

# Ghetto Boy

## King Los

I got that, B-More in me yeah that's my problem  
(what what)  
I rep my city, yeah bitch I got em  
(na-na-na)  
Fuck what you heard, niggas be wildin'  
You got me fucked up, I'm from the bottom  
Oh yes lord!  
Walk like I'm pimpin, talk like I'm mackin'  
The projects love me, yeah boy what's happenin'  
I'm finna kill em, I'm finna kill em  
I'm on a hunnid, I'm a hit the ceiling  
I'm thinkin  
Fuck these bitches, we go for dollars  
And my, my brothers keep a bitch and nino at the collar  
The equalizer bitch I'm deeper, wiser, handsome, smarter  
They call an ambulance yo' ass don't stand a chance in Sparta  
Oh no no!  
I'm out the west side, just ask my grandma  
I used to move the pack, had a pack of blamma  
My niggas stacked with AKA's and ain't no Capa Gama  
And now we laughing to the bank like na-na-na-na  
Fuck with me!  
No sunshine or feeling better (the ghetto)  
Watch em all scatter they'll kill each other (the ghetto)  
If yo daddy dead, can't make him proud in (the ghetto)  
Damn little boy, how you make it out of (the ghetto) I got that hustlers desire, that fire burning  
I got that Boyz n The Hood mixed with that higher learning  
Na-na-na  
Niggas is bugging, niggas ain't fucking with me  
They not on my planet, why should I panic, motherfuckers should be  
Thanking the lord that I'm building the ships so you niggas won't drown  
In the midst of the flood  
Cuz I'm giving you prophecy, niggas ain't watching me properly, bitch I be switching it up  
Like a gear on a bike  
Play if you want, say what you want, hear what you like  
But take what you need, cause they dear to your life  
Fake if you want, I'll be there on the flight  
Like  
Free my ghetto, we the ghetto  
Real boy, cut the strings, we don't need Geppetto  
They say there's levels to this shit, well you can't see my level  
This a reach, you would need the devil, he would need a shovel

Bitch I'm deep  
All I beat is odds, all I get is that  
At least I know  
All I need is God, and I can breach the gap, Keyshia Cole  
OMG, he's so cold, I know it's me, at least I'm told  
Los bring rap back to life, this shit needs some soul!  
You can ask my grandma  
I roll because I miss my dad, you can ask my mama  
They shot my nigga in the head, ain't no happy camper  
Now I'm the best rapper alive, na-na-na-na-na  
Fuck with me!  
Lost souls and dope fiends (the ghetto)  
From what we're told there ain't no kings in (the ghetto)  
Gun shots and caution tape (the ghetto)  
Why is an honest dollar so hard to make in (the ghetto)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>