Tryna Get Me One (feat. Pusha T)

Gillie Da Kid

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro: Gillie Da Kid]
Yeah
You don't know how I was raised nigga
You wouldn't understand
Not at all (North Philly)
Six of us in a two-bedroom apartment
Figure it out[Verse 1: Gillie Da Kid]
I'm just a nigga on a mission
Started out a kid lotta ambition
On my birthday never got what I wishing for
Daddy wasn't there, shit I didn't miss him though
Didn't blame either it was the norm to us I mean
None of us my friends had daddys either
I was raised by Erie Avenue
We young niggas carry burners they'll bury you
So at a young age I learned to fight for mines
Cause, I wasn't gon be that scary dude
Getting picked on
Getting fucked with
It happened one time
I was like fuck this
I went to zeddys house got his brother 38
Ran back around the corner set them niggas straight
I tell ya from that day on
I'm on here sitting sayin he ain't the nigga to be prayed on
Turned 18 shit
I would walk up on the corner and none of them niggas stay long
Night lion kid
I had that iron cig
And my heart fuckin bigger than a lions is
From a city where they kill you, you don't mind your biz
Never trust a nigga who asking you what time it is

Understand the rules, that's a jammy move
Act a fool I got this tool that I plan to use[Hook]
They don't know what I be
They don't know what I've done, done
Running through the city on a mission tryna get me one
They don't know what I've seen
They don't know where I come from, from
Running through the city on a mission tryna get me one[Verse 2: Gillie Da Kid]
I played the hand I was given
I'm a Muslim I give turkeys out on thanksgiving
Wasn't to celebrate the holidays
Just didn't want to see bunch families starve that day (Nah)
Doing what my heart told me
I ain't really know my art that's when God chose me
To do this biz
Be the hood voice
Spokesperson for this ghetto shit
I be doing what I'm doing man I gotta live
I be doing what I'm doing just to feed my kids
I would never of thought this rap in this movie biz - Huh?
Whatever accept this Gillie Kid
Come from nothing to somethin
Man it took limits
Your only get out of it what you put in it
Hustle hard, twenty-four seven
365 boy man I'm always on my job[Hook][Verse 3: Pusha T]
Yeah, I ain't got your average rapper story
Came up with both parents they was clappin for me
High school graduate college course dabbled with
Still not a enough to save a nigga from the savages
Yeah, you could blame it on my blood line
How my uncle sold cold crack and heroin
Yeah, my eldest brother still a user
Mama still cry but keep faith in that loser
God, the truth hurts but it's my saving grace
Niggas cut they nose off just to spite their face
Niggas get they bros up just to dodge a case
I was knockin O's off through my Jordan phase
High school with a pistol like it's high noon
Ransackin stash spots like a typhoon
They flood niggas with they work like a Monsoon
I weigh coke on that scale in my moms room
Push![Hook]

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