

# 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 (x2)

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 adolescence

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