Young Boy

[Rename]

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 line
Back 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 Ajax
I 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 key
Car blames accidents so late branded my mental
Hal's my role model in that Lincoln Continental
Bought all my friends icees, it was about six
And when he pull 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 tradition
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 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 hand
What couldn't I demand see
Thirteen, studied the gansta's lean
Lil' grim no smile, lotta cash meanwhile
Daddy had the Chrystler fifth avey
Hustlers 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 froze
And 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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