

Wanda Vick and Friends

"Young Fun"

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He young, he young, he young, he young,
She young, she young, she young, she young,
He young, he young, he young, he young,
She young, she young, she young, she young

I hit the 21 blocks each and every day
niggaz peepin they shoulders in each and every way
no sweat, cuz if I sweat it
I stay true to the game, so I'm not gonna let it
take control of me, fool you can roll with me
from OG to OG you can reminisce with me
about the hutch, about the milk bowl,
two dee took a bank left knockin fools out on
it was me baby boppa and the homey tic
all my folks locked down, gotta make it legit
so I'm a spit, and keep my spittin straight real
I know that you can feel penitentiary steel
locked down all around for the homies touchin down
when my rags get out you walk a safe ground (walk a
safe ground)
cuz I'm a let them ride killah
you betta stay inside and keep yo shit on yo side nigga
set trippin wit me
because what I see is greenery, and thats all I see
as the day gets older, dont tweak, take a look over your
shoulder

[Chorus x2]

Young, dumb, full of fun
dum diddy dum diddy you'll get done

[Knee-Hi]

Livin this life
I can't help but dis my dream
maybe since West anthems(?) I want to roll a beam
clean, but only had to be a mex
now hopefully that 850 lookin spiffy, will come next
I bounced to 120 and Figueroa
yeah, my house posted across from the store
just like that hit by the drive way and park in the back
1986 fools is known to jack

around this click of the hood you found no punks
many gang bangers, dope fiends and drunks
I learned, bunny hops, still rocks and cops
I ran out of boys with toys
and nights sees on hot days
just apple sticks on death
RC cola to break a sweat
now I bet that everybody's comin up
if you turnin the wrong street
lie you bout to get stuck
now what

[Chorus]

[Jayo Felony]

I ain't no muthaufuckin murder (nigga) I'm a killah
cuz murderers get life nigga and killaz keep killin
I'd ratha die with my eyes open
so I can see how these muthafuckaz wanna do me
they set me free bullet loco head with the beat what
and these niggaz know they have to retreat when I
speak
the younger dumb wanna have some fun
and drinkin liquour way before the age of 21
so how you figure that'll never put in work for that hood
he love
you never paid him no attention so who should he love
and to keep a strap on him or a phat sack on him
and some bomb but be patrollin the hood
ran a hoe's name through the mud
and these crooked's stick a strap in your mouth,
without a doubt
thats the reason got lost and turned out
he shoulda keep patient
but you was still money chasin
a double life is what that young nigga facin
and all because he was

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