

Building...

On

Greeting boys and girls
My name is Petey P
Kendrick's childhood imaginary friend (that's right)
I am your neighbor
And I'd like to welcome you to good kid, m.A.A.d city
So grab your cartoons and cereal
Your pop guns and fireworks
And sing along)When we grow up we gon go and get us a million
Spend it all in front of the county building
Blow it like Coltrane, blow it like Coltrane
When we grow up we gon go and get us a million
Spend it all in front of the county building
Blow it like Coltrane, blow it like Coltrane(Kendrick, you remember that one time when we was)
I've been waiting on this day since Dr. Dre and Pac
Was on Rosecrans in that burgerstand at '95
People staring at 'em in amazement
Reservations at the Days Inn
We was living out a hotel at the time
Breakfast, lunch and dinner chicken from Kentucky Fried
Mama babysitting Section 8 vouchers the move
When nothing else to lose but a burger flipping job
Close my eyes inside the swap meet and imagine it's a mansion
Gold ballroom, AK-47 dancing
Howling at the moon, what's a pack of hungry babies?
Hope you feed us soon, bite your back, you die of rabies
Everyday we pray to eat at the table at Sizzlers
But never make the visit, if better days was on its way
Then they make the decision, to make the wrong turn
So for now we heat this skillet so this canned food can burn
(Oh I remember that, it was the ravioli with the hot sauce in it, right?)When we grow up we gon go and get us a
million
Spend it all in front of the county building
Blow it like Coltrane, blow it like Coltrane
When we grow up we gon go and get us a million
Spend it all in front of the county building
Blow it like Coltrane, blow it like ColtraneAnd all the ghetto children in the world say, "that's my car"
All the ghetto boys say, "that's my car"
All the ghetto girls say, "that's my car"
When we grow up, when we grow up

Ghetto children in the world say, "that's my car"

All the ghetto boys say, "that's my car"

All the ghetto girls say, "that's my car"

When we grow up, when we grow up(Nigga you remember the smoke and the burning buildings and shit?)

Couple stolen T.V.'s and a seat belt for my safety

Played the passenger I think it's five years after eighty

Seven, do the math, '92 don't you be lazy

Looking out the window, notice all the essentials

Of a block party that stop for a second, then it rekindle

Like a flame from a trick candle, everybody got dental

Insurance 'cause we 'bout to floss, you get that couch I sent you?

I heard that from a block away, probably had credentials

Of a scholar but shit not today, them Dayton Spokes was his to take

Refrigerators, barbecue pits, and Jordan kicks

They did invasions while helicopters recorded it

Hello Mi-Mister Miyagi, I want them Kenwood woofers

Say that you got me if not, I'll dig in your drawer for it

The swap meet was the bulls' eye like Tauruses

Murder was the melody you should know what the chorus is

"Papa you really telling me we can just get some more of it

If we run out?" He said, "lil nigga today the poor is rich

Don't tell your mom that you seen a Molotov bomb

If she ask just know you have to lie and son don't forget

Bitches ain't shit, hoes ain't neither

Niggas gon snitch, watch the company you keeping

And one day you'll put money in the ghetto when you got it

Rather than having to hustle off these Rodney King riots"

(That's right the mothafuckin' Rodney King

You was with your daddy on Bullis Road)When we grow up we gon go and get us a million

Spend it all in front of the county building

Blow it like Coltrane, blow it like Coltrane

When we grow up we gon go and get us a million

Spend it all in front of the county building

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