

# Dave Hollister, Good Ole Ghetto

Ha Ha I know yall can feel me on this one cause I'm  
talking bout the ghetto  
Well, well, well, well, well Oh yeah  
Feel me come go with me

I was about 13 as I recall, just a young whippersnapper  
playin' ball tryin' to hang out with the homies after dark  
We use to slap box until the street lights come on and I  
can hear my mama yelling that it was time to come home but  
being young you know how hard it be was.  
I can clearly remember all the other kids laughing at me  
because I use to wear those hand me downs but if they can  
only see me now, and evey now and then I reminisce about it  
well baby thats life as well you know when you come  
straight from the ghetto.

Hey yo, hey yo  
Give me some of that, give me some of that  
Good ole ghetto  
Lookin' back as a kid again, hangin' in the hood again  
Yo, hey yo  
Give me some of that, give me some of that  
good ole ghetto  
Cause these are our sweet ghetto memories

We ate ghetto food, we wore ghetto clothes, ended up  
being ghetto stars, driving our ghetto loads  
With a diamond in the back, sunroof top, diggin in the  
scene with a gansta lean ooh  
Now I can clearly remember when it was cool to do the  
"Hammer" dance and everybody wore those pants but back  
then I just couldn't afford it and every now and then  
I reminisce about but its all good in the hood you know  
especially when your from the ghetto

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Good ole ghetto  
Lookin' back as a kid again, hangin' in the hood again  
Yo, hey yo  
Give me some of that, give me some of that  
Good ole ghetto  
Cause these are our sweet ghetto memories

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
yeah, yeah, yeah  
yeah, yeah, yeah,  
Talking bout the ghetto, talking bout the ghetto  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
yeah, yeah, yeah  
yeah, yeah, yeah,  
Talking bout the ghetto, talking bout the ghetto

Hey yo, hey yo  
Give me some of that, give me some of that  
Good ole ghetto  
Lookin' back as a kid again, hangin' in the hood again  
Yo, hey yo  
Give me some of that, give me some of that  
Good ole ghetto  
Cause these are our sweet ghetto memories

Ha Ha, yeah this song goes out to all my homies that

are locked up and all my homies who are passed away  
Rest In Peace. Ha yeah, yeah from the Goodfellas Family  
to you and yours. So ghetto