

The Way I Was Raised

E-40

It's the way I was raised
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It's the way they raised me
It's the way I was raised

Put up yo' dukes and put down yo' guns
Eatin' soup with a fork, crackers and crumbs
Livin' in the ghetto with the hustlers and bums
Sellin' dope to my best friend, daddies and moms

Life in the slum, in the gutter, and in the sewer
In the bottomless pits, where they say we ain't got no future
Po-po empty they clips, rifles and Rugers
Local law enforcement, FBI, state troopers

I was just lookin' at the news
Some people ain't got nothin' to lose
Then one of my dudes say
"God take care of babies and fools"

He grew up poor, shoes too little
Corns hecka sore, I seen this movie before
Keep your faith, say your prayer before you go to sleep
Get on yo' knees and thank God you on yo' feet

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My potna's broad been messin' around on him, but I'm scare to tell him
Cause he might turn on me, thought we was family
Why peoples be takin' they anger out on people that go they back
Fallin' out over dumb stuff, somethin' as simple as that

Be careful on the phones, they might be hot as heater
You never know when they tapin' or got you on the loudspeaker
In real life, not a trailer or a teaser
This ain't Netflix for no actors right here

Who got a beer? I'm stressed out
When I was 12 years old, I had a paper route
Raised in the soil, you can't be a little hussy
Or a powder puff, gotta be thuggy

Money on my mind, grew up eatin' swine
Never talk or tell, never drop a dime
That's what the ave always woke me to
I guess the ave never spoke to you

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I remember in the day
I had to walk all the way home from school
That's the way I was raised
And look here, I recall
Sometimes, we had nothing at all to eat
And mama worked it out
That's the way I was raised

Respect your elders, talkin' back will get you took
My mama will give you certain looks
That's a warning when you going a little overboard
Back then, mamas would whoop you with extension cords

But I don't hate her for that
Cause she the sweetest thing to her grandchildren, and that's a fact
And they wanna rap
My suggestion is let 'em do that

So many mothers lost they sons to the streets
It's sad when they get that phone call or knock on the door from the police
It's bad when our loved one's deceased
We glad when we know they're at peace

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Too many of us be trippin' off small stuff
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