

Boys to Men

Landon

[Pastor Troy Talking]

Ayo this ya boy Pastor Troy checkin in right, yuh
(This from the soul)

Ayo, on this joint right here man we bout to just break it down to you
man just the transition to becoming..a man (This from the heart)
That some of y'all gone have to go through man everybody on the sound
of my voice (This from the soul)
Everything gone be cool man, From Boys to Men

[Verse 1] Pastor Troy

No one to doubt me, I'm not here lonely
Childhood secrets still wid my homies
I recall days when I blazed up on the hill
Not knowin' wud the future would hold, just kept it real
We ridin' on the 'Lac with the boys to other schools
We catch 'em at dey football games and act a fool
And everybody know my name, it's Michael Troy
We made all them bullies respect Falcon Boy
I got my folks worried, I'm suspended everyday
Sometimes I ain't tell 'em and caught the train to the A
The FirePoint Station, Supreme location
I'm only 15, tho at the lil' scene

[Chorus]

No one to pry me, I'm all alone
No one to cry on
He'd shelter from the rain..to ease the pain
Changing from boys to men

[Verse 2]

I've done seen stabbings, i've done seen shootings
I've done seen a robbery, i've done seen two
But I ain't even 15, so when i turn 16
I'm'ma get dat chrome thing wid da beam
My team was da wreckin' crew, like juice
The type of niggas on our side do, who was the truth
I bet them killaz on his side respect game
That other nigga from the southside, was lame
My name is Stone, Charlestown to the bone

Lil' Wayne and Scooby, we rocking MCM and Gucci
I'm nine years old, that nigga let me touch a Uzi
I wanted to kill, just like i saw up in the movie
No wonder one of my friend shot himself in his head
Playin' wid the gun from under his mothers bed
Don't want to call his name too tough, we'll call him Fred
We watch my nigga while he bled (when we was young)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3] Eight-ball

Lord knows we be tryin hard, God watching over us
Mama told me "baby dun be goin to school cuttin up"
Did I listen, hell naw, listen let me tell ya'll
Streets transform mamas only into eight-ball
Errywhere I go, niggaz know I speak that poetry
See my +Chilouette+ like I'm +Alfred Hitchcock+ and they know its me
Bottom line met a lot of niggaz on the grind
getting them dimes
Murder they ass, escape the scene like I committed the crime
A friend of mine, don't rap he doing illegal business
18-Wheeler, Fed, X, bricks, did wid killaz
He smoke and dipped'em drunk with Crys and get to beating his bitches
Them bitches down though, come straight back after they get through strippen
I'm outta' town, next to the church see his lil' brotha cryin
Told me his brotha killed himself, I said nigga you lyin
He put the gun to his mouth and blew his brain out
He couldn't handle this goddamn shit that we sang 'bout

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