Growin' Up

Randy Brown

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/