

# Every Ghetto

Nas

Uhh... yeah... uhh... Blessings in life to the children  
They say life is like 5 days  
Words of a old man with silver hair in his wheel chair  
His eyes were bloody while describin' what lies before me Said evil bitches and jealous men would try to  
destroy me  
It occurred to me, this old nigga's words couldn't be realer  
I'm on top now, slightest drama, I'll have ta kill ya  
'Cause animals and sweetness, sharks smell blood in water Ishmael, Moses and Gob, moved a divine order  
Shit is plastic material, havin' no life  
I crash whips and leave it no matter the price  
As long as I survive, coppin' the five Circle the block where the beef's at  
And park in front of my enemy's eyes  
They see that it's war we life stealers  
Hollow tip, lead busters there's no heaven or hell Dead is dead, fuckers  
And your soul is with god  
Your mind keeps lurkin' to earth  
Watchin' your own murder reoccur For ever struggle, every strip, and every ghetto  
For every nigga toned in the pain and heavy metal  
For every child that's born  
And every nigga gone  
And for every brotha breathin'  
Live to see another mornin' For ever struggle, every strip, and every ghetto  
For every nigga toned in the pain and heavy metal  
For every child that's born  
And every nigga gone  
And for every brotha breathin'  
Live to see another mornin' It's blitz nigga the streets glory many die for me  
Got knocked refused 3 to 9's, went to trial for me  
Basically I'm just reality loaded with vast stories  
Of lust, greed, and contempt no street is exempt Extended clip shots hoods barricaded for 6 blocks  
I sip shots, watchin' em hustlers pitch rocks  
All you paintin' pictures of my pain  
Illustrate the city in vain Fallin' deep into the pits of the game  
This is for the sickest state of mind  
In these fatal times, vesh crimes  
Nickel plated nine and niggas from the dime Hear the sounds of them baby's cry  
Still I'm sayin' why do we reside  
In the ghetto with a million ways to die  
Stayin' high to relieve the pain Breathin' in the game, exhalin'

Guilts and the shame, misery and strain  
What the fuck will tomorrow bring  
Look at anthrax, I stand back through  
Hopin' I make it through tomorrow My skin is a art gallery, right  
With paintings of crucifixes  
Hopin' to save me from all the dangers in the music business  
Was once a young gangsta hangin' with youth offenders But since I tasted paper it started losin the friendships  
Watchin' kids freeze in winters, they still poor  
How could I tease them with benz's and feel no remorse  
Drivin' past them in the lively fashion, diamond colors clashin' Red stones, blue stones, red bones and black ones  
Fuck did I expect with bucket seats in a lex  
And spendin' time in chuckie cheese with little des  
Got guns when I'm with my daughter Hate to bring a violent aura in her presence  
She knows what daddy taught her, it's lessons  
Black princess it's a ugly world  
I put my life up for yours, see I love that girl Could you believe even my shadow's jealous  
My skin is mad at my flesh, my flesh hates my own bones  
My brain hates my heart, my heart makes the songs  
Though my songs come from the father I'm lonely...  
Hold me, it's gettin' darker For ever struggle, every strip, and every ghetto  
For every nigga toned in the pain and heavy metal  
For every child that's born  
And every nigga gone  
And for every brotha breathin'  
Live to see another mornin' For ever struggle, every strip, and every ghetto  
For every nigga toned in the pain and heavy metal  
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Live to see another mornin'

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