

Hell Razah, Ghetto Love

(Movie Sample)

Well it's like this

I come home every evening and everything
And she's always accused me of cheating
Cheating, everyday, everyday...

{*phone rings*}

(Intro - Baghdad)

Aiyo, yo, yo let me talk to you for a minute
Let me talk to you for a minute
I'm sayin', you always be on that bullshit
I'm sayin', I'm out here doin' this shit
KnowwhatI'msayin? You think I'm hangin' out
And shit, fuck that man
Word up man, I'm doin' this shit
You see this shit, don't be listenin, man
You on that fuckin bullshit everyday
Everytime I try to talk to you, be on that shit

(Chorus - all)

Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love (x2)
Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love
Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love

(Baghdad)

Most selected, chocolate complected
I nicknamed Nightlite before I sexed it
The heart reflect it
You ain't right, you ain't a virgin
But you want to get married in white
Be a wife in the second stage part of ya life
Get a divorce, just to escape wit the ice
Beside ya job, ya rather be slobbin' the knob
Just because a nigga be drivin' a car
Hittin' it raw by the stove on the kitchen floor
On the phone wit his boys callin you some hot whore
How much more, fever can you catch before
You learn a lesson and understand what I've been manifestin'
Grow up and stop actin' like a adolesence
Come from behind the shadows and be my moon crescent

(Interlude - Baghdad)

See that's the shit man
Every time I turn around, man
Word up, man, you think I'm out fuckin wit these groupies, man
Ain't that time for that shit
Tryin' to do this man
Tryin' to do this as a family, tryin' get the money
Niggas thinkin' I'm fuckin' hangin' out and shit
Smokin' weed and just hangin out in the corner
But until you be up in there man
We takin it wild, we doin shit in the studio
What do you expect, just to go lyin' and shit
Word up, man

(Chorus x2)

(Hell Razah)

We had two kids, two sets of keys to the crib
Talks on the Brooklyn Bridge, receive and give
Knowledge, how to eat and live, and teach a wiz
Corrupt seed bring forth corrupt fruits
I seem to notice that you change when you touch loot

And every nigga in a Range ain't the one, boo
We had a rose, beautiful but yet deadly
I was wit you in ya mind, body and soul
Money and clothes make young girls wanna be hoes
In the nail salon, polish all their fingers and toes
You was chose to be loyal and I be there for you
Night, you can only smell my frank incense oil
lonely, tempted by gifts the nigga bought you
Guilty, talk about other bullshit I taught you
Leavin' you a message every time I call you
Voicemail from a top choice female
My pearl in a oyster at the bottom of a seashell
She said I do crime and I'mma see jail
Kids are goin' criminal, just to eat well
My woman can't be strong when she got a weak male
I need a man to land on, whenever plans fell

(Chorus x2)

(Outro - Baghdad)

Word man, I fuck that
Hand me that bullshit, I'm out, man
Word up, I'm out
You see that shit you be doin
I can't fuck you
Then you wanna call me
Talkin about you sorry, knowwhatl'msayin
You best to stay, I ain't got time for that
Every time I turn around, you try to accuse me
Of messin wit somebody
Ya friend's, sister's, brother's, uncle's, nephew
You never see me, but you always listen to somebody else
Every time I turn around
If it ain't you cousin
It's your brother's, friend's, uncle's nephew
It's always somethin'
Word up, it can happen
It can happen, it can happen
Yo you ain't see it, it can happen