

Jimmie's Chicken Shack, Ghettoverit

i hate to love you what more can i say
got played from the get go

like this shit you had me sold on
this time i let myself control on and wore it out
you front like you're ghetto
but i know that you're not best be backing that bling up
i ain't got game girl i got season
it's high time you put your please on and wore it

on and on and on and on my head spins around
when you dis' my bro's and my ride breaks down
while you hang with your ho's at the club down town
ghetto life
ghettoverit now
ghettoverit now

you want the thug life
you don't even know that's so '97
i guess i really wasn't on point
and you just played me like a dope joint and burned me out
that fool got the gold tooth and imitation rims
who pimped out his prelude
it's high time you dropped the zero
and started flossing with the hero
we can't go on like this for real though
this homy's

on and on and on my head spins around
when you dis' my bro's and my ride breaks down
while you hang with your ho's at the club down town
ghetto life
ghettoverit it now
ghettoverit it now
ghettoverit it now
ghettoverit it now

and all you do
it's just plain wack
so you can sizzuck a dizzack and blow

on and on and on my head spins around
when you dis' my bro's and my ride breaks down
while you hang with your ho's at the club downtown
ghetto life
ghettoverit it

on and on and on and on my head spins around
when you dis' my bro's and my ride breaks down
while you hang with your ho's at the club downtown
ghetto life
ghettoverit it now
ghettoverit it now
ghettoverit it now
ghettoverit it now

i hate to love you what more can i say