

# Ghetto Life (Feat. Bun-B, 6 Shot)

## Birdman

[Man talking]

OK, we got the Birdman in the building (the birdman)  
We got Killa in the building (yeah)  
We got Young Weezy in the building (Weezy)[Lil' Wayne]  
Nigga it's, be-M, J-are, Weezy baby  
Trying to see him, naw, he need to even eighty (shut yo chips up)  
And, I ain't speaking G's, I'm talking M  
And I'm walking like a pimp in (pimp) them all street tims  
Man shorty got more green than a Boston Gems  
Green ? they don't cost in rims  
Wayne appear, nigga put a walls in ya ear  
Let ya know a fucking boss up in here  
How much it cost for this here?  
How much it cost for this year?  
'cause Me and 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 raise in the cajun cage, with a bit of amazing grace  
And prone to move coke at a amazing pace  
Man my daddy super Dave, let's race it  
Real not have me, be I'ma win it, I'm a champ[Chorus: TQ]  
In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto boy(ghetto boy)  
Living in the ghetto me, in the ghetto streets  
(Somebody tell me what's cracking before)  
I'm a ghetto life, any second dog I can blow up  
For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin me  
Ghetto, ghetto, Ghetto Life[Baby]  
Holla at me T-Keez, T-Keezy, Birdman, Birdman  
See I ride in them shake (34's) when I'm pimping these hoes (beyotch!)  
It's just that, (Sunshine City!) when I'm smoking that dro  
When it comes to this ice, real livin his life  
Get money, pimping hoes, with these ghetto type  
Nigga check the background, I got O.G. stripe  
Just a hood rich nigga flipping birds on a bike  
Not survive in this world with guns, pahs, and knives  
Pour out, a lil' liquor, mami lost her life  
All my niggas in the penitentiary holding that life  
See I'm stunning for my niggas with this chromed out pipes

This swish interry foreign german life's (bitch)  
And I keep this big toolie just protect my ice (holla at me nigga)  
I act, a damn fool, when I'm full of that white (absolute bitch)  
But it's the Birdman daddy with these ghe-tto stripes  
Ghetto hood (Uptown), Ghe-tto pipe (9 Millimeter)  
Ghetto walk (yeah), With my ghe-tto life (Beyotch)[Chorus][Cam'Ron]  
Uh-huh, Diplomats, man listen  
Hey yo the duck just born, I need seven more leaders  
See-Five, Fo'-Fum, and a Seven-Fo' fever (what else)  
Act up though I let the Fo' fever leave ya (leave ya)  
Dice game, head crack, Six-Fo' fever (fever)  
When I'm in L.A., I got Six-Fo' fever (fever)  
Fever for the flava of a six-foot diva (let 'em know)  
I told the po to feave her, I'm a bout crook  
Out to just, not a chef ? 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 (what else though?)  
I'm one of those, that will look up to Pac (why?)  
'cause when I get pulled over, cook up the cops (damn, follow what)  
All they say is, look at his drop (what else?)  
Hand on my liscence, look at his watch (fuck em)  
But, thug shit dogg, we down with Baby (baby)  
We come through clowning baby (baby)  
And if we, surrounded babies, ducktape the kids to the wall  
Then shoot circle all around the baby, Killa![Chorus][Cam'Ron]  
It's nothin man, Killa!  
Diplomats, Cash Money  
Baby, holla!  
Jim Jones, Santana, what's good, Roc-a-FellaBirdman  
Fly, to hood near you  
Then they got 'em cheap (whooh!)  
(Yeah, ya know, ya know)  
Get that call out one more time

Songwriters

MAKONIE, MARK J E/BROWN, GARY VICTOR/BLOUNT, ARNEZ L  
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