

# Geto Boys, Geto Fantasy

I used to watch T.V and see the superstars  
Three story mansions and fancy cars  
Now picture that a Geto Boy walking that life G  
Coming up in a house full of negativity  
Everybody drinking everybody smoking  
Everybody cussin' and fussin' like hell I'm hopin'  
That I can raise up outta this mess  
I'm too damn young to be distressed and oh yes  
I went and got what I thought was mine  
Did the crime the time and a mother fucker didn't whine  
But fuck that shit the jailhouse ain't for me  
I got places to go and people to see  
Wanna make millions and live to see my grandchildren  
That's the mother fucking dream that I'm building  
Anybody ain't with that can step the fuck back  
It's 41 for the poor one never cries  
I used to dream about getting that cash  
And buy my mamma a crib and I did before she passed  
The good life has no equivalent  
It ain't a fantasy no more because I'm living it

[Chorus x2]  
Geto fantasies  
I don't live here any more  
Oh no no no geto fantasy

He said he'd open opportunities  
But to me ain't no open opportunities  
So shut your Mickey D's down in my communities  
Cos it ain't helping feed me or my family  
And that's the reala  
And you can give a twelve gauge to a nigga  
Ain't got scrilla  
And now you got a born killer  
Cap peela  
And while you build your penitentiaries for my children  
I plant seeds for my children  
So when they cross these roads you'll be prepared  
And never show no respect to these hoes that never cared for  
Plus they only come around to the black folks  
When they run they campaign and they lack votes  
Once you vote em in they don't know  
Once you vote em in they can't do jack for you  
I guess it's true when they tell me you don't fight fair  
You turn my ghetto into a seething messy nightmare

[Chorus x2]

Geto days keep ghetto thoughts relevant  
But geto ways make murder imprevalent  
You feel me?  
I been through many geto episodes all the same  
When will niggas learn to use they mind and maintain  
See you're always on the defense  
Relying on your street sense  
I told you once to use them sense to make dollars  
Bot to make a mother holler  
That hard shit's kind a hard to swallow  
Tomorrow there'll be more killings in the hood  
From child abuse to drug dealings it ain't good  
They want to see us stuck  
Shit out of luck  
Can't nobody ever say I didn't try to give a fuck  
Cos I did and I do

The rest is up to you  
No matter what you do to your hood stay true  
And you'll make it  
Can't nobody take it  
Geto fantasies become realities if you don't let em shake it

[Chorus x5]