

Ghetto (feat. Rich Homie Quan)

August Alsina

She got a Bugatti body, yeah she a beast in the streets
She from the projects, the hood, you know, same spot as me
I told her "We already rich, shawty, I need a freak"
Do some secrets to you, you do some secrets to me
I won't tell nobody, remind me of Yaris
Peep the oven and foreign, shawty ride with a real nigga
Say V-12 turn her on, ex-boyfriend won't leave her alone
She livin' in the past, tryna move it on, just need one day with me alone
Same house I'm was trappin' at, same house I'm was stashin' in
In the front room on the couch, tryna knock her back in
Making love on the dope money, she in love with a dope boy
And she ain't worried 'bout them other hoes, old boy Mike got one
Don't be ashamed of the projects shawty, let 'em know you a project shawty
Pieces to the puzzle and there's levels to shit shit, them other hoes can't buy that shawty
I'm from the ghetto, doors on the Lam say hello
Ass in the pen like jello, lookin real real good in them stilettos, but she still ghetto I love the way you keep them
heels on
Hair ain't yours but it's paid for and it's real long
Show them tattoos when you switch it up with your J's on
And you got an ass so fat that I can't help but to feel on
And you keep it real when it comes to having sex, girl you don't ever flex
Long as I fuck you good, you ain't worried bout what's next
That's why I keep you here, you ain't like them other hoes
'Cause you the fucking best, just in case you didn't know 'Cause you ain't got a half a million dollar condo
And you ain't got a hundred thousand dollar car
But you got a billion dollar body, trust me I know
You keep it hood no matter where you are 'Cause you come from the ghetto, love 'em from the ghetto
Girl you're the type I like, that's why I keep you right, you out the ghetto
Love 'em from the ghetto
Ain't afraid to let it show baby, go on let them know
You out the ghetto, better let 'em know
You from the ghetto, better let 'em know
Girl you are the ghetto, better let 'em know
Better let 'em know, you out that G-H-E-T-T-O You hold it down
And you never let them haters come around
Girl that's why I keep you on speed dial, just in case some shit get bad
Keep that ratchet in your bag and a little cash
Just in case I need you
If they lock me down I know I'd see you, that's without a doubt

I know you understand how it go but you're down for the ride
That's why I still keep you by my side 'Cause you ain't got a half a million dollar condo
And you ain't got a hundred thousand dollar car
But you got a billion dollar body, trust me I know
You keep it hood no matter where you are 'Cause you come from the ghetto, love 'em from the ghetto
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