

Yeah yeah, oh...

Yeah, oh...

Oh...

It was hard growing up like I did
Seeing everybody had this and I ain't never have shit
Like fuck Christmas and a birthday, I ain't never have gifts
Living a broken life, like a nigga acting in spike script
Hold on with the vice grip
This just how motha fuckin life is

Nigga, this is my life
Sad that I would do it for a price
B & E's each and every single night, just to get the pockets right
Split it up even amongst the guys
Hard as fuck cuz it made the money tight
Couldn't even catch a break from the state, caught a case
I was only thirteen, had a mask on the face
I was 5'5, had a nine on the waist
I was smart as a bitch and let my mind go to waste
I was always on my own
Making sure my moves were never known
Young as fuck but I was moving grown
Heart made of stone
Always thought that I would be alone
Even with the love that I was shown
Nobody ever gave a real fuck about me, so why would I give a fuck about ye
I was skinny, I was hungry, I ain't have food to eat
Making trouble on the double dutch that's how I released

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I can't complain if I tried, a nigga only glad that he alive
Dealing with the pain, gotta keep it bottled up inside
I'm a black man, that's how we survive
Can't remember stable places, we was in n out of basements
Laying on some carpet 'cause its better than the pavement
Living in a motel, mama couldn't make it
Daddy had another bitch, guess he couldn't face it
Anything we ever gained he would try to come and take it
If she ever spoke about it he would lose his fuckin patience
Several different ways to beat her, can't believe he's so creative
Sad to say it to this day I still really fuckin hate him

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