

Growing Up

Turk

[Mickey] Cross tha family, ya get sprayed wit a mac I ain't nothin but a hustler, I raised like that Pumpin gas or pumpin crack, we was paid like that Ol' G's taught us game, we was made like that Laid flat My uncle was sellin crack, my father was smokin So we promised to get my momma out Me and brother didn't like tha way my mother was (?) Betta car, betta house And if daddy ain't gettin shit togetha, fuck it, a betta spouse I know what this ghetto bout, I live that life Stay strapped , gat attached next to my ribs at night No heat, no light at tha crib at night Cause them fiends'll try to steal yo life Everything I live for, I die for Muthafucka this Chicago Cash Money tha click I'll ride for Now tha whole workld in love wit Mickey Yeah, they showed me love when them label wasn't fuckin wit me Cash Money Millionaires nigga [Hook(Turk)] Growing up was hard in them project bricks I ain't gone even lie dawg I ain't neva had shit It was hard dawg wit out a father figure Give it up to my mom 'cause she stood tall nigga [Christina] Nigga I'm from city where niggaz gang bang and shit I tote em quick and make chickens get over Tha first bitch in my gone get knocked tha fuck over Up on tha corner drinkin henny, tryna hang and shit Shit I'm not playin, them bullets gone start sprayin Start prayin, 'cause gats gone start sprayin Stop panicin, stayin calm to I bomb out this ghetto Leg, back, arms, ice up to tha elbow Rock Fenni, bitches envy me up in tha ghetto Tote Gucchi coats, toast toast in they thoart Slimmy's pack simmy's, squeeze 50 in tha ghetto 'cause niggaz will beat u senseless in tha ghetto I'm glad I moved my mom to tha ponds, out tha palms of tha ghetto Hit tha roach, don't smoke, it'll have u senseless in tha ghetto True divas neva settle for tha ghetto Come on, and that's real Cash Money nigga [Hook] [Turk] Three sons and a momma, growin up was hard Couldn't keep up wit tha Jones, 'cause we didn't have funds In tha summer it was hot, 'cause we didn't have air I ain't gone lie, sometimes you to get pissed off Daddy wasn't even around like he didn't even care At my momma like it was her fault but ir wasn't at all Used to keep a pair of tenny's for atleast 6 months When they got scuffed up, we just ploished em up Had to be inside early, yeah i punched tha clock Just my momma and my brother gettin how we live Didn't have no telephone or no cable box One thing fa sho dawg we kept a meal Livin on welfare and my momma's pray Thinkin to myself this shit all fucked up, times was heard for me dawg growin Wishin that one day we gone get outta this hell up [Hook]

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