

Lil' Ghetto Boy

Dr. Dre

So, all of you Africans, all of you Africans that wanna do thangs
That's workin' for other people, y'all need to open your own business
Save your money, quit payin' motherfuckers with jheri curls
Quit payin' motherfuckers with perms Save your money, start your own business
And you true Africans, will have put hundreds to work
This is our future right here, this our future right here
Hey, I'ma tell you right now, if, if, if I have to die today
For this little African right here to have a future
I'm a dead motherfucker Wake up, jumped out my bed
Hung in a two man cell wit my homie Lil' 1/2 Dead
Murder was the case that they gave me
Dear God, I wonder can you save me?
I'm only 18 so I'm a young buck
It's a ride if I don't scrap, I'm getting stuck
But that's the life of a G, I guess
Ese's way deep, shanked two in they chest Bests run 'cause brothers is dropping quicker
Uhh too late, damn, down goes another nigga
Bouncing off the walls, throwing them dogs
Getting a rep as a young hog It ain't nuttin' like the street life
You betta be strapped wit yo shank 'cuz ain't no fist fight
So I guess I gots the handle mine
Since I did the crime, I gots ta do my time Them say me grow up to be nuttin'
Look at me now what do you see
I am what I am it's only me
Lil' ghetto boy
Playing in the ghetto streets
What'cha gonna do when you grow up
And have to face responsibility? Now, I'm 'trolling the dove, sitting on swoll
27 years old, off on parole, stroll
I'm back up on my feet wit my mind on the money
That I'm making as soon as I touch the street Things done changed but it's alright
Remember they used to thump but now they blast, right
But it ain't no thing to me
'Cause now I'm what they call a loced-assed O.G. The little homies from the hood wit grip
Are the ones I get wit 'cause I'm down respect trip
Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so what'cha wanna do?
Didn't know he had a 22 Straight sitting behind his back
I grabed his pockets and then I heard six caps
I fell to the ground with blood on my hands
I didn't understand How a nigga so young could bust a cap
I used to be the same way back
I guess that's what I get

For trying to jack the little homies for they grip
Me learn many things of
What me see from the streets
The outcome of what I come to be
Lil' ghetto boy
Playing in the ghetto streets
What'cha gonna do when you grow up
And have to face responsibility?
Something for the real O.G.'s to get wit
Some facts made our made now you wanna run and play
Like every single day, really doe, you know me
I'm the smooth macadamien, gaming them for my homie
No need to be uncalm if you pack right
And learning just enough to keep your sack right
Late nights, I wonder what they getting fo'?
Early morning on the corners, what they hitting fo'?
Seven young G's but they serve down
In a jeep ride, east side what they swerve now
Not thinking about what's really going on
Got crept on, stepped on now they gone
I spent four years in the county wit nuttin' but convicts
around me
But now I'm back at the pound
And we expose ways for the youth to survive
Some think it's wrong but we tend to think it's right
So make all them ends you can make
'Cause when you're broke you break, check it out
So ain't no need for your mama to trip
'Cause you's a hustling ass youngsta clocking your grip
And now me life as you can see
Still an O.G. for life
And always remain to be
Lil' ghetto boy
Playing in the ghetto streets
What'cha gonna do when you grow up
And have to face responsibility?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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