

Grew Up

Young Dolph

Yeah, yeah
Aye Dolph
I'm on the Paper Route too nigga

My childhood friend grew up and became a Blood
But I grew up and made a living off a drugs
Seventy G's invested in my own whip
72 Chevelle same color as the Crips

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Same color diamonds in my motherfucking ears
The pastor in the church selling my grandmamma O's
Dolph in the hood, counting money, selling dope
My childhood friend grew up and became a Blood
But I grew up, got addicted to money and found the plug
Police run in here, it's too much dope to flush
Remember I count 200 bands and said this ain't enough
Super sport with wet paint, big feet
I pull up and kill shit, 6 feet
One street, 3 spots, a 100 pounds
8 scales, 10 straps, a 1000 rounds

My partner gang bang but I ain't joined the gang
Scooter run the fucking Black Amigo money gang
50 thousand dollar ring, watch plain Jane
My nigga Low key Cali creeping and he ain't bust a brain
I do a lot of Cali business, they got cheap things
Flush this shit, I know I'm never going broke again
Memphis Tenn', Paper Route
Flying packs landing at the juug house
I grew up a hustler trappin' at my mama house
When she go to work I turn it to a crack house
72 Chevelle same color the Crips
Dope with no smell, it go for 26

Patter flip off, money like a wendy's burglar
Start big, I'm for a young nigga on a curber
Run to, "casa" hustle crack off the worker
Play with my dough, chop a bullet, might just murk ya
He said if I turned, mo bitch only twenty
Sellin' pills and weed, I was getting money
Just another nigga made a million off a words
Police arrest me like I made a million off a birds
I flip the strip and made a lick, I'm the shit like a turd
That choppa blow yo' ass away, yo' shoe left on the curb
A nigga gotta make a way 'cause I ain't trynna loose
I ain't giving up, oh shit you can call me Scrooge