

They Say

Jay Rock

Growing up I was a knucklehead
Boy you never listen to me, that's what my mama said
I'm from the projects, I ain't never had shit
Me and my older brother, we had to share a mattress
No heat, no lights, had to keep them candles lit
My daddy left me at eight, in and out my life and shit
Gang bangers, dope dealers replaced my father
Neighborhood hustlers taught me to get them dollars
That's when I became a problem, product of my environment
It's hard to grow up to be a doctor or a fireman
when you constantly seeing that G-ride tires screeching
and them shots firing all the time, it happens frequently
The hood inspired him, to be a G
I bled for the game, did it all for the letter B
The big homie gave me the name Jay Rock
This ain't no rap gimmick, this a real life story of Watts living, nigga

You can take, me out the hood
But you can't take the hood out me
And that's the way that it will forever be
And I can't help it, I'm gutter
Why should I change now
when all my life I've been gang banged out?
That project shit run deep in my veins now
And I can't help it
Ooh, my Lord knows that I can't help it

Let me take you on a detour, east side Watts
Niggas who go in projects
Follow me home to my black and white apartments
Police roll through with caution, scared to death
The homies got tats across them
Capital B.H. over they necks, since birth banging the set
Even hoes banging the set
Some ain't, but most is hood rats, they looking for the buck
Them trash cans lay in the street, ghetto technique for drive-bys
For the low them five dollars will get you high
Dice games, YGs, fist fights
Six-fo's, El Co's, G-rides and mini-bikes
Might see a couple of zombies late night
Off what? Off pipe
Membrane dead right, no lie
Something in the bushes, either the AK or the .45, no lie
Raised in the ghetto with rats and roaches
Smokers on porches getting high off yola
It's colder north, but my city's the coldest
Where we ain't promised to see the morning, nigga

You could take me out the hood, but the hood will never leave me
I'm still banging, I'm still hanging
The only difference is I'm not slanging, nickels and dimes
More like slanging these rap lines
Verses of truth, when I step in the booth
Niggas know I pour my soul for the struggling youth
For that fatherless son who needed love, so he ran with a crew
Grew up before his older brother did, gin and juice
replaced the pain I knew, carrying thangs to school

Them niggas was tripping, I wasn't banging the blue
But they had to respect me, I never ran from who?
Nobody, put my faith in God
It's amazing how I overcame them odds
On my momma, this past year, my life has slightly been revised
But notice I said slightly
cause me being absent from where I came from, that's unlikely nigga