Ghetto Memories

Afroman

[Afroman talking]Gotta do one song for the hood
This going out to all my homeboys
Ya know what I' saying
All my balling homeboys
Ya know what I' saying
Up in the hills (ghetto memories)
Riding Ferraris, Rolls Royces
You know, doing good
It's lonely at the top
And if you get to thinking, heh
You get those (ghetto memories)
[Afroman singing]Memories, of the ghetto
Getting drunk, getting high, getting faded (ghetto memories)
Memories, of the ghetto
Getting paid, getting laid and incarcerated (ghetto memories)
[Afroman rapping]I hop out my car and stroll brotha
Afroman, young soul brotha
Late night crack house deep off in the hood
We kick it outside cause the weather feel good
Stereo bumping in the living room
Classic soul music with the peaceful boom (boom)
Colt 45 got your boy on buzz
But I ain't going home, I' post in 'cause (post in 'cause)
Take another swig, take another hit
Talk to my man about some real deep shit
Cluck heads walking up and down the block (ba-kaa!)
Pulling to the side and selling the rock
The block get slow about a quarter to four
Spotlight po-po gets searched once more
They searched me from the east, west, north and south
I relaxed cause I got the cocaine in my mouth
They take the handcuffs off and we get released
Hop in the Cadillac and tell my homeboys 'peace'
Nineteen ninety-two Fleetwood Grove

Daytons gold in chrome on my way back home (memories)
[Afroman singing]Memories, of the ghetto
Getting drunk, getting high, getting faded (ghetto memories)
Memories, of the ghetto

Getting paid, getting laid and incarcerated (ghetto memories)
[Afroman rapping]My system be good off in my Fleetwood
Beating in my Caddy like cops in Cincinnati
At the red light, I stop and stall
Look at the liquor store and see my name on the wall
Hookers on the corner tryna make a sale
Brothas in handcuffs going to jail
The light turn green and I starts to bail
Dosing off cause I' drunk, high, sleepy as hell
And as I ride, I just can't hide
My sense of pride, for where I reside
I' proud of the ghetto, proud to survive the ghetto
You know, stay alive in the ghetto
Drink Colt 45 in the ghetto
Struggle and strive to get out the ghetto
I' out the ghetto
But the ghetto is inside me
Ghetto memories
[Afroman singing]Memories (baby), of the ghetto
Getting drunk, getting high, getting faded (ghetto memories)
Memories, of the ghetto
Getting paid, getting laid and incarcerated (ghetto memories)
Memories, of the ghetto
Getting drunk, getting high, getting faded (ghetto memories)
Memories, of the ghetto
Getting paid, getting laid and incarcerated (ghetto memories)

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