

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>