Music Box

Keke Palmer

Listen up, turn your box up, gather all around
This one's strictly for the ghetto
Some of y'all recognize, some of y'all won't
Better pay attention and listen closeThere was an old lady who lived in my hood
That sold freeze pops for a quarter
Had so many kids that I lost count
More sons than she had daughtersAnd every night before they would fall asleep
Theyd pray for shelter and food to eat
But the landlord huffed and blew the house down
Now they out on the streetsAnd now she cleans, she mops
The tears they drop
The only sound that drowns it out
Comes from my music boxSo just let the music play
Don't let it stop
It ain't easy growing up in the hood
But I got my music boxWhen the sirens sound wind it up
Or the shots ring down just wind it up
[Incomprehensible] the hood but Im up to no good
Cause I got my music boxThere was an old man, he lived in the hood
Had rubber bands, dimes, and quarters worth a block
Put him away, left his wife and kids
And a sexist teenage daughterCouldn't shake the reflections, starved to perfection
I've seen it all before
Now she ignores the advice of a kid folk
Tell her stay home but she creeping out the back doorAnd now she pays the cost
Young girl so lost
I feel your pain, try to maintain
Wind up your music boxSo just let the music play
Don't let it stop
It ain't easy growing up in the hood
But I got my music boxWhen the sirens sound wind it up
Or the shots ring down just wind it up
[Incomprehensible] the hood but Im up to no good
Cause I got my music boxThis hood situation's got me sick
Call the doctor, quick, quick, quick
Doctor, doctor, will I die?
Na, na, young girl, just let the song playSo just let the music play
Don't let it stop
It ain't easy growing up in the hood

But I got my music boxWhen the sirens sound wind it up
Or the shots ring down just wind it up
[Incomprehensible] the hood but Im up to no good
Cause I got my music boxCause I got my music box
My music box

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