

# Outlawz, Ghetto Gutta

[Edi: talking]

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon... Smoke It  
Outlawz c'mon... Yea... Blood Brothers c'mon  
Introduction to the Outlaw Lifestyle  
Blood Brothers ya know  
Hit the weed, get the drank  
Edi... Kastro... Load up, put one in  
Outlaw Recordz... please respect it  
Here we go

[Edi]

Introduction to the Outlawz lifestyle  
Get the weed, get the drank  
Turn the lights down  
Bang ya hood  
Show ya tats  
Let them niggaz know  
They crossed the muthafuckin' line  
And now they gotta go  
Im with my family and I'm finna' light it  
Fuck yall niggaz  
I cant see a damn thang but us dog  
Makaveli lives and shit I'm the fuckin proof  
2nd generation Thug Life  
Who is you?  
Hood to hood... Outlaw please respect it  
We them niggaz gettin' helix  
When it get hectic  
Well trained, smell game from a mile away  
Get the bitch to the hide away right away  
Edi - i - like a thief in the night  
I rock her to sleep  
I put my piece thru the light  
We breathe thru the light  
And we the strength for the strong  
Keepin' it going  
Yall muthafuckas hate cause you know  
Here we go

[chorus: Kastro]

I been a straight gutta nigga for all my life  
So... ghetto shit is all I like  
Like loud mouth ho's  
Foul mouth folks  
Up 3 days straight  
Thuggin' in the same clothes  
We scrap for a living  
Trapped in this prison  
We take money-money  
Without asking permission  
Our hearts pump thug shit  
Our blood drip fire  
The life of an Outlaw  
For swears to admire

[Kastro]

The butchery, gun talk and money moves  
The prophecy for young thugs is born to loose  
Walk in my shoes  
If you can you's a man  
Two hands on ya balls  
These squares can't understand  
Daddy... raised me crazy  
And now I'm worst

Down thirsty for thug money  
I guess I'm cursed  
Who woulda' knew... that...  
When the kid got big  
I'd be thugged out without giving a shit  
I spit dues  
Appears to me no school  
Follow the leader  
I'll lead ya  
We will not loose  
Im from a rotten deck  
From my cards I gotta stoppin' tek  
No sweat..... I demand respect  
And respect you take  
You walk lightly, politely  
I do what's not right  
Like ???? Spike Lee  
Ain't nobody like me  
No need to look  
Im down hard  
I die hard  
I think I'm hooked

[chorus: Kastro]  
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[Edi]  
We.... settin' up shop ?? Pac til the death of me  
I hear ya back up in my head  
Dont have to pressure me  
Elevation, preparation  
'Bout to take this over  
'Bout to get a face in this game  
Im mase over  
Tired of niggaz giving me the same run around  
You sellin' coke, shootin' the block  
You's a rapper POW  
Nigga please spare me all the details  
Me and mine gon' ball or see hell  
Will we fail? Nigga neva'  
I got a one shot deal  
And dog it's so real  
Im out here like whatever  
I could pay these bills or shoot to kill  
Cause gutta shit is all I like  
Bump a bitch in the day  
And we fuckin' at night (yeah)  
Ghetto shit is all I love  
Over packed clubs  
And oversized dub's (shit)  
22's, money rules in the life we lead  
Lifestyle of an Outlaw.. O.G

[chorus: Kastro]  
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Ghetto shit, Gutta shit nigga