

GREW UP

CJ FLY

Yeah (Statik Selektah)
Check it, I grew up
You know, we was just kids the other day
But now, check it, I grew up
I gr-I gr-I gr-I grew up (Yeah, uh)
Fly!

When I was stuffing dimes in baggies
Police tried to bag me (Tried to bag me)
Lately I been happy, you don't want me aggy
Be quick to put a hole in one like I was in a Caddie
And on the way I stopped at Golden Krust to get a pattie
Certain chicks still tryna smash me thou my skin was ashy
I used to want to date a baddie, pretty face and fatty
Realized that didn't matter, so much other shit I rathered
Like a chick with brains and manners
Low tolerance for bullshit and way less time for the chatter
At a party full of scammers
We heard shots and then we scattered
Made no sense to reach into my pocket for my banger
Would have been inside the slammer if we thought to bring the hammer
'Cause if they choose to violate
Then we'd have to retaliate
Start raising up the crime rate
It's beef, we let it marinate
It was me, my right hand, my best friend, my other dawg
One hair on their skin got touched, it would've likely been a war
Niggas thought it was a game but now we settling the score
Shooting 'til the clip is empty, would have went out in a brawl
Woulda never have been touring
All these years of feeling torn
'Cause we just the children of the children of the corn
I'd be making niggas wish that they was never ever born
They gon' have to feel his motherfucking scorn
Heard they hit a random nigga in the arm
None of my niggas was harmed
Got home safe, I didn't care 'cause I ain't know him
I know, probably some shit that I shouldn't say
Like Cam said, he'll be aight, niggas get shot every day

I been outta road
Wasn't taught the ropes
But after that we grew up (I grew up)
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I was just a youth, dad was a mechanic, always kept a tool
Act a fool, he gon' be like John Wick coming after you
Denzel, Equalizer 2
We gon' treat you like our food
F around and might get chewed and spit out
Show you why we rude, just the truth
Teach you a quick lesson like a substitute
That's an automatic, I don't even need to sub to shoot

Hit you with the shaolin, put hands on you like we from the Wu
Used to get so high that two L's look just like a W
Big up all the shotta dem
Sharing all their stories, just might drop a gem
Pushing through the odds, they're ain't no stopping dem
Shout out all my Brooklyn niggas rocking Timbs
Raise the bar and rep hope, we'd all work out like we at the gym
Stay clocking in, committed lots of sins
Lived it, this is not pretend
The pastor say that God forgives
I'm thankful that I got to live
With the dumb shit I done did
I done seen a lot of shit
Gave music all that I could give
I grew up now, I'm not a kid

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