

# Growin' Up

## Jay Class

Ha ha, that's my shit  
Turn it up  
Uh, yeah  
I hear a beat like this and think about growin' up  
House parties with gangbangers showin' up  
Represent your hood, everybody throw it up  
They say, Cube, get on the mic, nigga, blow it up  
I used to be lyrical, political  
But now you want it sugarcoated, like cereal  
First I met Dre, then I met Yella  
Dr. Dre made me rap acapella  
Me and Jinx did a show at Dudo's  
With K-Dee, I think it was two shows  
Then Dre introduced me to E  
Cruisin' down the street in his red Jeep  
He said, "Yo, niggaz, we should flip it like this  
'Cause them 'Boyz N the Hood' like the gangsta shit"  
I put the pen to the pad, young nigga was raw  
And told the world how we felt about the law  
It was real  
I see the happiness, all day every day  
I see the pain  
Where am I? Growin' up in the hood  
Back down memory lane  
I see the happiness, all day, every day  
I see the pain  
Where am I? Growin' up in the hood  
Back down memory lane  
Oh, shit, it's N.W.A.  
Them niggaz on tour and they comin' our way  
Little Eminem is still tucked away  
In that trailer park, just bumpin' our tape  
Jerry Heller tried to make his escape  
I had to bounce, while other niggaz got raped  
Same niggaz turned around and said fuck me  
No, fuck you, 'cause I'm down with Chuck D  
And I'm 'bout to do a movie up, a classic  
When I hit the screen, nigga, it was magic  
Never thought I'd see Eazy in a casket

Thanks for everythang, that's on everythang  
I learned a lot of game from you  
I like your son, he got his name from you  
I tell him everythang that he need to know  
If he ask my advice, I won't think twice, homey  
I see the happiness, all day every day  
I see the pain  
Where am I? Growin' up in the hood  
Back down memory lane  
I see the happiness, all day, every day  
I see the pain  
Where am I? Growin' up in the hood  
Back down memory lane  
From 'Boyz N the Hood', to XXX, too  
Everybody wanna know my next move  
Fans all around say, "We love you, Cube"  
I wanna take time to say, I love you, too  
I love all my fans 'cause they know I'm a man  
And not a little boy or some fuckin' play toy  
A lot of niggaz say, I grew up on you  
And let me know if anybody fuck wit'chu  
'Cause you talk a lot of shit about the red, black and blue  
And how they treat a nigga called Katrina, did you see her?  
White folks worry 'bout them fuckin' misdemeanor  
While black people dyin' in that God damn arena  
Just because I'm actin', nigga, never stop rappin'  
It's in my blood, homey, I'ma keep the party crackin'  
Money keep stackin 'til they put me in a casket  
Who you think you fuckin' wit? Here's another classic  
I see the happiness, all day every day  
I see the pain  
Where am I? Growin' up in the hood  
Back down memory lane  
I see the happiness, all day, every day  
I see the pain  
Where am I? Growin' up in the hood  
Back down memory lane  
I'm Ruthless, I'm Ruthlesso  
Street Knowledge, Lench Mob  
Westside, uh  
I see the happiness, all day every day  
I see the pain  
Where am I? Growin' up in the hood  
Back down memory lane  
Uh, that shit, huh

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