

# Seventeen

Freddie Gibbs

I'm from the lights  
I'm the village dream  
When I was seventeen  
(Guess the dream is true hah?)

Uh yea wussup?  
It's the world baby  
Uh yea wussup?  
It's the world baby

I was on my grind when I was 17  
Only half a thing for a stack worth of 17  
Took a road trip, came back, have me 7 nins  
When I turn 18, I'm worried by 7 things

Yea, look, take 'em back when I was 17  
17, I had a cutlass it was hella clean  
Always thuggin', always on the scene  
It's the word it's 2 to bat, need some bigger chings

I gotta get it, I want, I gotta have it  
Throw the nuts in the bag then I'm right back at it  
Yea, 14 grams in my attic  
The dealer of the year, so who's really the addict  
Yea, all this fast money I'm a get done  
She kick me out the house, I got a dick that dance  
Guess mama don't love me no more  
See, she might not even let me use the oven no more  
1-35, fresh out the press, smell the aroma  
Walk the stick, my uncle on the couch, she in a coma  
And I swear that sin is louder than an avalanche  
Came back to X the 50, did the hammer dance  
My grandma keep telling me I needs to help  
But I keep tellin' her that I need some wealth  
Cutlass with the alpine, got there too long  
Blow wind a hard, bitch I got me 2 chicks

At 17 I had a 9 with 17 shots  
East 17, 5-17 block  
Fraid it's to the left, whole hood cling lower  
Shout my niggas from valley Bronx to Concord  
Nigga, you could play ball  
Class, I took the day off  
Tryna buy some new J's, hopin' I get the skate off  
Fully automatic shootouts, call that sprayer  
Before I ever see 17, I bust the K off  
And my homie got me blowed in the worst way  
7 grand for 17 birthday  
In the school hall we was getting cheddar there  
Except the T hundred in my letter man  
When I was 17

17, you bust a clean team  
Uppin' in this food court, polo'd up, pullin' everything  
Some lil niggas 'bout their fra skins  
Got my first queue key 5 points from the advocates  
Head 'em down, I'm still fat there

Had 'em stashed in the old spice camp, thought I was slick there  
Diner with the ho when all goin' cho  
Went from halfbacks to four ways a glass  
In it with the black vans and the tats  
Now we drinkin' milk, throwin' up slaps  
Young and wild, chest all full of cash  
Just a little nigga tryna come up on some green bats

[Hook]