

# 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  
 Hey I 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 code I 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 overload How 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 up Then 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  
 Rah Jamaica get screw, tru greed an glutton  
 Politics manipulate and press yutes button  
 But we rich now ,so dem caan tell man not in  
 Cuz a we a mek mama a nyaam fish an' mutton, eh Ova deh so 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 'cause Wi 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  
 Hey I 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 roam I 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 chrome I 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 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 Mickey

Songwriters

KELLY, DAVE/BECKETT, DAMEON/THIAM, ALIAUNE Published by  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>