

Growing Up

E-40

I'm a little mannish motherfucker
I take after my older brother
Started off selling marijuana, but now I'm selling yola"

Here take a swig of this bourbon
Hit that, hit that baby
Aight dude, ay who who's foolin' right there? (who dat?)
Aight nigga ay get down nigga
Ay nigga get down nigga! ay nigga get down nigga (shit!)

Wha', we about
Seventy-five extra mail mannish hard-headed hoodlum-ass niggas
On the dope track workin' overtime full of fuckin 'd' (d!)
Runnin' through somewhere in the neighborhood
Of about seven-hundred thousand in illegal narcotics
Generatin' through mah street, a week
Why motherfuckers gotta ask me how I'm doin' if I'm alright?
When a motherfucker's starvin' and strugglin'
Even on my hip pretty much needlin' and jugglin'
There still ain't gonna never be enough lovin!
I'm tired of rippin' and runnin', dodgin' and duckin' bullets
I know my time is comin', death is on me bad
The walls is closin' in, I wish I had a dad
But left when I was ten, so moms is all I had
And she was there for me until I ran away from the pad
And now she disowned me and she don't claim me
Reverend wouldja put some blessin' oil on my head
Before I end up dead, gall bladder full of lead - scared
I guess a hard-head make a soft-ass ?
I ain't gon' last if I keep fuckin' with this fast life

He would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, uh
(he would grow up to be nothin' but a hoodlum
Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him)

Ah, I page my ties even though the money's filthy
Don't wanna go to church, because I feel guilty
Nope - I don't wanna die, cause when the preacher preach the gospel
I be ready to cry, up in the church of pentecostal
I don't think I'm a make it to see twenty-five
Til I wash my hands and come clean
Shit I'll be hella happy if I can just live to see sixteen
No life to give for that nastiness
As a rebellious disobedient-ass problem child
He's easily influenced, hangin' around the wrong crowd
I'm willin' to do almost anything,
Whatever it takes to make my allowance
I'm on prescription medication, chemically off-balance
Got me snatchin' up ? pickin' up hits
Pick-pickin' indo's (do's), and pullin' licks

But daddy? (yes son) tie my shoes (okay) lace me up (uh)
Hook me up, like a tow-track man (aight)
Ear-hustlin', make like a pampered suck-up game-a-saur (what?)
When it comes to this thang man I'm connoisseur (connoisseur)
I read through the punk registry in the robb report (what?)

I come off like dat
Grew up around slick talkers (ah)
A pa-a poppin' con artists (what?)
Go straight to the ? and get a bad leather jacket
? bankrupt!

Boy you,
Like you when I was younger
But I got my life together
And I bettered myself as I got older
Na-uh now I entertain (entertain)
A sss-uh, a-smeb rover (a smeb rover)
Street smarts with a degree and a diploma

Ah give it to me, uh
Uh
Uh
Come on, uh
Give it to me, uh