

# Young Boy

## Clipse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm a tell you what I'm talking bout  
When I was a young boy  
My mama always told me don't take no shit  
Motherfucker hit you then you better hit him back  
So when I hit the nigga it go blame  
And nigga outta lineBack when I was 'bout big wheels and race tracks  
Pop push the tornado and rode to eight tracks  
Never stood a chance, exposed from way back  
Lying to the baby, saying it's AjaxI was about four, when I walked passed that door  
That should have been closed where I first witnessed the raw  
See in my household it was quite unique  
Playing' hide and seek you might find a keyCaught a glimpse accidental it branded my mental  
path. My role model in that Lincoln Continental  
Bought all my friends icees, it was about six  
And when he pulled off, I was like "See told you we was rich"How I turned out let it be no surprise  
When they speak of cousin Ricky it brings tears to their eyes, see  
My family got a history of hustlers  
Lil' brother, big brother, mother to grandmother, it's traditionI'm a tell you what I'm talking bout  
When I was a young boy  
My mama always told me don't take no shit  
Motherfucker hit you then you better hit him back  
So when I hit the nigga it go blame  
And nigga outta line, I said, "Motherfucker's outta line"My momma didn't see it coming, my daddy was there  
What's my excuse? Cartoons were the root  
Started with Yosemite Sam  
With the gun in palm of each handWhat couldn't I demand see  
Thirteen, studied the gansta's lean  
Lil' grim no smile, lotta cash meanwhile  
Daddy had the Chrysler fifth aveyHustlers on the block cars were aerodynamic  
With ghetto paint jobs, mango M 3's  
On seventeen inch BB's, riding tough  
The bike was huffy, attention was frozeAnd a twenty-five cent frozen cup laid my soul

The streets had made the mold  
Since fourteen holding' push a T was chosen  
Rebel like Che Gueverra, RC Tyco verses Carrera, pick I'm a tell you what I'm talking bout  
When I was a young boy  
My mama always told me don't take no shit  
Mother fucker hit you then you better hit him back  
So when I hit the nigga it go blame blame  
And nigga outta line, I said, "Motherfucker's outta line" I think of grandma and the weight she would foot 'em  
She kinda remind me of Madame Queen in hoodlum  
Spoiled the grandkids, each one she would treasure  
Said she kept two guns and to do so was a pleasure The cigarette dangled, forty-five degree angle  
Still every bit a lady but you don't wanna tangle  
Let that explain me and how I got involved  
Young N's hustlers in the creek, me, Jon Jon and Jamal Age fifteen, walking through the hallway  
Played the New Jordan's, first one's on the scene  
See I could afford them, living out a dream  
Hustler on the rise, laces untied Slid pass Young N's, couldn't break my stride  
Didn't know I was knotted in street ties  
Teachers asking how and why, bitches passing by  
Oh my he so gangsta! I'ma tell you what I'm talking about  
When I was a young boy  
My mama always told me don't take no shit  
Motherfucker hit you then you better hit him back  
So when I hit the nigga it go blame  
And nigga outta line, I said, "Your nigga's outta line" I'ma tell you what I'm talking about  
Outta line!

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