

Lil' Flip, The Ghetto

[Chorus]

In this world I'm gon' pity
I was raised in the ghetto-out the city
(Naaaaah, mmmmmmm)
In this world I'm gon' pity
I was raised in the ghetto-out the city
(Naaaaah, mmmmmmm)

[Verse 1]

Look I was raised in in the (ghetto)
I got payed in the (ghetto)
alot of gangsta's got made in the (ghetto)
alot of wanksta's got, got in the (ghetto)
got shot in the (ghetto)-but not popped in they metal
I use to hang out with the ol' G's and peep game
they use to send me to the store and tell me keep the change
now it's eight years later and I run shit
kiss the ring 'cause now I'm on some dumb shit
and I ain't with that kissing ass shit dawg
you owe me stacks, don't hold me back-I'm backin heat with the Heatmakers
I can spitt it from the head I don't need a piece of loose sleeve paper
you wonder why I never mix and mingle
I'd rather roll a dutch and mix my single
and I don't know about ya'll but I'm workin
and I don't know about you but I ain't hurtin'

[Chorus]

In this world I'm gon' pity
I was raised in the ghetto-out the city
(Naaaaah, mmmmmmm)

[Verse 2]

My neighborhood ain't shit like Mister Rogers
cause in the(ghetto)niggaz quick to squabble
everybody unemployed in the (ghetto)-well fair, health care
shit the game ain't fair-alot of ya'll never come back to the (ghetto)
'cause ya'll greedy ass fuck
niggaz don't take care of they kids they'd rather by a new truck
you wanna be a ghetto star and ride in the hood
cause when the D's post up it's goin down in the hood
it's understood that more paper, bring more haters
everybody wanna coach but we need more players
in eighth grade I got paid on a regular basis
I'm stepping out with Air Max with the regular laces

[Chorus]

In this world I'm gon' pity
I was raised in the ghetto-out the city
(Naaaaah, mmmmmmm)

Something is holdin me back [repeat til the end]