Ghetto Bastard

D-Sisive

Smooth it out
(Alright)
This is a story about the drifter
Who waited through the worst for the best in crosstown
Who never planned on havin' so dick
Why me, huh?Everything's gonna be alright, alright
Everything's gonna be alright, alright
Everything's gonna be alright now
Everything's gonna be alright nowSome get a little and some get none
Some catch a bad one and some leave the job half done
I was one who never had and always mad
Never knew my dad, mother fuck the fagWhere anywhere I did pick up, flipped the clip up
Too many stick-ups, 'cause niggas had the trigger hic-ups
I couldn't get a job, nappy hair was not allowed
My mother couldn't afford us all, she had to throw me outI walked the strip, which is a clip, who wanna hit?
They got 'em quick, I had to eat, this money's good as spent
I threw in graves, I wasn't paid enough
I kept 'em long 'cause I couldn't afford a haircutI got laughed at, I got chumped, I got dissed
I got upset, I got a Tec and a banana clip
Was down to throw the led to any tellin' crackhead
I'm still livin' broke, so a lot of good it would've didOr done, if not for bad luck, I would have none
Why did I have to live a life of such a bad one
Why when I was a kid and played out was a sad one
And always wanted to live like just a fat oneEverything's gonna be alright, alright
Everything's gonna be alright, alright
Everything's gonna be alright now
Everything's gonna be alrightA ghetto bastard, born next to the projects
Livin' in the slums with bums, I sit and watch them
Why do I have to be like this? Momma said I'm priceless
So I am all worthless, starved, and it's just for being a nice kidSometimes I wish I could afford a pistol then, though
Last stop to hell, I would've ended things a while ago
I ain't have jack but a black hat and knapsack
Four squad stolen in cars in a blackjack
(Alright)Drop that, and now you want me to rap and give?
Say somethin' positive? Well positive ain't where I lived
I lived right around a corner from west hell
Two blocks from south shit, it was in a jail cellThe sun never shone on my side of the street, see
And only once or twice a week I would speak

I walked alone, my state of mind was home sweet home
I couldn't keep a girl, they wanted kids for cause of chromeSome life, it you ain't wear gold your style was old
And you got more juice than dope for every bottle sold
Hell no, I say there's gotta be a better way
But hey, never gamble any game that you can't play
(Alright)I'm slowin' and flowin' and goin' in on and knowin' not now
How will I do it, how will I make it? I won't, that's how
Why me, huh?Everything's gonna be alright, alright
Everything's gonna be alright, alright
Everything's gonna be alright now
Everything's gonna be alright, alrightMy third year into adulthood and still a knucklehead
I'm better off dead, huh, that's what my neighbor said
I don't do jack but fightin', lightin' up the streets at night
Playin' hide and seek with a machetti [Incomprehensible] Freddy swipeSome say I'm rollin' on, nothin' but a dog now
I answer that with a fuck you and a bow-wow
'Cause I done been through more shit within the last week
Than I fly flowin' in doo-doo on the concrete
(Alright)I been a deadbeat, dead to the world and dead wrong
Since I was born that's my life, oh you don't know this song?
So don't say Jack, and please don't say you understand
All that man to man talk just hot damnIf you ain't live you couldn't feel it, so kill it, Skillet
And all that talk about it won't help it out, now will it?
And ill town fell like I stuck-up props, got shot
Don't worry, I hit Bob, flurry, and his punk-ass droppedBut I'm the one who has been labeled as an outcast
They changin' schools, I'm the misfit that will outlast
But that's cool with the bull, smack 'em backwards
That's what you get for fuckin' with a ghetto bastardIf you ain't never been to the ghetto
Don't ever come to the ghetto
'Cause you ain't understand the ghetto
And stay the fuck out of the ghetto
(Alright)Why me?
(Alright)
Why me?Alright, alright, alright

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