

Clipse, Young Boy

pharell: i'ma tell u what i'm talking bout,
when I was a young boy,my mama always told don't take no shit,
mutha fucka hit then u betta hit em' back
so when hit the nigga it go blaamme blaaame

malice:back when I was bout big wheels and race tracs,
pop push the tornada and rode to eight tracks,
never stood a chance, exposed from way back
lyin to the baby, saying it's ajax
I was bout 4, when I walked passed that door
that should have been closed where I first witnessed the raw
see in my household it was quite unique
playin' hide and seek u might find a key
(?) branded my mental
hal's my role model in that lincoln continental
bought all my friends icees, it was about six
and when he pull off I was like see told u we was rich
how I turned out let it be no suprise
when they speak of cousin ricke it brings tears to the eyes(see)
my familt got a history of hustlers-lil' brother,big brother,mother to
grandmother(it's tradition)

pusha t:my momma didn't see it coming my daddy was there
what's my excuse
cartoons were the root
starteed with yosimine sam, with the gun in
palm of each hand,what couldn't I demand(see)
13 studied the gansta's lean, lil' brim no smile
lotta cash meanwhile
daddy had the chrystler 5th ave(y)
hustler on the block cars were aerodynamy
with ghetto paint jobs, mango m 3's
on 17 inch bb's, riding tough
the bike was huffy, attention was froze
and a 25 cent frozen cup laid my soul
the streets had mad the mold
since 14 holdin', pusha t was chosen
rebel like che' guerverra
rc tyco vs. carrera, pick!

malice: I think of grandma and the weight she would foot em'
she kinda remind me of madame queen in hoodlum
spoiled the grandkids, each one she would treasure
said she kept two guns and to do so was a pleasure
the cigarette dangled, 45 degree angle
still every bit a lady but u don't want to tangle
let that explain me and how I got involve
youngn's hustlin' in the creek...me,jon-jon and jamal

pusha t:age 15, walking thru the hallway
played the new jordans, 1st one on the scene
see I could afford them, living out a dream
hustler on the rise,laces untied
slid pass youngn's , couldn't break my stride
didn't know I was knotted in street ties
teachers asking how and why,bitches passing by (oh my he so gangsta)