

# C-Murder, Ghetto Ties

(C-Murder)

Say Magnolia, Gateway bro

It seems like they don't want a young nigga to get rich

Like we ain't supposed to leave the ghetto

I know we tied to the ghetto, but uhh life's a bitch

You know, we was dealt some bad cards

But you know, we gotta deal with it

Lifes hard, so lets show em' what we made of

My gateway to hell seems like its constantly open

The reaper is callin', so I'm constantly smoking

C-Murder ain't gonna die in vain

My ghetto ties got me living my life in pain

See the world knows, we gonna be thugs forever

You can take me out the ghetto, but you can't make it better

See the status of your money done changed

But the status of your danger remains the same

I need to clear my head of these evil thoughts

And teach Magnolia and Gateway the shit I was taught

Take a ride with me nigga to eternity

And watch me live to see another century

Lifes a bitch, who do you trust

I put my fate in my glock, cause I know its gonna bust

I used to think the hood was cool

But my ghetto ties keep me checking in my rearview

hook

Who do you trust, my ghetto ties got me tripping, and lifes a bitch

They can't stand to see a young nigga get rich

I was dealt some bad cards

Became a thug with no love 'cause life's hard (Who do you trust)

(Soulja Slim)

Lord you showed me, even dealt me these cards, I gots to play em'

My life is like a game, I'm up from a.m. to a.m.

Why don't I AK him if he don't have none of my paper

Man if I let him live then he might take me for a faker

He might try to do a jack, and that might cost me my life

If you ever jack this real nigga, you'd besta kill me or pay the price

I ain't nothing nice, behind the street machine tell me what you see

A tall nigga bout 6'4, last left the murder scene

Disguising in army green

With infer beams on something, kinda gun nigga

Fool one nigga didn't run

My niggas went on and tore up his motherfucking ass with the bit fast

Like witness that, murder in the first degree

My ghetto ties fucking round' with me, don't do that

hook

(Da Hound)

How many times, a nigga seen a family nut up

And the momma was cut up, yeah I see now but later on I'm a be senile

But see how us niggas get caught up, quick to go in the water

Niggas steady vanishing away like saw dust

I'm feeling that ease, I'm full of them weeds and them fleas

Two 23's, nikes and reeboks let the window down and feel the breeze

My cousin D, my nigga joned in the backseat thuggin' off the rome

And to the Z, thinking about the lives we gonna free

I tell him nigga please (nigga please)

Soon as we drove up, fucking door was bout' to close up

I knocked on the door, nigga hold up, you didn't see us roll up

I forced my way in, I put seven up to his thoughts

No time for thinking is what I'm thinking  
Killed the bitch, wouldn't finish shaking  
I went to the kitchen, I'm flipping pans, pots, and spoons out  
Heard four knocks, sounded like four shots, coming from the other room  
It's about that time now, for us hounds to get gone out  
Got the dilli, quarter milli, went to the next room  
Jhon Jones was in the zone  
I saw my cousin Navier, eyes bucking out his head  
Nigga bleeding from the mouth, he shaking, he's on his way out  
By this time, I took two hits from behind  
My nigga John looked in my eyes and said nigga you ready to die  
Damn, nigga why

hook