

# Young Boy

Clipse

Mmm I'ma tell you what I'm talkin bout  
When I was a young boy  
My mama always told me don't take no shit  
Motherfucker hit you then you better hit 'em back  
So when I hit the nigga it could Breeeeeeak  
Nigga out of line

Back when I was 'bout Big Wheels and race tracks  
Pops pushed a Tornado and rolled to 8 tracks  
Never stood a chance, exposed from way back  
Lyin' to the baby sayin its Ajax  
I was 'bout 4 when I walked past that door  
That shoulda been closed where I first witnessed the raw  
See in my household it was quite unique  
Playin hide and seek, you might find a key  
Car glimpse accidentally, branded my mental  
Pals my role model in that Lincoln Continental  
Bought all my friends Icees, it was 'bout 6  
And when he pulled off I was like, See told ya we was rich  
How I turned out let it be no surprise  
When they speak of cousin Ricky it brings tears to my eyes  
See, my family got a history of hustlers  
Lil' brother, big brother, mother to grandmother  
Its tradition

My mama didn't see it comin, my daddy was there  
What's my excuse  
Cartoons were the root  
Started with Yosimite Sam with the gun in  
palm of the hand, what couldn't I demand  
See, thirteen  
Studied the gangsta's lean  
Low brim, no smile  
Lotta cash meanwhile  
Daddy had the Chrysler Fifth Avey  
Hustlers on the blocks cars were aero-dynamie  
With ghetto paint jobs, Mango M threes  
Seventeen inch B-Bs ridin' tough  
Tha bike was Huffy, attention was froze  
In a twenty five cent frozen cup laid my soul  
Tha streets had me to mold  
Since fourteen holdin, Pusha T was chosen  
Rebel like Shake Rivera  
Tyco RC versus Carrera

I think of grandma and the way she would foot 'em  
She kinda remind me of Madam Queen and Hoodlum  
Sport the grandkids, each one she would treasure  
Said she kept two guns and to do so was a pleasure  
The cigarette dangle forty-five degree angle  
Sitll every bit a lady but you don't wanna tangle  
Let that explain me and how I got involved  
Young'ns hustlin in the creep, me, Jon-Jon and Jamal

Age Fifteen  
Walkin through the hallway, plate the new Jordans  
First ones on the scene

See I could afford 'em, Livin out a dream  
Hustler on the rise, laces untied  
Slid past young'ns, couldn't break my stride  
Didn't know I was knotted in street ties  
Teachers askin' how and why  
Bitches passin' by  
Oh my, he's so gangsta