

# Master P, The Ghetto Won't Change

-Some say you can change the ghetto  
-But you can't  
-I mean you can't change the people in there  
if they don't want to change

Imagine this, imagine that  
Everything you want in life, you will never get  
From the ghetto cause its crazy  
Most niggas want rose ?? but they get daisies  
Imagine this, little kids with no shoes on  
And every homeless person I see  
I'm willing to take them home  
But I can't cause my life is pure misery  
Every dollar i make, ten go back to Hillary  
And Bill, I guess life is real  
But I know deep inside I was dealt a bad deal  
And life ain't fair  
I don't care  
Even though I know one day  
I'll probably be leaving out of here  
But life has no meaning  
We was born dreaming  
But I was born scheming  
Imagine this, David Duke as our President  
Imagine ?Nuey Gambles? as his best friend  
And Robert Dole would be his best man  
But ya'll steady lookin at us for cocaine  
I don't own a plane, I don't own a boat  
I don't ship no fuckin dope, from coast to coast  
Most niggas either locked up or in chains  
Black on black crime fool  
You know the ghetto will never change

Chorus:

□□ But I'll keep holding on  
□□ (But the ghetto won't change)  
□□ I'll keep holding on  
□□ (These little kids ain't got a chance)  
□□ I'll keep holding on  
□□ (This world ain't the same)  
□□ I'll keep holding on  
□□ (That's why the ghetto won't change)

Imagine life without no rain  
Imagine everybody that you know has the same name  
And we all would be in sin  
Imagine bout you, killing your best friend  
That's how it is in the ghetto G  
Nobody care about you, her, him or me  
But they quick to point the finger  
But what if the shoe or the ring was on the other finger  
And the ghetto was good  
And the neighborhoods like the suburbs wasn't all good  
That's where the dope would be at  
And the people in the ghetto would live fat  
But it ain't all good like that  
Cause the ghetto is crazy  
I mean the people live like rats  
Taking from they brothers, they sisters, they cousins  
And niggas would kill they own mother  
Behind some rock cocaine  
But this is some shit that I don't understand  
Them bullets ain't got no names, so you better duck  
For you be (blew) ridin in that black truck

And when you take that long ride  
Leaving the ghetto trying to get that piece of pie  
Trying to hustle, trying to make a come up  
But in the end you will get done up

Chorus: