

# Jimmies 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

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

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