

They Ask Me

J-Kwon

Ya know, right now, whatever you smoke
Right now 'cause they ask me, and they ask me
And they ask me, they ask me
Now they ask me
How you know so much at 17
What you mean?
You never seen a dysfunctional teen
Mama cared for me
Papa wasn't there for me
Older brother sold dope and murph blurr for me
Times got hard I had to get harder
Let me take that back I had to get smarter
16, I had me a daughter
Hold up J-Kwon lets get shit in order
Baby mama that's a whole 'nother story
Both too young both too horney
Cell phone rung, but I didn't answer
Check my voice mail, my grandma got cancer
Now she layin' up in a old folks home
When it seemed like yesterday she was home
A month later stroke popped up
Her brain cells gone
The last thing she said was let no one steer you wrong, I'm grown
They ask me, do I believe in God
So I ask them, did I defeat the odds
Shit fucked up but I can't turn away now
Sold dope around the town, self esteem way down
Jessie made me tougher, he boxed me up
My mama put me in the system, she locked me up
Now this around the time that we lived on Hanley
When I think about it I don't know none of my family
Except, for the immediate ones
That's why I run to the streets and the Jennings hand guns
He don't talk much so everybody want to fight him
Every school I went to nobody liked him
Never could it be right
I'd try sometimes
So I chilled by myself and cry sometimes
And all I ask from God to buy sometime
Would I bring his name in it If I was lyin'
Now look at what the fuck I did, done
Terry Jones last son, this is a blessing
I'm grown
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
Now they ask me how you know so much at 17
What you mean
You never seen a dysfunctional teen
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, woah
Times got hard I had to get harder
Let me take that back I had to get smarter