

Too Young

III Bill

[Chorus]

I found out that I was too young, not grown
I was not ready for a world so cold
I was not prepared to make it on my own
I was not ready for what life unfolds
And it was too much too soon
I couldn't tell if what I thought was false or true
I didn't think about what I'm about to do
I messed up, this couldn't be real, this can't be true

[Verse 1: Hero]

I was too young but these my people so that's okay, though
I was down for anything, I would do it if they say so
Look at how they're cooking it up, I sit and watch their cake grow
Watching Robbie in the corner, he done snorting yeyo
And everybody acting cool like that right there's okay, though
So walk over to him and I'm like, Oh hey bro
What the fuck are you doing? Get away from the table
He's like, this ain't nothing but a bit of the yeyo
I got it covered plus I make the profit from sales
He's acting like he hadn't heard not one of them tales
They threw his brother, knocked him and they took him to jail
There go another, this hustler here is destined to fail
I think it but the last I heard he tried to appeal
And Eric, he gone, he wild and busting his steel off at the po-po
These are the trials and tribulations of kids trying to act like grown folks

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Ill Bill]

I was too young to fall in love like Mötley Crüe
Too young, I pulled a gun and I shot this dude
It was over a girl, foolish pride, I was crucified
Just another youthful juvenile doing time
Forgive me, mama. I never meant for you to cry
Went to trial, I was sentenced to a two-to-five
Handcuffed back of the bus, forty of us
Life as a short shouldn't be so rough
And I ain't no punk here
You flinch your face and get your face fixed
Face lift, credit get cut up, you get your face ripped
Then bust your shit wide open and make you leak
You better chill out before I birthday cake your feet
Not a bad guy, I don't wanna catch mad time
So I chill with work release in the back of my mind
But the guy that I popped wasn't dead, he's locked up in here now too
And wants revenge, I got shanked in my bed

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Slaine]

I was too young to say no, too young to yell no
Old enough to taste anger but not enough to smell hope
Thirteen years old, my beloved mother had just passed
I started puffing grass, drinking forties, cutting class
My father always used to beat on me and bust my ass repeatedly
I couldn't wait to get a change of scenery
I never had a dream, nobody believed in me
These mean streets are the only thing I seem to be
I'm sixteen being free, chewing vikes and percs
Caught an OC habit quick and my life got worse
Cause now I'm sick unless I get a pill

So my head is filled with deep schemes
My tolerance, I let it build
But when street dreams and quick cash is difficult
You find you get the same high cheap from sniffing dope
Now I'm shooting with the neighbourhood people
Nobody could save me from evil, I'm a slave to the needle
I'm too young
[Chorus x 2]