

# 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 know  
Cause 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-O  
You 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 side  
Cause 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  
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