

Young Boy

Clipse

Mmm I'ma tell you what I'm talkin bout
When I was a young boy
My mama always told me don't take no shit
Motherfucker hit you then you better hit 'em back
So when I hit the nigga it could Breeeeeeak
Nigga out of line

Back when I was 'bout Big Wheels and race tracks
Pops pushed a Tornado and rolled to 8 tracks
Never stood a chance, exposed from way back
Lyin' to the baby sayin its Ajax
I was 'bout 4 when I walked past that door
That shoulda been closed where I first witnessed the raw
See in my household it was quite unique
Playin hide and seek, you might find a key
Car glimpse accidentally, branded my mental
Pals my role model in that Lincoln Continental
Bought all my friends Icees, it was 'bout 6
And when he pulled off I was like, See told ya we was rich
How I turned out let it be no surprise
When they speak of cousin Ricky it brings tears to my eyes
See, my family got a history of hustlers
Lil' brother, big brother, mother to grandmother
Its tradition

My mama didn't see it comin, my daddy was there
What's my excuse
Cartoons were the root
Started with Yosemite Sam with the gun in
palm of the hand, what couldn't I demand
See, thirteen
Studied the gangsta's lean
Low brim, no smile
Lotta cash meanwhile
Daddy had the Chrysler Fifth Avey
Hustlers on the blocks cars were aero-dynamie
With ghetto paint jobs, Mango M threes
Seventeen inch B-Bs ridin' tough
Tha bike was Huffy, attention was froze
In a twenty five cent frozen cup laid my soul
Tha streets had me to mold
Since fourteen holdin, Pusha T was chosen
Rebel like Shake Rivera
Tyco RC versus Carrera

I think of grandma and the way she would foot 'em
She kinda remind me of Madam Queen and Hoodlum
Sport the grandkids, each one she would treasure
Said she kept two guns and to do so was a pleasure
The cigarette dangle forty-five degree angle
Sitll every bit a lady but you don't wanna tangle
Let that explain me and how I got involved
Young'ns hustlin in the creep, me, Jon-Jon and Jamal

Age Fifteen
Walkin through the hallway, plate the new Jordans
First ones on the scene

See I could afford 'em, Livin out a dream
Hustler on the rise, laces untied
Slid past young'ns, couldn't break my stride
Didn't know I was knotted in street ties
Teachers askin' how and why
Bitches passin' by
Oh my, he's so gangsta