

Ghetto Life (feat. Bun-B And 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

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