

Geto Fantasy

Geto Boys

I used to watch TV and see the superstars
Three story mansions and fancy cars
Now picture that a Geto Boy walking that life G
Coming up in a house full of negativityEverybody drinking everybody smoking
Everybody cussin' and fussin' like hell I'm hopin'
That I can raise up outta this mess
I'm too damn young to be distressed and oh yes I went and got what I thought was mine
Did the crime the time and a motherfucker didn't whine
Fuck that shit the jailhouse ain't for me
I got places to go and people to seeWanna make millions and live to see my grandchildren
That's the motherfuckin' dream that I'm building
Anybody ain't with that can step the fuck back
It's 41 for the poor one never criesI used to dream about getting that cash
And buy my mamma a crib and I did before she passed
The good life has no equivalent
It ain't a fantasy no more because I'm living itGeto fantasies, well I don't live here any more
Oh no, no, no geto fantasy
Geto fantasies, well I don't live here any more
Oh no, no, noHe said he'd open opportunity
But to me ain't no open opportunity
So shut your Mickey D's down in my community
'Cause it ain't helping feed me or my familyAnd that's the reala and you can give a twelve gauge to a nigga
Ain't got scrilla and now you got a born killer, cap peela
And while you build your penitentiaries for my children
I plant seeds for my childrenSo when they cross these roads they'll be prepared
And never show no respect to these hoes that never cared for
'Cause they only come around to the black folks
When they run they campaign and they lack votesOnce you vote 'em in, they don't know you
Once you vote 'em in, they can't do jack for you
I guess it's true when they tell me you don't fight fair
You turn my geto fantasy into a nightmareGeto fantasies, well I don't live here any more
Oh no, geto fantasy
Geto fantasies, well I don't live here any more
Geto fantasyGeto days keep geto thoughts relevant
But geto ways make murder rate prevalent
You feel me? I been through many geto episodes all the same
When will niggas learn to use they mind and maintainSee you're always on the defense, relying on your street
sense
I told you once to use them sense to make dollars

Not to make a mother holler
That hard shit's kind a hard to swallowTomorrow there'll be more killings in the hood
From child abuse to drug dealings it ain't good
They want to see us stuck, shit out of luck
Can't nobody ever say I didn't try to give a fuck'Cause I did and I do, the rest is up to you
No matter what you do to your hood, stay true
And you'll make it, can't nobody take it
Geto fantasies become realities if you don't let 'em shake itGeto fantasies, well I don't live here any more
Oh no, geto fantasy
Geto fantasies, well I don't live here any more
Oh geto fantasy, geto fantasyGeto fantasies, I don't live here any more
No, no, no
No, no, no

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