

Killah Priest, Growing Pains (Ghetto)

(Hook)

Growin' up in the ghetto
It's a lot I had to let go
And Officer Murphy always told me on the ground and in the century
There's a whole lots of gangstas
The hustlers and the playas
This is the hood where I came up
Look around ain't shit changed much
We all in the struggle wit the same luck
Lemme get some of that aimed at ya puff
The new cup of brown now ain't tough
My big homie Tank said watch me call his bluff

[Killah Priest]

We gotta do somethin'
I mean I'm tired the way they treatin' our women
Women tired of the way we treatin' our men
Gotta a good job now and you ain't fuckin' wit him
Cuz of yo black ass that's why he's up in the pen
He was there for you and all you had to do was be loyal
Instead you let the lies' of boss spoil
No morals, so awful and unlawful
And I'm sincere when I said I spilled the tears
For real niggas that ball
Cuz of dudes who act like broads
They pretend they're real but really frauds
Light up another Philly dawg
Let me kick it wit y'all
A double minded man is unstable in most of his ways
It hosts in the grave, it ghost in the cage
He stores most of his rage, hides it wit a smile
But on the inside he frowns
Waitin' for ya luck to go down
You clowns, you workers of evil deeds
Children of mischief, coulda had a blessing but you missed it
It's so unrealistic, come feel lyrics
My tongue heals spirits wit the realness
And to you dead-beat fathers that wanna be street martyrs
Straighten up ya posture
You're not worth the streaks of my marker
No murals, he shoulda been sterile
Maybe next time that girl you slept wit will be careful
We need an earful

(Hook)