

## **Bishop Lamont**

### **"Grow Up"**

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[Verse 1:]

I use to think fucking up was cool, loved ditchin' class, till I didn't pass high school. My dad always said it's easier to keep up, then it is to catch up, but all I did was mess up. Roll around the streets, get drunk and shoplift. Freestyle me, while I continue to bullshit. A teenage life, when you think you know everything, about everything, and don't know a damn thing. Hit the shaw, liquor, bank, then the gas station. Get to duckin', when they buckin', gang altercation. We scatter, then come right back. Shit riskin' all odds, we never saw it like that. Few blocks down the street, couple fools get capped, Nigga bullets ain't pick-y, could of been a wrap. It never hits home, till your homie get clapped, you at the funeral with tears, sayin to yourself "you gotta' grow up"

[Chorus: x16]

You ain't a kid no more, I think it's time to grow, homie you better know, you know it's time to grow, Cause nigga you to grown, go out and get your own, those childish ways are gone, I think you better grow up

[Verse 2:]

You got a Bentley, but can't keep gasin' it. A Guchi wallet, but ain't got cash in it. Go out to eat, it's your treat, but at the last minute, say you forgot it, never had it, won't ever spend it. Now that's an intresting thang, cause in your video, your having so much blang. A few days ago I eard you pawned that chain. Instead of coppin' that, you should of copped the food chain. V-necks, mohawks, just ain't me. Shit barely look right on Mr.T. Your biker chains, designer shades, just ain't right, especially when you can't breathe, cause your pants to tight. Whack beats, catchy hooks, and little ass kids. Add a dance to it, and it's gone be big. It's all fall, and eveything to flip flop. You wanna save Hip Hop rappers, then you gotta grow up.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Niggas still cruisin' Crenshaw & 36. Your wife at home,

your wasting gas, tryin' to bust a bitch. At the club, acting young, wearing the wrong shit. Think your Chris Brown, but you look like keep sweat(?) bitch. Ain'y you got kids to raise? Instead of acting liek him nigga, act your age. Why you wearing a wave cap that ain't got waves? Wear that shit out in public, and on church days. And God damn niggas, pull up your pants. Got your draws all out, what you wanna stripdance? And homeboy, what you doing in the 5X, You ain't that big, shits lookin' like a dress. You bought an Iphone, but live in ya mama home. Got to wait till shes asleep, before you can bone. You grown, you know your wrong. But either way, someday homeboy you know you gotta grow up.

[Chorus]

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