

Ghetto (feat. Raekwon, Cappadonna & U-God)

Ghostface Killah, Raekwon, Cappadonna & U-God

[Intro: Raekwon]

Yo, yo, yo, turn me up, turn me up
Turn me up, turn me up, yeah, yeah, come on
Yeah, yeah, yeah, take everything, yeah
Yeah, real shit, real shit, Shallah Raekwon
All day, let's go, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo [Marlena Shaw "Woman of the Ghetto" sample]
[humming]

I was born and raised, in the ghetto
I was born and raised, in the ghetto
I was born and raised, in the ghetto
Listen to me, and just lay up

[Raekwon]

Park Hill Projects, one eight pound
Holding it down, that's the motto, 'lo goose and lottos
Blunts on the regular, O.G. style
I'm into old V's, swinging in cabs, slinging them OZ's
All I know is running in fiends labs, hitting the green bags
Visualizing Chef in the green Jag's
Wait til I get on, the haters gonna hate it
In this corner, a rich young don with a crisp lab [Marlena Shaw "Woman of the Ghetto" sample]
[humming]

Brother, listen to me
Brother, listen to me

Listen to me, and just lay up
How do you make your bread in the ghetto?
How do you make your bread in the ghetto?

[Cappadonna]

Hustling, hustle & flow
We make bread in the ghetto, by selling that crack
See niggas that make bread by busting the gat
Might stick a nigga up, stab him dead in his back
It's a dirty bread game, but we get through them stacks
Bread game, rather have bread than fame
Some sell pills and weed, it ain't no joke
Might sell anything as long as we not broke
So if you getting that bread, we be coming for your throat
It's crazy what a brother might do for the bread
Might violate parole til ya family is dead
We get bread in the ghetto, while we ducking the feds

I heard bread in the ghetto got a loaf on his head, come on[Marlena Shaw "Woman of the Ghetto" sample]

Brother, listen to me

Brother, listen to me

Listen to me, and just lay up

How do you get rid of rats in the ghetto?[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, yo, aiyo we ox 'em, duff 'em, stuff 'em in black bags

Torture them, toss 'em out the window with rift rafts

Cuz we don't take kindly to rats in the ghetto

Either your mouth stay shut or get slapped with the metal

Big fat rats get fried like porkchops for snitching

Get your ass hung like a wall clock

It's Tone Stark, Billy the Kid when the gun bark

A wire sticking out his shirt, he talking to NARC![Marlena Shaw "Woman of the Ghetto" sample]

[humming]

How do you raise your kids in the ghetto?

How do you raise your kids in the ghetto?

Feed one child and starve another

Tell me, tell me, and just lay up[U-God]

We like brothers, we came from the same mothers

In the projects, under the same covers

Wore the same drawers, fucked the same whores

Rolled dice, kicked rhymes, did crimes in the same hall

Sprayed our names on the same wall

Yo, your kids knew my kids, your wiz knew my wiz

Now you caught up in music and showbiz

If that's what it is, then that's what it is

Run up in your crib, with twelve black brothers

That'll digest to live, die just to live

Some called us martyrs, some called us fathers

Run up in the club like the suicide bombers

We be the brothers, ready past lovers

Never wanna see us, blow, we not others

Somewhere in the competition, friends got lost

The money got flipped, your tables got crossed

Now you all caught up in that label talk

Brain dead in the grain of thoughts

With a name and a game that can change New York

We ate from the same fork, pop had the same thought [echo]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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