

Dirty, Ghetto Ride

[Verse 1: Mr. G-Stacka]

Now when I was born, I wasn't warned of all the harm that I would see
Bein' harassed by the police, seein' my peeps gettin' killed in the streets
Most don't have no food to eat, and most don't have no place to sleep
Is this how it's 'posed to be, livin' our life uncomfortably... naw
Somebody better give me some answers, if they don't want no beef to start
Cause I'll draw down on your preacher, and make him get in contact with God
And ask The Man why the times so hard, why do my people struggle?
Why do my people suffer, and why do we hate each other?
And can't You see, how corrupt this land here really is?
Can't You see them ghetto tears... my folks been cryin' for years
A lot of ones don' went astray, a lot of ones confused to say
But a lot of us pray, hopin' that You'll come down here and get us one day
And get us off this evil place, so You can teach us right
We've been deceived by the beast, that's why we been so blind
So Lord I take this time... to tell you how I feel
And I hope You hear me, come and get your son up out of here

[Chorus]

Let me take you on a ghetto ride..
through this crooked world
Wash the pain and tears from the eyes..
of the boys and girls

[Verse 2: Big Pimp]

Well I can remember comin' home one day, and all our furniture was gone
My mama cryin', cause all we got is the clothes we had on
My mama was strong, she wipe her eyes and picked up the phone
My grandma stayed right down the street, so she made that my home
I love my grandma Ms. Burnett, and her first name Louise
She raised me for some years, till my mama got on her feet
It was a house full, bout twelve folk, everyday tryin' to eat
Can you imagine the youngest two was just me and Mr. G
Hell we stayed fed... off instant grits and gravy
Her chitt'lings and pig ears was so good, they make you want to bankhead
Now tell me that you think that... my life would have been so tainted
If my dad was there, because he ain't dead
It's some' I wanna tell but I can't say it
Why? Cause the radio want play it
At the age of nine I was a dankhead
Cocaine in my hand tryin' to make bread
I gotta nine in my hand so I ain't scared
Hit the block everyday seein' blood shed
But that's the price you gotta pay to keep your folks fed
Woo for real, jump in the drop-top Coupe Deville and just..

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mr. G-Stacka]

So many days of so much pain got me thinkin' bout blowin' my brains
How can I change, who will explain..
how to maintain while trapped in this game
Stackin' my mailin'... off crack sellin', me and my family gotta eat
I knew I was wrong... for skeetin' them stops
but it kept the house with light and heat
Kept some shoes up on our feet, kept our stomachs off of 'E'
Now who can you judge... you can't hold a grudge
I did this more than just for me
I did this more than just for keeps, I did this more for those in the streets
So if you feel my troubles, want you come and role with me

[Verse 4: Big Pimp]

Ok, the nigga who kill my boy Willie, only get fifteen years
But you know that time get split, so he'll do bout seven yours

How crooked the system is, for good behavior, he'll probably do just three
So in actuality, this nigga here don' kill my boy for free
I'm tryin' to understand the plan the Lord got for you and me
How the good die aw so young, and the bad live long to eat
My body and soul might be so clean, but the hood got my ways so dirty
I'm up early... on my knees, beggin' this world not to hurt me
And that's for real

[Chorus]