Victim of the Ghetto (feat. Rell)

Freeway

Ch Down in my area, chk a chk uh real shit nigga uh It's the ROC Yeah, Free yeah uh feel me Pa pause Yo yoI was born in West but migrated to North Remember cold nights grindin' AK and a toss Four door for the stick up boys if they want war Fiends comin' all night all I heard was four moreRocks in the cap when it was jumpin' me and Rell hit dances You could pick me out the crowd rockin' the cap But things change 'cause my man Rell fightin' a body On state row where it's so cold Rockin' his blues, I roll with the ROC Still trynna rock at a show shit ain't like '98 niggaz pockets is low Which way do I go? Indictments blew over Man whipped a few shoulders shovel nick boulders gettin' it slowMe, I'm in the studio switchin' the flow Changin' the styles my son and daughter need pampers 'Cause they just shittin' them up and changin' the size My man Just quipped the Jags see the change in his eyesAnd I eat, sleep, buy, sell drugs 'Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs 'Cause I'm just another product of the ghettoAnd I eat, sleep, buy, sell drugs 'Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs 'Cause I'm just another product of the ghetto This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets This is how it goes down in my neighborhood This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets This is how it goes down in my areaMy man blingin' platinum wheel, platinum gat Took a trip down South came back with platinum caps I'm still trynna write platinum raps But made a slight change from verse one started jugglin' packsIt's like I'm travelin' backwards Rewindin' the time putting four on nine Must be outta my mind nine, get it outta my palm Just grab four and a half get it outta my trunkFree we need you at the studio, out to lunch, out on the block These niggaz just pulled out on my man And the only rock I worry 'bout is right on my face We 'bout to go shake, rattle his block with no plansShots fired, cops came But I'm a grown man I stick around till my clip is empty

Cops threw me on the ground when my clip got empty Now bars is all I see a thug is all I'll ever beAnd I eat, sleep, buy, sell drugs 'Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs 'Cause I'm just another product of the ghettoAnd I eat, sleep, buy, sell drugs 'Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs 'Cause I'm just another product of the ghettoThis is how it goes down in these ghetto streets This is how it goes down in my neighborhood This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets This is how it goes down in my areaI got, 11 in I was facin' a dub, got nine left My click show love they write back My cousin M's son, little Di he's so grown Said he hold chrome, run blocks, and write rapsWrote him right back told him I control the bones Try to play the phone we could rhyme and hold wax Leave that drug shit alone don't forget you grown It'll put you places where your mind can't get you back fromLittle nigga ain't write me back since Still supply the jail L. Pridgon you got mail It's probably all the letters you wrote him What you mean? All the fucked up shit you told himThis shit from my cousin Emily I'm quotin' Right out her letter Little Di, got popped in the head trynna steal a nigga leather That's what the cops said but the streets could tell you betterAnd I eat, sleep, buy, sell drugs 'Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs 'Cause I'm just another product of the ghettoAnd I eat, sleep, buy, sell drugs 'Cause I'm just another victim of the ghetto When I rob, steal, lie to get money, bust slugs 'Cause I'm just another product of the ghettoThis is how it goes down in these ghetto streets This is how it goes down in my neighborhood This is how it goes down in these ghetto streets This is how it goes down in my area

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