

Rich Boy, Ghetto Rich Remix

(Polow Da Don)

Shiit we tryina get it for real....

(Verse 1 - Rich Boy)

Aye..Oh..Rich Boy.. You niggas better get focused! Get money mothafucka! Get money mothafuck

Let me take you through my hood where i was born n raised
Where niggas tote a semi automatic, bustin them K's
Heavy guns and dope for us, harassed by the police
Still gettin pulled over and asked by the police
'Bama wasn't made for a nigga to win
See the color of your skin get you put in the pen
It's real life over dice, Dwayne dead and gone
Sendin niggas to the pen or the funeral home
I been feelin like the Lord will never answer me back
So im holdin on my gat, just in case they attack
Bullet holes in ya house make it hard to sleep
See the fiends on the street want the hard for cheap
Lotta niggas doin life from undercovers and fake friends
It's real how the penitentiary bars will break men.
Lotta niggas doin life from undercovers and fake friends
It's real how the penitentiary bars will break men...

(Chorus - John Legend)

It's where ya live, it's where ya play
It's where ya learn, ya favorite slang
Your world is, ghetto
It's where I live, it's where I'm from
It's where ya had, to tote your gun
Your world is(YOUNG MONEY!!), ghetto (NEW ORLEANS!)

(Verse 2 - Lil' Wayne)

I could never win an oscar, cuz i ain't know how to act
I sold my first million dollars, and i aint know how to act
Then the 2nd million came, then more came after that
Then more came after that, hurricane after that, damn..
And ya'll saw the aftermath
And in my hood we don't front so i DO give back.
When you see a hood nigga you gotta tilt your hat
And since im a hood nigga, i do just that.
O.G.'s used to tell me,
you just rap!
Lil' nigga all you need to do is rap!
And just when i thought i was gon' do just that
papa was a rollin stone, and them stones was crack.
Fuck bein like Mike, i wanna be like Pop.
Then i picked up a mic, i wanna be like Pac.
Please put down the pipe, you don't need that rock
Please put up a fight for the kids that watch
Us in the spotlight, and then they mock
But caskets get closed, and they drop
And cases get closed, and they are dropped
Cuz no one knows, and nobody got in it
Cuz they better not
3 words to a witness, they get shot
Let me tell you what this is, this is the block
Always talk to God, NEVER listen to cops....

(Chorus - John Legend)

It's where ya live, it's where ya play
It's where ya learn, ya favorite slang
Your world is, ghetto
It's where I live, it's where I'm from
It's where ya had, to tote your gun

Your world is, ghetto

(Verse 3 - Nas)

It's cool to love to win, but its better to hate to lose
There's only one Nas, bout 100,000 you's.
You lose money chasin women, never lose women chasin money.
Niggas is broke, plus the wolves is hungry.
Morgues full of dead niggas, who was takin money
Morgues full of niggas, where the last shit they ate in they stomach
Spinach and steak,
Cortex boot prints still on his face
Still on his face from his, when we vist his wake
Whatevers un-done, i do it.
Fight against a whole army, one gun i'll use it
Some son 2 shit, creepin on ya like walking pneumonia
Ya far from opponents, we can spar for the moment
I stay in deceitful conversations,
Wit creeps wit foul natures,
attempted murder trials, the basics
Threatenin the witnesses and relatives of dead victims, it's the shiit we live.
Uh,
Queensbridge thug matrimony, clap a phony
Bullets even hit a cracka in his Abercrombie
Psychoanalyst was askin me, what happened to me?
See the yak got to me, then the gat got to me
Then the homies on the block wit the stacks of money
Then these beautiful bitches was bendin backwards for me.
The Lames put the game in the casket slowly..
I don't give a fuck this is rap to me....