

Pastor Troy, Boys To Men

[Pastor Troy Talking]

Ayo this ya boy Pastor Troy checkin in right, yuh

(This from the soul)

Ayo, on this joint right here man we bout to just break it down to you

Man just the transition to becoming..a man (This from the heart)

That some of yall gone have to go through man everybody on the sound

Of my voice (This from the soul)

Everything gone be cool man, From Boys to Men

[Verse 1 - Pastor Troy]

No one to doubt me, I'm not here lonely

Childhood secrets still wid my homies

I recall days when I blazed up on the hill

Not knowin' wud the future would hold, just kept it real

We ridin' on the 'Lac with the boys to other schools

We catch 'em at dey football games and act a fool

And everybody know my name, it's Michael Troy

We made all them bullies respect Falcon Boy

I got my folks worried, I'm suspended everyday

Sometimes I ain't tell 'em and caught the train to the A

The FirePoint Station, Supreme location

I'm only 15, tho at the lil' scene

[Chorus]

No one to pry me, I'm all alone

No one to cry on

He'd shelter from the rain..to ease the pain

Changing from boys to men

[Verse 2]

I've done seen stabbings, i've done seen shootings

I've done seen a robbery, i've done seen two

But I ain't even 15, so when i turn 16

Im'ma get dat chrome thing wid da beam

My team was da wreckin' crew, like juice

The type of niggas on our side do, who was the truth

I bet them killaz on his side respect game

That other nigga from the southside, was lame

My name is Stone, Charlestown to the bone

Lil' Wayne and Scooby, we rocking MCM and Gucci

I'm nine years old, that nigga let me touch a Uzi

I wanted to kill, just like i saw up in the movie

No wonder one of my friend shot himself in his head

Playin' wid the gun from under his mothers bed

Don't wanna call his name too tough, we'll call him Fred

We watch my nigga while he bled (when we was young)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Eight-ball]

Lord knows we be tryin hard, God watching over us

Mama told me "baby dun be goin to school cuttin up"

Did I listen, hell naw, listen let me tell ya'll

Streets transform mamas only into eight-ball

Errywhere I go, niggaz know I speak that poetry

See my +Chilouette+ like I'm +Alfred Hitchcock+ and they know its me

Bottom line met a lot of niggaz on the grind

Getting them dimes

Murder they ass, escape the scene like I committed the crime

A friend of mine, don't rap he doing illegal business

18-Wheeler, Fed, X, bricks, did wid killaz

He smoke and dipped'em drunk with Crys and get to beating his bitches

Them bitches down though, come straight back after they get thru stripped

I'm outta' town, next to the church see his lil' brotha cryin

Told me his brotha killed himself, I said nigga you lyin
He put the gun to his mouth and blew his brain out
He couldn't handle this goddamn shit that we sang 'bout