Ghetto Story Chapter 3 (Featuring Akon)

Cham

Said thys is my story
True ghetto story
Said thys is my story
Real ghetto story
HeySee, I was born poor like many men who didn't have notin'
Came to America trying to make sometin' outta sometin'
See we Africans we love huntin'
Found my way up to da top like it wasn't nothingAnd hooked up wit some Puerto Ricans up in Jersey
We use to be call laa baw and pot see
Had a lot after sometin', after union city
In a couple of projects in NYCI remember those days when hell was my home
When me and mama bed was a big piece a foam
An mi never like bathe and my hair never comb
When mama gone a work me go street go roamI remember when Danny dem tek me snow cone
An mek him likkle bredda dem kick up Jerome
I remember when we visit dem wid pure big stone
An the boy Danny pop out something weh full chromeBut dats no betta than to play around me
And knew I kept the AK displayed around me
And I moved out to da eight to find more cheese
And I found out Cars make more dan weedI remember when we run, Fatta get him knee blown
An mi best friend Richie get, two inna him dome
I remember so the avenue tun inna warzone
An, Mickey madda fly him out, cau she get a loan(What?)
But, Mickey go to foreign and go tun Al Capone
Mek whole heap a money and sen in our own
Now a we a lock the city and, that is well known
Yesterday Mickey call me pan mi phone
Mi say MickeyWi get di ting dem, dem outta luck now
Mi squeeze seven and the whole a dem a duck now
(This a survival story)
Wi have whole heap a extra clip cau we nuh bruk now
(True ghetto story)
Rah, rah, rah, rah(Said this my story)
Wi get di ting dem, so dem haffi rate wi
(Akon Story)
Cau we a tek it to them wicked of lately
(This is my story)
And now the whole community a live greatly
(Real ghetto story)

Rah, rah, rah, rah
HeyI remember bout '80, Jamaica explode
When a Trinity and Tony Hewitt dem a run road
That a long before Laing dem and even Bigga Ford
When Adams dem a Corporal nuh know the road codeI remember when we rob the chiney shop down the road
An rumour have it sey the chiney man have a sword
But we did have a one pop wey make outta board
So you know the next day mama pot overloadHow could that be?
Shop, shops in the city call me the relieve
Never thought of flee
Some hotter po po styll caught up wit me
But then I got locked upThen while I was boxed out
Broke us some locked out, then they let me out but
Two Years later my brother skrew got shot up
And got the whole block royal like now wat
RahJamaica get screw, tru greed an glutton
Politics manipulate and press yutes button
But we rich now ,so dem caan tell man notin
Cuz a we a mek mama a nyaam fish an' mutton, ehhOva dehso mek mi tell unnu some'in
Tru mi dey a foreign now a guy kill me cousin
An mi here sey TD deh dey but him sey he wasnt
Anytime mi fly down him a get bout dozen 'causeWi get di ting dem, dem outta luck now
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