Music Box

Keke Palmer

Listen up, turn your box up, gather all around This one's strictly for the ghetto Some of y'all recognize, some of y'all won't Better pay attention and listen close There was an old lady who lived in my hood that sold freeze pops for a quart er Had so many kids that I lost count, more sons than she had daughters And every night before they would fall asleep

They would pray for shelter and food to eat But the landlord huffed and blew the house down and now they out on the stre ets

And now she cleans, she mops the tears they drop The only sound that drowns it out comes from my music box

So just let the music play (Play) Don't let it stop (No) It ain't easy growing up in the hood but I got my music box When the sirens sound, wind it up Or the shots ring down, just wind it up When i'm up to no good cause I got my music box

There was an old man, he lived in the hood Had rubber bands, dimes, and quarters worth a block put him away Left his wife and kids, it affects his teenage daughter Couldn't shake the reflections, starved to perfection I've seen it all before Now she ignores the advice of a kid folk Tell her stay home, but she creeping out the back door

And now she pays the cost, young girl so lost I feel your pain, try to maintain Wind up your music box

Da This hood situation's got me sick Call the doctor quick, quick, quick Doctor, doctor will I die (Na na young girl just let the song play) Da Cause I got my music box Da Da

Da Da Da

My music box