Growing Up

E-40

I'm a little mannish motherfucker
I take after my older brother
Started off selling marijuana, but now I'm selling yola
Here take a swig of this bourbon
[Incomprehensible]Hit that, hit that, baby
Aight dude, aye who who's foolin' right there?
Who dat?
Aight nigga, aye, get down nigga
Aye nigga, get down nigga
Aye nigga, get down nigga
Shit!
Wuh, we about seventy-five extra mail mannish
Hard-headed hoodlum-ass niggaz
On the dope track workin' overtime full of fuckin 'D'
Runnin' through somewhere in the neighborhood
Of about seven-hundred thousand in illegal narcotics
Generatin' through mah street, a week
Why motherfuckers gotta ask me how I'm doin' if I'm alright?
When a motherfucker's starvin' and strugglin'
Even on my hip pretty much needlin' and jugglin'
There still ain't gonna never be enough lovin'
I'm tired of rippin' and runnin', dodgin' and duckin' bullets
I know my time is comin', death is on me bad
The walls is closin' in, I wish I had a dad
But left when I was ten, so mom's is all I had
And she was there for me until I ran away from the pad
And now she disowned me and she don't claim me
Reverend wouldja put some blessin' oil on my head
Before I end up dead, gall bladder full of lead, scared
I guess a hard-head make a soft-ass
I ain't gon' last if I keep fuckin' with this fast life
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, uh
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, uh
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him

Ah, I page my ties even though the money's filthy
Don't wanna go to church, because I feel guilty
Nope, I don't wanna die 'cause when the preacher preach the Gospel
I be ready to cry up in the Church of Pentecostal
I don't think I'ma make it to see twenty-five
'Til I wash my hands and come clean
Shit, I'll be hella happy if I can just live to see sixteen
No life to give for that nastiness
As a rebellious disobedient-ass problem child
He's easily influenced, hangin' around the wrong crowd
I'm willin' to do almost anything
Whatever it takes to make my allowance
I'm on prescription medication, chemically off-balance
Got me snatchin' up [Incomprehensible], pickin' up hits
Pick-pickin' indo's and pullin' licks
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, uh
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, uh
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him
But daddy?
Yes son
Tie my shoes
Okay
Lace me up, hook me up
Like a tow-track, man
Aight
Ear-hustlin', make like a pampered suck-up game-a-saur
What?
When it comes to this thang man I'm connoisseur
Connoisseur
I read through the punk registry in the robb report
What?
I come off like dat
Grew up around slick talkers
A po-po-poppin' con artists
What?
Go straight to the [Incomprehensible] and get a bad leather jacket
Boy you
[Incomprehensible] bankrupt
Like you when I was younger
But I got my life together and I bettered myself as I got older

Na-uh, now I entertain, a sss-uh, a-smeb rover
Street smarts with a degree and a diploma
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, uh
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him
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He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, uh
He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him
Ah, give it to me, uhh
Uhh uhh
Come on, uhh
Give it to me, uhh

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