

Ghetto

Ace Hood

...

Leave my heart to the ghetto
Rubber bands stuffed all in up
Oh yeah, oh yeah, get money
(Get money)

That's the motto, hustle all day
Then we do the shit tomorrow

I'm in the ghetto
(Ghetto)

I'm in the ghetto
(Ghetto)

Gotta get it
(Gotta get it)

That's the motto, live for today
You might never see Tomorrow

I'm in the ghetto
(Ghetto)

I'm in the ghetto
(Ghetto)

See I went straight to the pros
Who done done it like me, breakup
The flow now they holla 'He a beast'
From the city where there's Killas and dealas
And street beef, and them crackas on the corner
Every avenue and place and my homies servin' hard
'Cause they livin' by the day, see I do it for my family
And hustled by the way, now I'm back up on the block
Ya see, I'm cooler than them othas
Certified colored sneakas, keep a fitted for the club
When I step out on the scene all them hoes be showin' love
They know I'm that dude that be ringin' through the block
Ace, Ace, Ace, Ace, yeah fool heard it right
I done been down to the bottom now I'm bound to see

The top, my hood

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(Ghetto)
You gotta love ya hood
You need to love your projects
Ay, get me, get me
I got 'em a couple triple beams about an ounce of bakin soda
I Got that revenue that's hittin' colda than Sammy Sosa
ya' see growin' up, I seen alotta things
I weren't supposed so growin' up I lost alotta people
That were closa that's why I stay up on my grind
And only roll with soldiers, I hit the block
And serve 'em everything away from soda
Don't fuck with out the soda, sellin' coke
With out the cola, my clientele is strictly rock
You can tell it by the odor, I keep that nino
With the mac hid underneath the sofa
So if you ridin' slngin' tricks I suggest a coma
Them pussy niggaz want me dead so I suggest and dopa
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Ay, get me, get me
Yeah, I wake up in the ghetto tryin' dream a couple mill
I'm forced to get, momma shootin' up and poppin' pills
Daddy on the porch with no remorse he sittin' still
This be the city that never pity they would rather kill
I wipe my eyes and check my clientele who by yaself
I grab the pots and bakin' soda, yeah that odor smell
This be the hood, I got connections like a phone cable
So watch where you work 'cause a mistake can be fatal
'Cause crakas searchin' for that person tho I'm undertable
Can't find no witness, fuck them snitches
That get snitches popped, another day just talkin' on the block
With a million on my glock and a half off in my sock
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