

Ed O.G., Streets of the Ghetto

I pumped bomb on the calm, with no alarm
and never thought that it would get to my moms
But when she found out, she made me take the pound out
and get out with it, man I could forget it
Now I'm stayin with this girl who got a kid
by another nigga, whose crew is much bigger
But he don't dig it cause his jim hat broke
But she kept the baby, cause he pumps coke
Now her crib is the new weed spot
to get the smoke or the choke, it was gettin mad hot
The next morning, while she was still sleeping
I was creeping to Jenny, here's a note, don't sweat it
Forget it, cause it ain't worth it
I need to be alone when I'm goin under the surface
Now I'm out to hit my workers
Two damn niggaz, and one Turkish white boy
who got Southeast sewn up
Business blowin up, and I'm still growin up
Only 17 and got my own crib
And still learnin how to live on the streets of the ghetto

□The streets of the ghetto (3X)

Now I got friends cause the G's is comin in
Skeezers comin in, and I'm still runnin in and out
Taking care of biz on the block
I brought my crew, ten new Glocks..
.. just in case trouble knocks
Cause nowadays, we don't box
I'm eighteen gettin mad green off the fiends
Brand new sneakers, a cut, and some jeans
is what the businessman wears in the ghetto
that makes the whitey petrol
But I still can't let go, even though I'm makin
crooked dough, the system is easy to beat
And my shit's still not complete
Because I'm on my way to my first key
That was the biggest shit I ever bought G
I ain't gettin locked down, so I walk there, lock it up
Got my first key, now it's time to rock it up
Don't you know where it's gonna go?
Right out there... on the streets of the ghetto

□The streets of the ghetto (3X)

Now I'm up to three keys, pounds of weed and sellin bundles
Distributin all three, to get all the fundzoes
The word around town is I'm the new Nino Brown
Twenty years old, I like the way it's goin down
I got money to burn -- dropped out of school
cause they couldn't teach me what I needed to learn
on how to earn big money, big money
I got the fortune, and a crib where it's sunny
But like a dummy, I started gettin careless
Talkin on the phone, so DEA could hear this
Date transaction the time and the spot
My world crashed on me, when I got caught
Now I'm locked, with the niggaz that are trife
No more money no more women for the rest of my life
Be in a cell, goin through hell
Just because you sell, they make sure I fell, oh well
Now I'm fitting, with fifty to go
And I never see the streets of the ghetto no mo'