Rich Boy, Ghetto Rich

(Polow Da Don)
Shit, we tryna get it for real... OH! Rich Boy! You niggas
better get focused... Get money muthafucka! Get money muthafucka!

(Verse 1 - Rich Boy)
Let me take ya through my hood where I was born and raised
Where niggas tote semi-automatics, bustin' them K's
Heavy guns and dope boys harrassed by the police
Still gettin' pulled over and asked by the police
'Bama wasn't made for a nigga to win
See the color of ya skin get'cha put in the pen
It's real life, over dice, Dwayne dead and gone
Sendin' niggas to the pen or the funeral home
I be feelin' like the Lord'll never answer me back
So I'm holdin' on my gat just in case they attack
Bullet holes in ya house'll make it hard to sleep
Ya see the fiends on the street want the hard for cheap
'Lotta niggas doin' life from undercovers and fake friends
It's real how them penitetiary bars'll break men
Niggas doin' life from undercovers and fake friends
It's real how them penitetiary bars'll break men

(Chorus - John Legend)
It's where ya live, it's where ya play
It's where ya learn, ya favorite slang
Your world is, ghetto
It's where I live, it's where I'm from
It's where ya had, to tote your gun
Your world is, ghetto

(Verse 2 - Rich Boy)
Can't explain how I feel growin' up in the gum
Told my mama that I love her put nobody above her
Doin' crimes, a hard time for food on the plate
Know a couple of niggas ain't never comin' out the gate
Movin' weight the only thing them street niggas know
Servin' thangs at school, they never teach 'em, don't show
But a .44'll get'cha money fast from robbin'
Do or die situation when ya tired and stavin'
Government'd never send me a dime for school
So I went and started workin' like my nine my tool
I'm a leader for the south, pa, open ya ears
Young kids where I'm from wear permanent tears

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Rich Boy)
I'm a product of the block, watch the fiends come back
Got a couple white packs, 'cause they fiend for that
Early five in the mornin' pigs showin' they badge
Real niggas in the street still showin' they rags
Speedbumps in the road start slwoin' me down
See them fake niggas actin' like they know me now
Got a chance to advance so I'm makin' my move
Couple people still thankin' they got somethin' to prove
Pay the card for the south, yeah the hood my home
Told my mama I'mma leave the dope game alone
On my knees every night conversatin' wit' God
Niggas dyin' everyday 'cause they wanna be hard
Still totin' my piece 'cause it ain't nothin' like the movies
I'm wearin' my vest in case they hit me wit' the uzi
Even if I take a trip around the world and back
I'm representin' for the hoods, where they feel me at

(Chorus)

(Bridge - Polow da Don)
Throw 'em up if you know what the hood like
Throw 'em up if you lookin' for that good life
Throw 'em up if ya... ghetto life
Shit

(John Legends ad-libs and music out)