

Too Short, The Ghetto

Talking bout the ghetto...funky funky ghetto

Trying to survive, trying to stay alive

Chorus:

The ghetto

The ghetto

(Talking bout the ghetto)

The ghetto

The ghetto

(Funk funky ghetto)

Even though the streets are bumpy, lights burned out

Dope fiends die with a pipe in their mouths

Old school buddies not doing it right

Every day it's the same

And it's the same every night

I wouldn't shoot you bro but I'd shoot that fool

If he played me close and tried to test my cool

Every day I wonder just how I'll die

Only thing I know is how to survive

There's only one rule in the real world

And that's to take care of you, only you and yours

Keep dealing with the hard times day after day

Might deal me some dope but then crime don't pay

Black man tried to break into my house again

Thought he got off early doing time in the pen

Even though my brothers do me just like that

I get a lot of love so I'm giving it back to the...

Chorus

So just peep the game and don't call it crap

Cause to me, life is one hard rap

Even though my sister smoked crack cocaine

She was nine months pregnant, ain't nothing changed

600 million on a football team

And her baby dies just like a dope fiend

The story I tell is so incomplete

Five kids in the house and no food to eat

Don't look at me and don't ask me why

Mama's next door getting high

Even though she's got five mouths to feed

She's rather spend her money on a H-I-T

I always tell the truth about things like this

I wonder if the mayor overlooked that list

Instead of adding to the task force send some help

Waiting on him I'd better help myself

Housing Authority and the O.P.D.

All these guns just to handle me in the...

Chorus

Even though they put us down and call us animals

We make real big banks and buy brand new clothes

Drive fancy cars, make love to stars

Never really saying just who we are

We use alias names like TOO

Sell you stuff you might kill for

Young kids grow up and that's all they know

Didn't teach him in school now he's slingin dope

Only thing he knows is how to survive

But will he kill another brother before he dies?

In the ghetto, you keep one eye open

All day long, just hoping and hoping

You can pay your bills and not drink too much

Then the problems of life you'll be throwing up

Like me, but you don't see

Ten years from now, where will you be?

Chorus

So much game in a Too rap

Blacks can't be white and whites can't be black
Why you wanna act like someone else?
All you gotta do is just be yourself
We're all the same color underneath
Short Dog's in the house you'd better listen to me
Never be ashamed of what you are
Proud to be black stand tall at heart
Even though some people give you no respect
Be intelligent, when you put em in check
Cause when you're ignorant, you get treated that way
And when they throw you in jail you got nothing to say
So if you don't listen it's not my fault
I'll be getting paid while you'll be paying the cost
Sitting in the jailhouse running your mouth
While me and my peoples try to get out
Chorus