

Spice 1, Welcome Back To The Ghetto

(Chorus: Spice 1)

Make me wanna holler, throw up off my hands
(Welcome back to the ghetto)
Make me wanna holler, wadin' through my life
(It's welcome back to the ghetto)
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(Spice 1)

Still livin' day by day and thug niggas don't play
Niggas thirty years old still out here slangin' yay
Goin' dub for dub, same block, same corner
Too much dr-a-drama out here in California
Different time, different year but still the same place
You ass niggas still throwin' rocks up in your face
Some niggas is still alive I stay in the cut
Some niggas incarcerated, some niggas straight nuts
Lost they mind somewhere in the game they confused
Said about the life they livin' walk in my shoes
You can't, cause I'm a rider
hopelessly lost up in the thug world, fast cars and girls
Gun cases, handcuffs, cops searchin' me thorough
Smokin' weed liftin' weights bitch places and girls
Gotta stay strong, it's not about how long you last
Don't ever let them, jealous motherfuckers speak on your casket
In the ghetto where niggas shoot it out in the rain
Mobb Buckets, shattered headlights, hopes and dreams
Wrote with schemes, niggas gettin' smoked with beams
It's hard to tell who's on the same team
Welcome back to the ghetto

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(Spice 1)

I'm worried about Ms Parker - that old lady she just sit on the porch
in a rockin' chair watchin' niggas come up short
She had a son three months ago
shot and killed in cold blood on his way to the store
Man you know - she used to wave to me, used to speak and say hi
But now all she do is stare with that look in her eye
Rockin' back and forth with no facial expression
I heard that she had a stroke from all her depression
Workin' hard all her life scrubbin' toilets and floors
And my nigga - he don't want his mama workin' no more
But the price for a better life they cost ya, ya own
I guess that's why my nigga never made it back home
In the ghetto front line where the game is ferocious
Babies sleepin' on the floor with the rats and roaches
Momma cookin' in the kitchen burnin' the rice
I'm still makin' sure the babies say they prayers at night
In the ghetto

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(Spice 1)
It's a nice place to visit but you don't wanna live
Little mini gangbangers, bad ass kids
Eleven years old, they got the Mack 10 tucked
Little shorty wanna be a thug anxious to buck
Tryin' to tell the little niglet, pick a book up and read
he said the game was his teacher
and the school was the streets
I think it's kinda selfish, everybody wanna million
Buildin' more jails and less schools for the children
In the ghetto, where the niggas k-a-keepin' it poppin'
You a veteran like me, a good job ain't an option
Who the hell is gonna hire a villian, an ex-con?
Tattoo's and stab wounds come back another time
Scars on my wrists from handcuffs too tight
Keep it gangsta but still manage to keep the Lord in my life
Lord please tell Lucither he need to turn the heat down
I'm feelin' the flames of hell underneath my feet now
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