

Freeway, Victim Of The Ghetto

Ch

Down in my area, chk a chk uh.. real shit nigga uh
It's the ROC
Yeah... Free... yea uh feel me.. Pa pause
Yo.. yo

[Verse 1: Freeway]

I was born in west but migrated to north
Remember cold nights grindin' AK and a toss
Four door for the stick up boys if they want war
Fiends comin' all night all I heard was four more
Rocks in the cap
When it was jumpin' me and Rell hit dances
You could pick me out the crowd rockin' the cap
But things change
Cause my man Rell fightin' a body
On state row where it's so cold
Rockin' his blues
I roll with the ROC
Still trynna rock at a show
Shit aint like 98' niggaz pockets is low
Which way do I go?
Indictments blew over
Man whipped a few shoulders
Shovel nick boulders gettin' it slow
Me, I'm in the studio switchin' the flow
Changin' the styles
My son and daughter need pampers
Cause they just shittin' them up
And changin' the size
My man Just quipped the Jags
See the change in his eyes

[Chorus: Freeway - 2X]; followed by [Rell]

And I eat, sleep, buy, sell - drugs
Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto
When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs (shots)
Cause I'm just another product of the ghetto

[Rell] This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets

[Rell] This is how it goes down in my neighborhood

[Rell] This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets

[Rell] This is how it goes down in my area

[Verse 2: Freeway]

My man blingin' platinum wheel, platinum gat
Took a trip down south came back with platinum caps
I'm still trynna write platinum raps
But made a slight change from verse one
Started jugglin' packs
It's like I'm travelin' backwards
Rewindin' the time
Putting four on nine
Must be outta my mind
(uh) nine, get it outta my palm
Just grab four and a half get it outta my trunk
Free we need you at the studio
Out to lunch - out on the block
These niggaz just pulled out on my man
And the only rock I worry bout is right on my face
We bout to go shake, rattle his block (shots) with no plans
Shots fired, cops came
But I'm a grown man
I stick around till my clip is empty

Cops threw me on the ground
When my clip got empty (shots)
Now bars is all I see a thug is all I'll ever be

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Freeway]

I got, 11 in I was facin' a dub, got nine left
My click show love they write back
My cousin M's son, little Di he's so grown
Said he hold chrome, run blocks, and write raps
Wrote him right back
Told him I control the bones
Try to play the phone
We could rhyme and hold wax
Leave that drug shit alone
Don't forget you grown
It'll put you places where your mind can't get you back from
Little nigga aint write me back since
Still supply the jail
L.Pridgon you got mail
It's probably all the letters you wrote him
What you mean?
All the fucked up shit you told him
This shit from my cousin Emily I'm quotin' (uh huh)
Right out her letter
Little Di, got popped in the head trynna steal a nigga leather
That's what the cops said but the streets could tell you better

[Chorus]