Grannies

Maxo Kream

Wake up in the morning, load my pistol, can't leave home without it
Come from where you see a lot of bodies, but don't talk about it
Hard to find the plug, I middleman'd that package on consignment
Hookers, strippers, crackheads, robbers, trappers, all in public housing
Uncle Bo was stealing from my Granny, can't leave shit around here
Roaches, rats, and ants inside my pantry, can't leave food around here
Aunty Trish was sleep, I stole her car and went out servin', robbin'
Grinding with my family through the struggle, hold 'em down regardless

Mama, Daddy kicked me out at fifteen, wildin', renegadin'
Moved into apartments with my Granny, started going crazy
Then my brother Ju moved in, he fresh up out the penitentiary
Whooped my ass, he made me to a man, I slanged his crack in vacants
Aunty Trish was smoking up my weed, she used to work my patience
Every night I sneak off with her keys, I'm driving, paper chasing
One night we robbed the Asian lady, led the police on pursuit
GD Cory riding with me, letting shots go through the roof
Two days later HPD pulled up and questioned Aunty Trish
She knew I took her car and hit a lick, but she ain't tell 'em shit!
They searched her car and let her go, they almost charged her for a Grammy
Never snitched, betrayed her family, but she always told my Granny
My Granny oldest son is Alvin Jr., call him Uncle Main
That's my favorite Uncle, on occasion he smoke crack cocaine
Petty, thief and junkie, but he always had my most respect
When I was six I seen him stab a nigga, and he bled to death

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My Uncle Bo, my Granny youngest son, he always doing extra
Moved in for the summer, he was tired of living in a shelter
Up all night and sleep all day, you never know his sleeping schedule
Gotta hide my money, dope, and clothes, that nigga steal whatever
Bo was damn near 50, posted on the block with all the youngsters
"He too old for that," my Granny said, "the streets gon' take him under"
Always hitting plays, he went out juuging with my older brother
'Til he lost his life, they shot him twice, he tried to take some bundles
My cousin Pooh was Aunt Trish oldest son, that nigga never listened
Jammed up with them pigeons, he got sentenced, 42 in prison
Certified killer, he the reason why I started Crippin'
Aggravated, robbin', stealin', killin', even shot some bitches
He turned me to a shooter said nobody gonna blast it for me
Pooh he was a savage, Uncle Bo he raised a crash dummy
When I was twelve he got me high, my first time ever smoking grass
He caught his girlfriend cheating, grabbed the Glock and shot 'er in her ass

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