Young Turk, Growing Up

(Mickey)
I ain't nothin but a hustler, I raised like that
Pumpin gas or pumpin crack, we was paid like that
Ol' G's taught us game, we was made like that
Cross tha family, ya get sprayed wit a mac
Laid flat
My uncle was sellin crack, my father was smokin
Me and brother didn't like tha way my mother was (?)
So we promised to get my momma out
Betta car, betta house
And if daddy ain't gettin shit togetha, fuck it, a betta spouse
I know what this ghetto bout, I live that life
No heat, no light at tha crib at night
Stay strapped , gat attached next to my ribs at night
Cause them fiends'll try to steal yo life
Muthafucka this Chicago
Everything I live for, I die for
Cash Money tha click I'll ride for
Yeah, they showed me love when them label wasn't fuckin wit me
Now tha whole workld in love wit Mickey
Cash Money Millionaires nigga

(Hook(Turk)
Growing up was hard in them project bricks
I ain't gone even lie dawg I ain't neva had shit
It was hard dawg wit out a father figure
Give it up to my mom cuz she stood tall nigga

(Christina)
Nigga I'm from city where niggaz gang bang and shit
Up on tha corner drinkin henny, tryna hang and shit
I tote em quick and make chickens get over
Tha first bitch in my gone get knocked tha fuck over
Shit I'm not playin, them bullets gone start sprayin
Start prayin, cuz gats gone start sprayin
Stop panicin, stayin calm to I bomb out this ghetto
Leg, back, arms, ice up to tha elbow
Rock Fenni, bitches envy me up in tha ghetto
Slimmy's pack simmy's, squeeze 50 in tha ghetto
Tote Gucchi coats, toast toast in they thoart
Hit tha roach, don't smoke, it'll have u senseless in tha ghetto
Cuz niggaz will beat u senseless in tha ghetto
I'm glad I moved my mom to tha ponds, out tha palms of tha ghetto
True divas neva settle for tha ghetto
Come on, and that's real Cash Money nigga

(Hook)

(Turk)
Three sons and a momma, growin up was hard
Couldn't keep up wit tha Jones, cuz we didn't have funds
In tha summer it was hot, cuz we didn't have air
Daddy wasn't even around like he didn't even care
I ain't gone lie, sometimes you to get pissed off
At my momma like it was her fault but ir wasn't at all
Used to keep a pair of tenny's for atleast 6 months
When they got scuffed up, we just ploished em up
Had to be inside early, yeah i punched tha clock
Didn't have no telephone or no cable box
Just my momma and my brother gettin how we live
One thing fa sho dawg we kept a meal
Livin on welfare and my momma's pray

Wishin that one day we gone get outta this hell
Thinkin to myself this shit all fucked up, times was heard for me dawg growin up

(Hook)