

True Story

Young Scooter

We made it through the struggle
When you're down bad
My mama good, my lil brother good
I take care my whole hood
Lil Mexico City to Edgewood nigga
You know my motherfucking life story
I don't rap lies
Young Scooter!

When you're down bad, when you're down bad
With no bond money, you left your mama sad
When you're down bad, when you're down bad
Jugg a whole million dollars like you ain't got a stash
When you're down bad, when you're down bad
All your friends disappear, nigga this real rap
When you're down bad, when you're down bad
You got to do some time, your girl gon' turn her back

I helped Scoop make a mill and he went dead broke
That shit hurt me to my heart but that's my nigga though
I probably owe him like a hundred bands to this day
All the dope me and Pimp fucked up and didn't pay
Ain't pay [?] for that dummy, I ain't have a dime
Finesse for 19 5, turned my life around
He was up and I was down, he told me go'n shine
Real OG, I salute him, he respect my grind
I was down bad, had no cash
[?] was broke, Future was broke, waking up mad
I'm in jail, they caught me with everything I had
Grandma came through in the clutch, got out and bounced back

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[?] turned me on to Keisha, took me to them people
Fell out and got it right and now we all eating
This a new life, look at all this ice
Before Diddy did his time we was living life
I jugged like 300 racks and that is real talk
Two million dollars worth of clothes, a condo for a closet
All my niggas locked up and they all out of state
Four four [?] jugging, on a paper chase
Free Lil Nook, my nigga down bad
Free Pep, Ralo, Corey, I miss my niggas, damn
Squeaky down bad, Tre came home
[?] gave a life sentence back, he coming home

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