

# Ghetto (feat. T-Pain)

## Trina

verse 1 long nails, pack of weave  
dutches and a bag of weed  
that's all a bitch like you need  
you from the f\*\*king ghetto  
that Reggie Miller that you push  
don't be burning like that Cush  
you gone need that Reggie bush  
f\*\*king with the ghetto  
moscato filling up my cup  
run outs we don't give a f\*\*k  
new folk get me so f\*\*ked up  
coming from the ghetto  
so watch it when you in tha south  
and watch what you say out your mouth  
and watch yo step cuz slippers count  
when you in the ghetto  
wife beater, nigga Tim's  
slide in with some bigger rims  
flip a key and hit the flee  
and go an get some bigger gyms  
tha hood is in the building man  
I'll get you in your feelings man  
It's some s\*\*t outside your house  
with rims tha size of ceiling fans  
I'm the pride of King Kong  
I'm stomping through the Congo  
I can make it clap clap, beat it like a bongo  
cat got your tongue  
you tell that pussy let you tongue go  
wouldn't of did this s\*\*t right here  
so gutter but the song sochorusghetto, country, hood, ratchet  
put your hands up if you f\*\*king that s\*\*t  
ghetto, ya know opposite of busse  
twelve inch yaki, big round booties  
ghetto  
way to hello, say I'm ghetto  
fly with the medal  
tell em that it is what it is  
I make it do what it do

and i love where i live  
and my people love it too, cuz we ghettoverse 2you in the Benz in the projects  
lights in yo mama's name  
you hustle lock yo celly  
and that's the third time yo number changed  
transport airbrush, outside speakers on  
Valentino pu\*\*y huggers  
high heel sneakers on  
my feet done, nails too  
all on the front porch  
you cooking in some Vicki's ass  
hanging out yo boy shorts  
camouflage stiletto's  
and diamonds on her metro  
tatted silhouettes, cuz wet is just so fu\*\*ing ghetto  
dope game, bond man  
bonds money, bonds man  
that's how you spend funds man  
when you in the ghetto  
if you make your money easy  
and yo swag is off tha heezy  
and yo favorite rapper Jeezy  
you are muthaf\*\*king ghetto  
hundred dollar jeans on  
price tag bragging  
but tha world kiss yo ass  
so you where them f\*\*ka's sagging  
cd of the newest choice  
and Nike's be tha shoe of choice  
candy paint, 24's  
boosters, hoes, and licka stores  
(ghetto, so fu\*\*ing ghetto)chorus (1X)verse 3tomboys, hot boys  
hammer laying in your lap  
got bitches laying in your bed  
and robbers laying in your trap  
dubs on the four wheela  
TV's in the headrest  
and hundred dolla best  
cuz he was tricking give tha head best  
section eight with chase  
eviction notice getting served  
child support, hood homes  
advance on the f\*\*king third  
bootleg DVD's  
Rico had anotha kid

Income tax checks  
you claiming other people's kids  
more hard gold teeth, tattoos dreadlocks  
you serving out tha room window  
oh now you call it bedrock  
lace front, long lashes  
looking for a trap star  
now every nigga in the ghetto  
he thinkin he a rap star  
fully automatic stick  
out a town a dummy brick  
now watch him role and watch him stick  
when you in the ghetto  
pills, dro, kid, blow  
and people you don't wanna know  
weed bags, corner stores  
it's so muthaf\*\*in ghettochorus (1X)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>