

Kill It

Kurupt

Living proof my nigga
Yea
Yea
Kurupt
It's Youngin, this real rap
Trap, trap, trap

Look, I remember waitin on the 1st and 15th for some food stamps
And if you didn't had J's went in the cool camp
Me and Murda went to Graystood Elementary
We was thuggin young, bangin on our enemies
Granny raised me nigga but I took care of myself
Way back when I had to hug my father through a cell
And I respect for tryna feed a nigga
But it wasn't easy growin up without no father figure
But I love him, when he came home I jumped into his arms
And I hugged him, and some tears fell down
He asked what's wrong and I said nothing
I still remember my granny telling me Yungin get the dough
When I opened it was my father standing there with some locals

Haha, with a Jerry curl
One of the best days of my life nigga
Yea, uh, look

And I ain't never been that nigga on that tough act
It's NY City, any nigga can get busted
And nowadays the OG's don't get respect no mo
Young nigga strapped up, won't hesitate to let him blow
Niggas got a problem with you, they won't even let you know
Be all up in yo face nigga
Real one to poke a hoe

Yea, so if you hatin on a nigga
There's something I have to let you know nigga
Look

Even though you hatin on a nigga
I be wishin for the best for you nigga
I am no hater, I ain't hatin on no nigga
So I just pray for you hatin ass niggas

Nah, it's consensual with elephants and monesters
I'm smashin through the hood with all my little youngsters
My big homie, taught me bout the way of life
Heavy back accounts and now slide it twice
When my mama passed, my life crashed
Head on collision and then my mind collapsed
I'm thinking bout coca sacks, Cadillacs
Quarter sacks, doin about 100 racks
I told er mama look, one day I'll get it
I got the hood behind me mama and they all with it
Ya'll niggas gimmicks, I'm livin proof
See I really lived it, in and out the booth
I'm bout to get this can nigga out the business
I love all my hoes, can't live without the bitches
And yea them still

No matter what and how I feel
Money motivation, get it close and bang the pavement
The party crazy, gang affiliates about to some chasin
Money boys love the hood, bless the natures and the Matrix
I could make you hate the way you take it 'cause you niggas fake it

Yea, you niggas fake it
And a nigga like me, I can't take it
My thought process, I am thoughtless
And it's like time, I'm living thoughtless
All these years that I've fought stress
To get me this note and this sport tress
Whirlpool go tacks
Bitch nigga, bitch nigga

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So I just pray for you hatin ass niggas