

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]