

Dougie D, Ghetto Life

[Hook - 4x]

In this ghetto life, that we living
Have mercy, on all your children
In this ghetto life, this ghetto life, this ghetto life
This ghetto life, that we living

[Dougie D]

Blaze a blunt, sit back and feel me
Who wants to be a millionaire, everybody really
Niggaz be struggling striving, trying to get it
In this ghetto life, that we living
Heavenly Father, have mercy on your children
For the love of the dollar, niggaz be out killing
For the love of the dollar, niggaz be out stealing
For the love of the dollar, niggaz'll be willing
And this game, is cut throat
Gotta make sure, I stay up on my note
Dougie D staying afloat, up in my boat
I ain't leaving this motherfucker, until the curtain close
Guerilla Maab, to the day I die
Slow Loud And Bangin', the fellas is on the rise
And I'ma rep it, with another hell of a swang
By living in this ghetto, li-i-e-ife

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Lord, have mercy on your children
We all done fell short of the glory, and we tripping
Everybody claiming, that they up on a mission
Heavenly Father, I know you hear me
Push up on the mashings, on a nigga note
Gotta stay focused, while I'm working my muscle for my do'
Motherfuckers want me to leave, but I ain't gon go
Still I'm here, ready to fight up on ten toes
Me and the click, been thick for so long
Ripping up microphones, and doing shows and so on
Ghetto fabulous, the life that we know
Somebody hold me, cause I'm bout to let go
We're living in a world, consumed with drugs and glocks
Where both niggaz and we chickened out, from drugs and glocks
Want into a world, where you usually don't get out
This is the life of a thug, I'm talking bout

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

In this ghetto life, that we living
Everybody wanna be robbing, jacking and stealing
Living on the corner, where niggaz be drug dealing
Kids having kids, and kids coming up missing
I'm from the city, where the good'll die first
Watching you rolled out, creep out in a black hearse
Letting out twenty shots, so the crowd'll disperse
Sick of living it broke, so you be snatching a lady purse
The only thing on they mind, is getting paid
If they don't make it today, they finding another way
Just to get away, 'fore the officer come they way
Locking em up in jail, then they throwing the key away
But ain't no way, that I'm fin to come let em take me out
Guerilla Maab till I'm dead, know what I'm talking about
I'ma grind till I'm known in public, on every block
And if a nigga wanna trip, I'm fin to be taking him out

[Hook - 4x]