rims
Wayne appear, nigga put a walls in ya ear
Let ya know a fuckin' boss up in here
How much it cost for this here? How much it cost for this year?
'Cuz Me an' Stunna 'bout to buy it
Put yo spoons down, cash money off the diet
I pass in a ride on triot, that's traze
But those who was in the days when the teachers was on that pay
I'm raised in the cajun cage, with a bit of amazin' grace
An' prone to move coke at a amazin' pace
Man, my daddy, super Dave, let's race it
Real, not have me, B. I'ma win it, I'm a champ
In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boy
Livin' in the ghetto me, in the ghetto streets
I'm a ghetto life, any second dog, I can blow up
For ghetto me an' you best to be watchin' me
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto life
See, I ride on them shake when I'm pimpin' them hoes
Just that Sunshine City, when I'm smokin' that dro
When it comes to this ice, real livin' his life
Get money, pimpin' hoes with these ghetto type
Nigga, check the background, I got O.G. stripe
Just a hood rich nigga, flippin' birds on a bike
Not survive in this world with guns, pahs an' knifes
Pour out a lil' liquor, mami lost her life
All my niggaz in the penitentiary, holdin' that life
See I'm stunnin' for my niggaz with this chromed out pipes
This swish interry foreign German lifes
An' I keep this big toolie just protect my ice
I act, a damn fool, when I'm full of that white

But it's the Birdman, Daddy, with these ghetto stripes
Ghetto hood, ghetto pipe
Ghetto walk, with my ghetto life
In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boy
Livin' in the ghetto me, in the ghetto streets
I'm a ghetto life, any second dog, I can blow up
For ghetto me an' you best to be watchin' me
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto life
Ayyo, the duck just born, I need seven more leaders
C.Five, Fo' Fum an' a 74 fever
Act up though I let the 4 fever leave ya
Dice game, head crack, 64 fever
When I'm in L.A., I got 64 fever
An' a fever for the flava of a six foot diva
I told the po' to feave her, I'm about to crook
Out to just, not a chef, but I know how to cook
With the piece stocks, cook up the rocks
Seventh Delenix is hot, I done cook up the block
Send glocks to ya block, out done cook up yo spots
That's how coke for that cook up his watch
I'm one of those, that will look up to Pac
'Cuz when I get pulled over, cook up the cops
All they say is, look at his drop
Hand on my license, look at his watch
But, thug shit, dog, we down with Baby
We come through clownin', baby
An' if we, surrounded babies, duck tape the kids to the wall
Then shoot circle all around the baby, Killa
In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boy
Livin' in the ghetto me, in the ghetto streets
I'm a ghetto life, any second dog, I can blow up
For ghetto me an' you best to be watchin' me
Ghetto, ghetto, ghetto life
It's nothin', man, Killa, Diplomats, Cash Money, Baby, holla
Jim Jones, Santana, what's good? Roc-a-Fella
Birdman, fly to hood near you, then they got 'em cheap
Yeah, ya know, ya know, get that call out one more time

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