

# Rich The Kid, Grew Up In The Streets

I been in and out of jail I grew up in these streets  
I be juuging for for real I grew up in these streets  
I be flexing on these hoes I grew up in these streets  
I ain't never had a job I grew up in these streets  
I grew up in these streets, I grew up in these streets  
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My parents all the way from Haiti, I was born in Queens  
Smash 'em then I toss 'em like some chicken wings  
Now I'm getting money everything is foreign  
If it ain't foreign then it ain't important  
Now I'm pulling up in Ashton and the Maserati  
When I'm on the scene you better tell some body  
Came down from the N-Y  
To the A yeah, a nigga so fly  
Can't lie cause the hold hood fuck with me  
Got your girl rolling on a molly  
Straight up, just met your ho, now she trying to fuck

You see this Rolex on my wrist I got this shit from juuging  
I ain't no chef but I'm steady cooking  
Young rich nigga straight up out them bricks  
In a foreign whip, with a foreign bitch  
Now I'm rocking all Versace with the Prada shoes  
If you try me nigga you up on the news  
Have your baby mama singing the blues  
A hundred thousand dollars stuffed in my Tru's  
Rapping on some hundred thousand dollar beats  
Young rich nigga straight up out them streets  
And I got them goons for your ass  
They gon' blast, just for cash, leave you dead real fast