

## The Roots F/ Musiq "Foul From the Start"

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Chorus:

This is goin' out to the youngstas  
The nappy headed gappy little rumbas  
The ones robbin' stores and them banks and shit  
Wit the tec-9 gats and them xtra clips  
The ones wit the glocks, the ones wit the 45's  
Runnin' 'round the streets doin' homicide  
So peep game from ya boy Bigga Figga  
And let me tell ya how the shit go

1978

A young nigga born, growin' up around the way  
Born without a daddy shot in the proces  
Vietnam war, cause he didn't wear a vest  
Moms was broke, no money in the bank  
Cause when they was young they used to smoke a lotta  
dank  
Been graduated to the dope and the booze  
Couldn't afford milk, couldn't afford shoes  
Livin' in the projects not tryin' to get out  
Wellfare is poppin' and she's tryin' to find a spout  
Son coming up and seeing this shit  
No time for school cause he gotta pull a lick  
By this time he did to my click  
Tomorrow is the first and they all wanna flip  
Red light bandit's caught red handed  
Now we in the hall when they left his butt stranded  
Councelor, councelor can I use the phone?  
Now he kinda scared and he wanna call home  
No type of guy that's in no type of teaches  
... tried to warn him but she seems she couldn't reach  
her  
...  
Goin' to the ramp, sorta like a summer camp  
In a few weeks he get a home-pass soon  
When he hit the streets man you know he gonna boom  
Moms can't tear him off nuttin' but a hug  
But a few close homies gonna show a little love  
A dub sack here and a dank sack there  
Who ever said that life was fair  
Now he got a warrant cause he didn't wanna go back

P.O. ain't shit and he ain't cuttin' no slack  
Now he on the streets and he can't be slippin'  
Cause at the hall we got a y.a. commitment  
It ain't gettin' better it's only gettin' worse  
I stroke a bad luck, better yet a bad curse  
The system is set for us to straight failures  
Ask the O.G's any black man will tell ya  
On the way to comin' up, got about a G  
And about 2 O's two more will make a QP  
Gangstas watch ya back, homies gettin' down  
One more week he be on a half a pound  
That's half of a half of a cake ya know  
Gettin' so large they need to call him Mr. Blow  
Or better yet, call a nigga Mr. B12  
Gettin' clientele for makin' the shit swell  
Cause back on the street there's a drought on the shit  
Got to make some money, so it's time for a lick  
Watchin' out for the neighbourhood baller, a little bit  
taller  
Then the next nigga tryin' to pull a motherfuckin' trigga  
Plottin', scheming, waitin' for the beamer  
To pull up so he can run up and put the gun up  
To the dome, so we can get the cash flow  
But little did he know that the baller was a pro  
And waitin' for jackers and all type of niggas  
Wit automatic trigger just waitin' to give a  
Rat-tat-tat and a pop-pop at a young buck  
Now he stuck and they couldn't give a motherfuck

Chorus

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