

Every Ghetto

Nas

Blessings in life to the children, they say "Life is like five 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 niggas words couldn't be realer I'm on top now, slightest drama, I'll have ta kill ya
'Cuz animals and sweetness, sharks smell blood in water
Ishmael, moses and job, moved a divine order
Shit it's 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 three to nine'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 six 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 play the nine and niggas for 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, hopin' I make it 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 desGot 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 worldI 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' darkerFor 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
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