

Ghetto (feat. Rich Homie Quan)

August Alsina

She got a Bugatti body, yeah she a beast in the streets
She from the projects, the hood, you know, same spot as me
I told her "We already rich, shawty, I need a freak"
Them some secrets to you, you do some secrets to me
I won't tell nobody, remind me of Yaris
Peep the oven and foreign, shawty ride with a real nigga
Staten V-12 on the arm, ex-boyfriend won't leave her alone
She livin in the past, tryna move it on, just need one day with me alone
Same house I'm was trappin at, same house I'm was stashin in
In the front room on the couch, tryna knock her back in
Making love on the dope money, she in love with a dope boy
And she ain't worried 'bout them other hoes, old boy Mike got one
Don't be ashamed of the projects shawty, let 'em know you a project shawty
Peace to the puss and never to the shh, them other hoes can't buy that shawty
I'm from the ghetto, doors on the Lam say hello
Ass in the pen like jello, lookin real real good in them stilettos, but she still ghetto
I love the way you keep them heels on
Hair ain't yours but it's paid for and it's real long
Show them tattoos when you switch it up with your J's on
And you got an ass so fat that I can't help but to feel on
And you keep it real when it comes to having sex, girl you don't ever flex
Long as I fuck you good, you ain't worried bout what's next
That's why I keep you here, you ain't like them other hoes
Cause you the fucking best, just in case you didn't knowCause you ain't got a half a million
dollar condo
And you ain't got a hundred thousand dollar car
But you got a billion dollar body, trust me I know
You keep it hood no matter where you are
Cause you come from the ghetto, love 'em from the ghetto
Girl you're the type I like, that's why I keep you right you out the ghetto
Love 'em from the ghetto
Ain't afraid to let it show; baby, go on let them know
You out the ghetto, better let 'em know
You from the ghetto, better let 'em know
Girl you are the ghetto, better let'em know
Better let'em know - you out that G-H-E-T-T-OYou hold it down
And you never let them haters come around
Girl that's why I keep you on speed dial, just in case some shit get bad
Keep that ratchet in your bag and a little cash
Just in case I need you
If they lock me down I know I'd see you, that's without a doubt
I know you understand how it go but you're down for the ride

That's why I still keep you by my sideCause you ain't got a half a million dollar condo
And you ain't got a hundred thousand dollar car
But you got a billion dollar body, trust me I know
You keep it hood no matter where you areCause you come from the ghetto, love 'em from the
ghetto
Girl you're the type I like, that's why I keep you right you out the ghetto
Love 'em from the ghetto
Ain't afraid to let it show; baby, go on let them know
You out the ghetto, better let 'em know
You from the ghetto, better let 'em know
Girl you are the ghetto, better let'em know
Better let'em know - you out that G-H-E-T-T-O
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>