

# 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 dysfunctionnal 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 Gods 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, la  
Now they ask me how you know so much at 17  
What you mean  
You never seen a dysfunctionnal teen  
La, 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