

1995

IDK

One, two, three  
Three, four, five  
If a nigga touch me  
He gon' meet .45  
I'ma shoot like Jordan  
Ninety-ninety five  
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Ninety-ninety five

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Sharp shooter play the cut  
Stayin' dumb, we don't lay it up  
Got a bad bitch laying up  
I'm so charged up right now  
They throw shade at us  
Came a long way from the backyard, ya  
Long way from the backyard, ya  
Came a long way from the backyard, ya

Seventeen years of mama coming home  
No hug, no love, no kiss, not even a hello  
Just, "Did you wash the dishes?"  
"Did you fold my clothes?"  
Oh no, let me hurry up  
Mama on the road  
What's love?  
I say IDK, that mean I don't know  
In this case, barely room for love  
Barely room for growth  
I want to cry but I never do  
It ain't good to show  
I want to die but I never do  
Can't go like a hoe  
I tiptoe around the idea of family time  
Just me, mom, and Martin  
Broken family ties  
Seeing pictures of them tying a knot  
Both of them are smiling  
Same pictures of them tying a knot  
Falling from their fighting  
Would've thought it was normal  
If I didn't watch TV  
I'm seeing white people eating with their families happily  
Only time we ate together was eating at Applebee's  
Parents had so many jobs  
Our family tree was an apple tree

I never saw my step father kiss my momma, not once, that's for real  
We ain't need no AC, the household was so cold, I'm getting chills

That's why it's  
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Have you ever been to an immigrants home  
Where the straight A's and being a doctor was all they know?  
'Cause they come from struggle  
Work to get a house  
And now they working double  
Can't even enjoy it  
They looking for you to be the one to  
Graduate and bring the joy up  
But if you was me then you would  
Be the one to make them need a lawyer  
And pay for the court fees  
All 'cause a nigga didn't wanna look dorky  
All for the next four years that's a four piece  
No peace, more peace  
No peace, more peace  
No peace, more peace

That's how it sound inside of my momma's head  
Stepfather ain't coming home, he getting head  
Claiming he's busy, he on a business trip  
When really he with a trick, she suckin'  
I had to let that sink in  
'Cause when them days came  
It affected the way I see men  
I had to let that sink in  
'Cause when my momma cried  
It affected the way I see revenge  
And I ain't even know it but  
Everything I did was results of how I was growing up  
And growing nuts, and growing balls  
And going nuts, and making calls  
And hanging up in bitches faces  
Running up in people's places

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Three, four, five  
If a nigga touch me  
I'ma  
Shoot like Jordan  
I'ma shoot like Jordan

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Three, four, five

If a nigga touch me  
(He was killed right around the corner from his own home)  
Jordan  
Jordan  
Ninety-ninety five

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(A true product of bad environment)