

Clark Anne

"Childhood years"

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Intro: C-murder (talking) with Porsha singing.
This is a story about my childhood years.
For all my niggas.
For my life as a ghetto child.
. There's so much pain

Verse 1: ????

I remember as a little kid.
Growing up. Many of my friends didn't make it up to bricks.
Punished for the shit that they did, it gets so hard to live.
Mama cut the same tears, livin' in fears.
Wondering if their son died or survived.
But mama, I'm cutting the 45.
I die, tell mama don't cry.
Dry eyes, 'cause how I live. I know to smile.
A young misbehaved child, running in the streets wild.
Try to make my money, pop.
My eyes are getting slim.
And my life is getting down, and I feeling like death is near.
And I'm hoping that the heaven's here.
I cry, 'cause the Lord knows how m! any years I've tried.
But this life's a lie. It ain't not a hope unless a nigga die.
Lord why!!, Lord why!!

Verse 2: ????

My childhood years was kinda rough because my pops weren't there.
I was left to peer. Always pay but no one to share.
These hard times, stressin' to sell nickels and dimes.
Had to support my family, no one else was puttin' time.
Reminiscing about on dead peers throughout the the years.
No more tears, my childhood years with scrilla fifth.
Who's the maycliff for all this fucking fight to stop a nigga.
Just a price I have to pay, nigga.
My childhood years

Chorus repeated once: C-Murder (Porsha singing in the background)
My childhood years, got my shit in tears.
It's hella scary.
I'm trapped, and I don't wanna die in a cemetery.
This ghetto ties got me livin' in pain.
Lord knows I don't wanna die in vain.

Verse 3: C-Murder

My childhood years was spend in cemeteries bearing my peers.
Many tears, that I have shaded, for my niggas disappeared.
In a bad year. Now with depressed in just memory.
Drinking Hennessy. To dry away my misery.
Trapped since birth, a ghetto child living in curse.
It's getting worse, until I'm covered up in dirt.
The pain it hurts.
That be the reason why my blast first.
'Cause I refuse to be a victim in the black hears.
Memories up with child runnin' wild.
I couldn't smile, because my motherfuckin' life was foul.
A troubled child, stressin' from his childhood years.
Heavenly father. Could you please wipe away my tears.

Verse 4: Reginelli

I could remember way back, when a! nigga was sick.
I just to watch my brother do some dangerous shit.
Staying out all night, mama worrying sick.
Wondering if he was dead or just play with a bitch.
But when I saw this wild nigga came up like I did.
When I eat dwellars, when the niggas start to slanging that shit.
I tight up on my hustle. Start to paying the bills.
Shading tills, 'cause my brother got locked up for three years.
After that a nigga start to grabbin' the mic.
Write rap, on sheet of paper, making solider shit tight.
Three years later, my brother came home from jail.
Tellin' me he wrote rap, when he was strapped in a cell.
A week later, we was some No limit soliders.
Gambino family, for all the readers and rollers.
But you can tell a nigga been shading some tears.
By the way I live.
My childhood years.

Chorus repeated once.

Outro: C-murder (talking) with Porsha singing

Childhood years.
Shading tears.
For ! all my dead peers.
Hard time strapped in the game.
Try to maintain

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