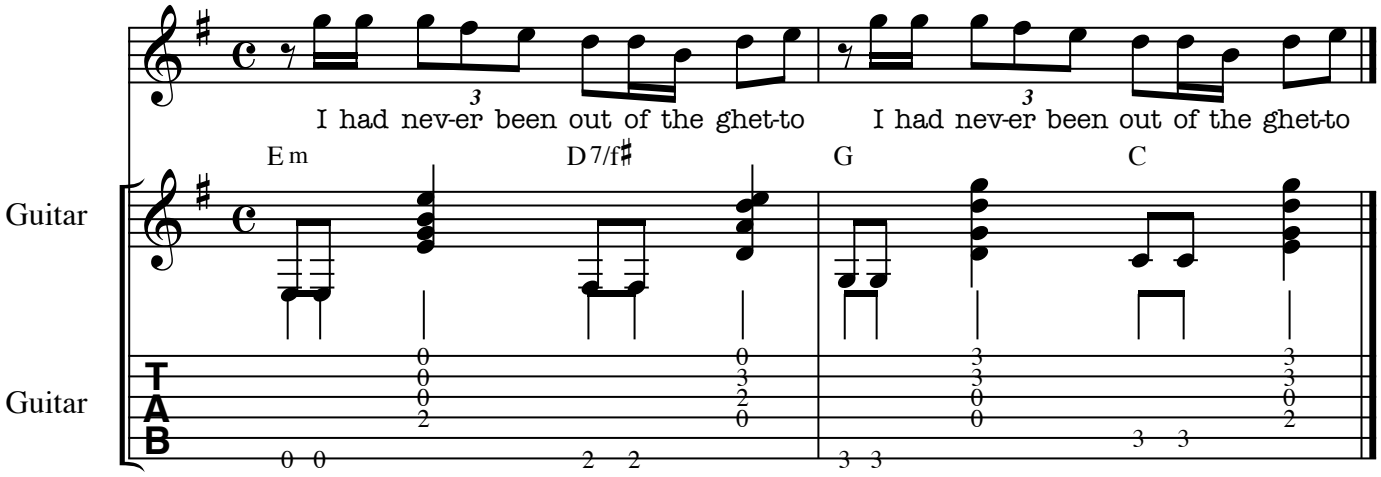
i had never been out of the ghetto

**The guitar part continues without change
while the verse lyrics are spoken over them.

words and music by
KRISTINA OLSEN



I'll be you wonder how a glam getto girl ended up wearing a state uniform clearing fire breaks in hills. If you're hungry enough, minimum wage is a powerful calling and no other black chicks were chomping at the bit to cut scrub brush and trees in the August heat with rattlesnakes and ticks and assholes on the crew, and they didn't have their quota of black chicks, in fact I'm the only one. I had never been out of the ghetto, I had never been out of the ghetto

What I really am is the best damn skate dancer in the state but what I bring in skating won't even keep me in bearings so I chop down trees, I'm little but I'm tough and I can bring down a poison sumac faster then any white ass boy on the crew. The old boss, what a dickhead. There was this one guy Clint, laziest guy on the crew, but he was always buttering up the boss, always buttering up the boss. So the dickhead boss uses him as an example, says we should work as hard as him. I like to fall down laughing, saying 'what? you want us to work less?' He'd like to fire me, but like I said, I'm the only black chick on the crew and how would that look? They need to keep their quotas filled. The ones that work the hardest, never get the credit. It rightly pisses me off.
I've got to get out of the ghetto, I've got to get out of the ghetto

Then miracle of miracles, we get a new boss named Walt. Who ever heard of someone doing something righteous in Sacramento? Anyway, the new guy's not bad he's a retired fireman got tired of watching his neighborhood decay so he signed up for the summer, overseeing us. He knows the work is hard and he knows who's working hard. There was this one day we were clearing up an old dump site. Worse then clearing shrub because it stank. I was in a foul mood 'cause I didn't have the money to enter the national skate competition in Vegas. I thought I might win if I went there, but 300 bucks was about as far away from my reality as buying real estate on the moon. It was a hot and nasty day, we were moving slow and tired. Then all of a sudden I see something that looks like money in the section I'm clearing and, oh mercy, it's a one hundred dollar bill, no it's three one hundred dollar bills, I start shouting and yelling, they all think I been bit by a rattlesnake. I'm going to get out of the ghetto, I'm going to get out of the ghetto

Walt says I get to keep it cause it was in the section I was clearing. You ain't never seen such commotion. Everyone starts digging in the garbage looking for the buried treasure. It's the fastest clean up in the history of dump sites. No other money was found. Funny it was exactly the amount I needed to enter the skate competition. At the time I'm so thick, I didn't realize that Walt had planted it. I just thought it was the cosmos saying I had to go and skate. I won that competition and a few others after that and got some parts on TV.

It took me a long time to realize it was an old fireman giving a young girl a chance without needing to be thanked. Without ever needing to be thanked. I never saw Walt again after the summer of the fire crew. I made my way out of the ghetto, I made my way out of the ghetto

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