## Cham, Ghetto Story Chapter 3

Said thys is my story True ghetto story Said thys is my story Real ghetto story Hev See, I was born poor like many men who didn't have notin' Came to America trying to make sometin' outta sometin' See we Africans we love huntin' Found my way up to da top like it wasn't nothing And hooked up wit some Puerto Ricans up in Jersey We use to be call laa baw and pot see Had a lot after sometin', after union city In a couple of projects in NYC I remember those days when hell was my home When me and mama bed was a big piece a foam An mi never like bathe and my hair never comb When mama gone a work me go street go roam I remember when Danny dem tek me snow cone An mek him likkle bredda dem kick up Jerome I remember when we visit dem wid pure big stone An the boy Danny pop out something weh full chrome But dats no betta than to play around me And knew I kept the AK displayed around me And I moved out to da eight to find more cheese And I found out Cars make more dan weed I remember when we run, Fatta get him knee blown An mi best friend Richie get, two inna him dome I remember so the avenue tun inna warzone An, Mickey madda fly him out, cau she get a loan (What?) But, Mickey go to foreign and go tun Al Capone Mek whole heap a money and sen in our own Now a we a lock the city and, that is well known Yesterday Mickey call me pan mi phone Mi say Mickey Wi get di ting dem, dem outta luck now Mi squeeze seven and the whole a dem a duck now (This a survival story) Wi have whole heap a extra clip cau we nuh bruk now (True ghetto story) Rah, rah, rah, rah (Said this my story) Wi get di ting dem, so dem haffi rate wi (Akon Story) Cau we a tek it to them wicked of lately (This is my story) And now the whole community a live greatly (Real ghetto story) Rah, rah, rah, rah Hey I remember bout '80, Jamaica explode When a Trinity and Tony Hewitt dem a run road That a long before Laing dem and even Bigga Ford When Adams dem a Corporal nuh know the road code I remember when we rob the chiney shop down the road An rumour have it sey the chiney man have a sword But we did have a one pop wey make outta board So you know the next day mama pot overload How could that be? Shop, shops in the city call me the relieve Never thought of flee Some hotter po po styll caught up wit me But then I got locked up Then while I was boxed out

Broke us some locked out, then they let me out but Two Years later my brother skrew got shot up And got the whole block royal like now wat Rah

Jamaica get screw, tru greed an glutton Politics manipulate and press vutes button But we rich now ,so dem caan tell man notin Cuz a we a mek mama a nyaam fish an' mutton, ehh Ova dehso mek mi tell unnu some'in Tru mi dey a foreign now a guy kill me cousin An mi here sey TD deh dey but him sey he wasnt Anytime mi fly down him a get bout dozen 'cause Wi get di ting dem, dem outta luck now Mi squeeze seven and the whole a dem a duck now (This a survival story) Wi have whole heap a extra clip cau we nuh bruk now (True ghetto story) Rah, rah, rah, rah (Said this my story) Wi get di ting dem, so dem haffi rate wi (Akon Story) Cau we a tek it to them wicked of lately (This is my story) And now the whole community a live greatly (Real ghetto story) Rah, rah, rah, rah Hey I remember those days when hell was my home When me and mama bed was a big piece a foam An mi never like bathe and my hair never comb When mama gone a work me go street go roam I remember when Danny dem tek me snow cone An mek him likkle bredda dem kick up Jerome I remember when we visit dem wid pure big stone An the boy Danny pop out something weh full chrome I remember when we run, Fatta get him knee blown An mi best friend Richie get, two inna him dome I remember so the avenue tun inna warzone An' Mickey madda fly him out, cau she get a loan But, Mickey go to foreign and go tun Al Capone Mek whole heap a money and sen in our own Now a we a lock the city and, that is well known Yesterday Mickey call me pan mi phone Mi say Mickey