

McGruff, Who Holds His Own

Verse 1:

I was born a poor black kid, Pops doin' a bid
ran down tenement, barely no food in the fridge
My Moms dukes had to raise my on her own
all alone, never had a Father home
I remember clear as day seein' my Mother pray
hopin' I don't be like my Pops and go the other way
but you get tired of your pockets bein' empty
gear skimpy, yo the peer pressure tempt me
at Thirteen had to get my by all means
sellin' to fiends, Pops up State raisin' Hell in the Greens
f**k that, I'm'a hustle, I can't see my Momma struggle
in these Harlem streets drama loves you.

Chorus - Some niggas may have, some niggas may not have, but God bless
the child who holds his own, who holds his own.

Verse 2:

Never was a stray A student
always played hookie, gettin' buddhad
dropped out of High school, the streets raised me
runnin' 'round holdin' heat crazy
My Pops played me, left when I was a Baby
perhaps he hate me, why the Mothaf**ka make me?
why the Hell is life like this? Trife like this?
sometimes I wanna slice my wrist
found out I had a gift and thought twice 'bout shit
now I'm changin', whole like re-arrangin'
left the crack game'n for the rap game'n
ain't exactly where I wanna be but I ain't complainin'
maintainin', focus on my money and my fame'n
entertainin', risin' to the top since I came in
blazin', and I ain't goin' nowhere yo I'm remainin'

Chorus

Verse 3:

Man, I miss them niggas who got clapped for tryin' to get them figures
everybody leavin'
they say thugs go to Hell when we stop breathin', and I believe 'em
and I ain't tryin' to be there, I got mouths to feed
love my seeds, look just like me
dress like me, gotta be the best like me
raise 'em up right so they won't be stressed like me
gotta be there for them, not no Penetentiary
think back, sippin' Remy, maybe Henessey
nigga ballin' now, gotta say one love to Heavy-D

Chorus 2X