

Childhood (feat. BWA Kane)

Kevin Gates

I spent my childhood in a wild hood
I dropped out when I was 14
Backed out o' that
Found I could spend a rack for a oh of cream
Then I added three grams of baking soda, I be doin' my thing
And now the O head get nagged at me, I be bout my dream
I live a thug life like 2Pac, and a homie should
And I ain't talkin' bout no marathon, but I run my hood
And the only thing I wish is a nigga would
Me and So-Low post photos smokin' backwoods
I got the black pistol on me right now, but my lawyer Jewish
I had 200, 80 gram, Gucci mash all the cash
If it take ya too long to lock up then bring it back
I had 200, 80 gram, Gucci mash all the cash
If it take ya too long to lock up then bring it back
I done took loss, we real bosses way before our time
Some of these street niggas here bombin', they bomb my lines
I put the new ice in the new watch just to froze my time
I got some young shooters that'll gonna shoot you if you cross that line
Free all the big homie and the lil homie that doin' time
I'm just here to tell you I'm more than happy these rap niggas lyin'
Off the phone with Jizzl, one of my nickles hot as a missile
Couldn't believe it, no surprise, death to my eyes, bitch, I need it
Try to deceive me, olly through dixie
Led him to Dre, told him the business
Told him I'm straight but I'm deceivin'
Lawyer on deck, get him a 50
Dropdown fridge on the work with the generator runnin'
Hustle like a dawg tryna generate the money
Earth came flippin' on the block, keep pumpin'
Rocks keep bumpin', straight (fucking radio presenter)
Breakin' up whore, let the state PD hit it
Drop it on the skip, point two, 2 niggas
Young nigga watchin' all the otha niggas get it
Started jankin' new J's, heard you bought some new titties
Oh, that's a bet, all them diamonds bbs
In my hood, I got respect
13 with a rest attack [?]
I will be just like Lee Lucas

Sellin' chickens, steady hoopin'
I say hoopin'?! I mean ballin'
Diamonds in my muslim towdee
Gucci boots that glue with belts
Check night and just do it
I was locked up with Big Rufus
Tellin' Reggie Miller a shooter
Hittin' for the pamper on dizzy come up [?]
That witta flood the whole tilt
You niggas know my jack would neva make no rat nigga look cute
Woah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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