

Scarface, Crack

[Scarface]

They say the world is a ghetto, I'm witnessin a generation die
By poverty sickness and homicide
Now momma on the front pew, askin the preacher why
Like he knowin what it's like to be hated and criticized
And sharks in the water create you the wrong way
when you're a target, see that's how these niggaz out here behave
I hate to go to funerals, I never visit graves
Cause I'm knowin that through this dirt that you can't hear me when I say
that I love you dawg, and out of all them power moves I coulda made
I focused on keepin your family straight
I, po' out some liquor so you don't go out forgotten
I'm drownin off in this bottle, tryin to solve my fuckin problems
New days changes, different than how it was
We upped it from stealin cars to hustlin, dealin drugs
I've seen a whole lot of good niggaz die
Cause the ghetto took advantage when situations provide

[Chorus]

That's my life - story of a nigga in the ghetto
Money minimal so we settle
For whatever they give us in the ghetto
We settle
That's my life - story of a nigga in the ghetto
Crack rock slangin in the ghetto
Momma why you leave me in the ghetto
The ghetto

[Scarface]

The little kids in the hood live a life with no outlets
Rap or ball playin to survive
Devils in disguise in the fact that a nigga's broke
Makes him more prone to drop out of school and fuck with dope
With hopes of gettin paper and chasin his fuckin dream
But America's got us dyin for it waitin for relief
The penitentiaries is filled to the max
with my people who tried to make it out but never made it back
Crack, to see yo' momma doin bad
Hit as hard as you see it, yo' daddy sittin on his ass
doin nothin, fuck it, that's when them tears start rushin
White powder in the coffee pot bubblin, hustlin
I know exactly where you at dawg
Out there on the corner where the rats crawl
It's my life

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

I shoot it out befo' I bail, fly befo' I set sail
I'd rather die cause I could never tell
Rather see Heaven, I done been through Hell
Seen the elderly fucked by drug laws, niggaz dyin in jail
The guidelines stiffer, they sentence my people different
Instead of intervention they sendin us straight to prison
First time offenders get tangled up in the system
For ghost dope, he went from dopeman to straight killer
It's po' folks, you livin in the hood but yet and still you can't survive
Cause Reagan never planned for us to rise
The war on drugs turned to a war on us
Then AIDS just topped it off, this shit here is fucked up
You either, eat or you starve, rob or go get a job
Break down to either wake up, hustle or pray to God
Faith is one thing without work you ain't got nothin
Decisions from a motherfucker strugglin

[Chorus]