

# Spice 1, Welcome To The Ghetto

Welcome to the ghetto

(Verse 1)

Livin day by day in my hood on the spot  
See the same old things:same dope fiends cops  
Just an average day in the streets of California  
5-0 find a young girl dead around the corner  
Mommies on her knees she had tears in her eyes  
And nobody knew why the young girl had to die  
People look ashamed it's been life this fo years  
Bloody sheets on her body face wet from her mama's tears  
She couldn'ta been over 4-5  
And if mommy wasn't based she would still be alive  
But now the street is a place you could be swallowed by death  
Brothas takin each other's lives  
And goin to REST IN PEACE  
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto  
My cousin died last year  
And I still can't let go  
I walk the streets of my city of my neighborhood  
Seein dope fiends livin off can goods  
15 niggaz on the corner  
And niggaz die young in California  
5-0 'll get a dope case and flaunt it  
Have your ass on "America's Most Wanted"  
But I don't slang or either gang-bang  
And though my old school homies do the same thang  
I still got love cause you gotta live  
So you can give  
And raise a family G  
But you gotta do your best slangin D-O-P-E  
So keep a grip on yourself and stay mellow  
And welcome to the ghetto  
(welcome hard up with it to my life) ??

(chorus) 4x

Welcome to the ghetto  
(welcome hard up with it to my life)

(Verse 2)

From across the seas comes cocaine  
But you never seen a black man fly the plane  
Look at the news:a young black death  
Was it drug related,take a guess  
I flash when I look in the mirror black  
Cause my reflection is a 9 millimeter Gat  
I think about genocide  
And have thoughts of my homies who died  
Everybody backstabbin  
But I ain't the one to talk I'm into gafflin  
Death gives a shit about your color  
But yet I see mo dead young brothas  
I'm goin crazy out here  
Seein 24 brothas die by the end of the year  
And I still gotta deal with the 5-0  
And I stopped sellin dope in 9-0  
But if I came to it  
I probably still do it  
Put a Nine in my draws get straight to it  
I hope that I never see the day  
That I get 20 years for a cake  
B-K-A as a key  
So open up the door for the mo money  
But I ain't gotta do that G

Cause I'm down with the F-A to the C to the U to the L-T-Y  
G-nut X-tra Large and S-P-I-C-E make niggas feel like jello  
And welcome to the ghetto  
(Welcome hard up with it to my life)

(chorus) 4x

Welcome to the ghetto 7x