

Wayne Wonder

"Growing Up"

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"I'm a little mannish motherfucker
I take after my older brother
Started off selling marijuana, but now I'm selling yola.."

[E-40]

Here take a swig of this bourbon
Hit that, hit that baby
Aight dude.. ay who who's foolin right there? (Who dat?)
Aight nigga ay get down nigga .. {*gunfire starts going off*}
AY NIGGA GET DOWN NIGGA! Ay nigga GET DOWN NIGGA (Shit!)

Wuh, we about
seventy-five extra mail mannish hard-headed
hoodlum-ass niggaz
On the dopetrack workin overtime full of fuckin 'D' (D!)
Runnin through somewhere in the neighborhood
of about seven-hundred thousand in illegal narcotics
generatin through mah street, a week
Why motherfuckers gotta ask me how I'm doin if I'm alright?
When a motherfucker's starvin and strugglin
even on my hip pretty much needlin and jugglin
there STILL ain't gonna never be enough lovin!
I'm tired of rippin and runnin, dodgin and duckin
bullets
I KNOW MY TIME IS COMIN - death is on me bad
The walls is closin in, I wish I had a dad
but left when I was ten, so moms is all I had
And she was there for me until I ran away from the pad
And now she disowned me and she don't claim me
Reverend wouldja put some blessin oil on my head
before I end up dead, gall bladder full of lead - scared
I guess a hard-head make a soft-ass (??)
I ain't gon' last if I keep fuckin with this fast life

Chorus: E-40 and Lil' E (repeat 2X)

He would grow up to be nothin but a hoodlum

or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, UH
(He would grow up to be nuttin but a hoodlum
or either in jail, or someone would shoot him)

[E-40]

Ah, I page my ties even though the money's filthy
Don't wanna go to church, because I feel guilty
Nope - I DON'T WANNA DIE - cause when the preacher
preach the gospel
I BE READY TO CRY - up in the Church of Pentecostal
I don't think I'ma make it to see twenty-five
til I wash my hands and come clean
Shit I'll be hella happy if I can just live to see sixteen
No life to give for that nastiness
as a rebellious disobedient-ass problem child
He's easily influenced - hangin around the wrong
crowd
I'm willin to do almost anything,
whatever it takes to make my allowance
I'm on prescription medication, chemically off-balance
Got me snatchin up (??), pickin up hits
Pick-pickin indo's (do's), and pullin licks

Chorus

[Lil' E]

But daddy? (Yes son) Tie my shoes (okay) lace me up
(uh)
Hook me up, like a tow-track maaaaan (aight)
Ear-hustlin, make like a pampered suck-up game-a-
saur (what?)
When it comes to this thang man I'm conniseur
(conniseur)
I read through the punk registry in the Robb Report
(what?)
I come off like dat
Grew up around slick talkers (ah)
A pa-a poppin con artists (what?)
Go straight to the (??) and get a bad leather jacket
(??) (??) bankrupt!

[E-40]

Boy you..
Like you when I was younger
but I got my life together and I bettered myself as I got
older
Na-uh now I entertain (entertain) a sss-uh, a-smeb
rover (a smeb rover)
Street smarts with a degree and a diploma

Chorus 2X

[E-40]
Ah give it to me, uhh..
Uhh..
Uhh..
Come on, uhh..
Give it to me, uhh..

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