

# Lyfe, Ghetto Superman

(Verse 1)

Ha Ha Ha Ha Im Fine yo this yo boy ghetto superman aka lyfe aka dont got a wife wat up young bl  
up everybody talking bout living on capitol hill we living on a hill you know talkin bout front row front  
row we living on death row

We grew up in tha gutta eating peanut butter sandwiches no jam we looked up to tha hustlers on th  
corner folks always screaming get yo money man had dreams of moving on up to tha big leagues I  
Goerge,Weezy,and Florence but its kind of hard when polices having you killed ressercted rearrest  
old bench warrants

(Bridge)

Yea its a struggle man but handle it the best we can only difference between folks thats free and  
folks in jail some of us got caught on our way to heaven taking a short cut through hell

(Chorus)

Ghetto Superman (Superman) faster than (swoop) avalcade they wanna be talk beating when the p  
pull back yea its a bird its a plane no its ghetto superman talk slicker than others can sold almost h  
bus dough thats Uncle Sam yo friendly neighborhood Superman

(Verse 2)

If you played on my playground you would be use to hearing steak outs they shooting lost my dad  
shoot out just a blue while another family going had dreams of finding a good job so he wouldnt ha  
run (nigga ima stick up kid)finally get what we deserve instead of having a table they diverse

(Bridge)

Yea its a struggle man but we taking it one bullet at a time but its kind of hard to get that monkey of  
your back while that monkey still on yo mind on yo mind

(Chorus)

Ghetto Superman (Superman) faster than a (swoop) avalcade they wanna be talk beaten when the  
pull you back yea its a bird its a plane no its Ghetto Superman talk slicker than others can sold alm  
his bus dough thats Uncle Sam yo friendly neighborhood Superman

Its a bird its a plane no it ghetto super man yall (4x)