

K-9 Wolf - Get Born in the Ghetto

{Intro}

**Encouraging people to view themselves as victim does have a very hefty price
For the more privileged class
That might be able to benefit from having their career catapulted
But to the average everyday person
Viewing yourself as a victim
And believing you have no control over your life
It often leads very many down a road of bitterness and resentment
It's a dead-end road down to self destruction
Because when you get into a habit of blaming other people for your shortcomings
May that be your parents
May that be society
And never once paying attention to the common denominator
(yeah)
In all of your scenarios
Which is the person in your reflection**

{Verse 1}

**Big steppers when they hear the police come
Hella street smart
Even I know luck has it's distance (on god)
I want all of my boys
Even ones I cut ties with to eat
I know where we from
No fathers in the crib
No chance imma make it out clean (no clean)
Marinate in the gutter
I don't know how but I saw a better future on the mic
Real life I stutter
On beat I butter
Man I wake up and I wonder can black be gold?**

Been know we bold but what about gold? (what about gold?)

What about gold? (what about gold?)

What about gold my brother?

Dreams don't break outta love

Big win when you rolling with us (with who?)

Aiming for pluto, related by cold

Left out by everybody that we know

{Hook}

Get born in the ghetto

Starve as you get no medal

Pray that you maybe win the lotto

Black man knows

Black man knows it's a battle

Die in the ghetto

We live and die in the ghetto

Die in the ghetto

Black man knows aye

Black man knows it's a battle

Die in the ghetto

We live and die in the ghetto

Die in the ghetto

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Black man knows aye

Black man knows it's a battle

Die in the ghetto

We live and die in the ghetto

Die in the ghetto

Black man knows aye, Black man knows, Black man knows aye yea yeah

{Verse 2}

No destiny written

You get what you given

Born into poverty

Stay if you you quitting

Fight if you wanna but that don't make you winning

Owning some strings now that be a business

You move up with puppets and turn em to sheep

Start losing yourself and you'll know 'cause you been there before

Building your door wasn't something you knew back when you wasn't sure

Living like mama was sum you'd endure

But look at you now my brother

Your life ain't something the streets could murder

The come up was harder

Only because we got no one that we could depend on

Who's coming to save us?

Don't talk about patience like my stomach will give me any

I'm sorry I moved how I did but being an artist be scary

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