

Ghetto DMF (feat. Quelle Chris)

Black Milk

Ayyo, left with the hood that I rep with
From the side of the tracks in the area
Where they might bury ya bare with a stare
And 'em bullets'll flair in the air in hysteria
Welcome to America's Detroit area
Hoes that bit open up clothes in the streets
And leave the cops in there fearing ya
Cops in the area to knock off
So drop when you hear the pop
That mean it probably done popped off
The only blaze when you are walking in the place
While wearing some Cartiers and get a gun in your face
And catch a bullet for shades, hold up yo
Niggas like oh shit dawg you on some ho shit
Ghetto DMF but you seeing more guns then glow sticks
Black girl smoke shit, white girl coke strip
Hung around niggas that didn't know shit
Only knew the hustles...
Talk ease my nigga, talk E's
Getting hexed tell me get on them records and talk greasy
Chicks like to get in the ear, talk sleazy
Smile in your face, hate talk to CD
If we ain't talking cheese then we ain't talking at all
Please your bra wanna leave after seeing the car keys
Now she's hanging off ...
Now what what

Some Ghetto DMF shit
Tell me what you niggas gonna do
Ghetto DMF shit
Riding around come through
Ghetto DMF shit
Put on with 'em for the crew
Ghetto DMF shit
You know, you know who
Ghetto

Where all the buttnaked strippers at?
She poppin' the trunk I'll but the shotty where her kittens at

Speakers speaking up where I'm sitting at
Nigga freak, nigga bagging bitches for a pic of that (what that thing smell like?)
She ain't tryna hear it
And I would check her ID she smell like teen spirit
Hoes trap you wavy ghetto tek banging in the whip
Godfather better get your bitch playing
They ain't playing with you, better get your bitch playing
Hit the stains watch the whole crowd turn to Rick Flairs
Every thought I have is still the kick snare
Everything I do is for this shit here
Ladies on my nut hair
You cut 'em once, you cut 'em off or cut 'em forever
Scro and square, ho niggas pimpin' proper niggas getting pimped
Be something like a hater pop a shot off on the bench
That's why I don't get caught up in the mix
New techniques, turn the tables
Hit the D with a J lit
Ghetto DEMF where the dealers with the base go
When the bank slow, serving fiends getting pesos
So Ghetto DMF shit

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