

Ghetto Ties (feat. Soulja Slim & Da Hound)

C-Murder

(C-Murder)

Say Magnolia, Gateway bro
It seems like they don't want a young nigga to get rich
Like we ain't supposed to leave the ghetto
I know we tied to the ghetto, but uhh life's a bitch
You know, we was dealt some bad cards
But you know, we gotta deal with it
Lifes hard, so lets show em' what we made of
My gateway to hell seems like its constantly open
The reaper is callin', so I'm constantly smoking
C-Murder ain't gonna die in vain
My ghetto ties got me living my life in pain
See the world knows, we gonna be thugs forever
You can take me out the ghetto, but you can't make it better
See the status of your money done changed
But the status of your danger remains the same
I need to clear my head of these evil thoughts
And teach Magnolia and Gateway the shit I was taught
Take a ride with me nigga to eternity
And watch me live to see another century
Lifes a bitch, who do you trust
I put my fate in my glock, cause I know its gonna bust
I used to think the hood was cool
But my ghetto ties keep me checking in my rearview
hook Who do you trust, my ghetto ties got me tripping, and lifes a bitch
They can't stand to see a young nigga get rich
I was dealt some bad cards
Became a thug with no love 'cause life's hard (Who do you trust)(Soulja Slim)
Lord you showed me, even dealt me these cards, I gots to play em'
My life is like a game, I'm up from a.m. to a.m.
Why don't I AK him if he don't have none of my paper
Man if I let him live then he might take me for a faker
He might try to do a jack, and that might cost me my life
If you ever jack this real nigga, you'd besta kill me or pay the price
I ain't nothing nice, behind the street machine tell me what you see
A tall nigga bout 6'4, last left the murder scene
Disguising in army green
With infer beams on something, kinda gun nigga
Fool one nigga didn't run
My niggas went on and tore up his motherfucking ass with the bit fast
Like witness that, murder in the first degree
My ghetto ties fucking round' with me, don't do that
hook (Da Hound)

How many times, a nigga seen a family nut up
And the momma was cut up, yeah I see now but later on I'm a be senile
But see how us niggas get caught up, quick to go in the water
Niggas steady vanishing away like saw dust
I'm feeling that ease, I'm full of them weeds and them fleas
Two 23's, nikes and reeboks let the window down and feel the breeze
My cousin D, my nigga joned in the backseat thuggin' off the rome
And to the Z, thinking about the lives we gonna free
I tell him nigga please (nigga please)
Soon as we drove up, fucking door was bout' to close up
I knocked on the door, nigga hold up, you didn't see us roll up
I forced my way in, I put seven up to his thoughts
No time for thinking is what I'm thinking
Killed the bitch, wouldn't finish shaking
I went to the kitchen, I'm flipping pans, pots, and spoons out
Heard four knocks, sounded like four shots, coming from the other room
It's about that time now, for us hounds to get gone out
Got the dilli, quarter milli, went to the next room
Jhon Jones was in the zone
I saw my cousin Navier, eyes bucking out his head
Nigga bleeding from the mouth, he shaking, he's on his way out
By this time, I took two hits from behind
My nigga John looked in my eyes and said nigga you ready to die
Damn, nigga whyhook

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