

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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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

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