

## Double

# "In My Backyard"

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[Yung Redd]

Yeah, take a look into my backyard  
Where there ain't no way out, and niggas wanna act  
hard  
Watch your friends, some turn to fakers  
That's why I smoke green acres  
Get your paper, look around the world is violent  
I, do my dirt and move in silence  
Come on, you seen them capture, heard them sirens  
Just come outside, boys are fighting  
Yet the, grass is green, mosquitos biting  
So I grabbed a pencil, and started writing  
About the the shit we seen, the shit we did  
And how we live, just growing up as a kid  
Down in Houston Texas, its hot as hell  
I know its hard to gain, easy to fail  
Now days, anything might send you to jail  
Take note, this is show and tell, in my backyard

[Chorus]

Ooh I never thought, that it would be this way  
Living in the ghetto  
Who would of thought that I could make a change  
All I ever wanted, was to make it out this game  
Living in the ghetto  
I kept on trying until I found my way, my way

[Yung Redd]

From the porch to the street, from the street to the sto'  
From the sto' to the corner, where a nigga sold dope  
Put it together, this left niggas with no hope  
But it seemed to twerk the block, work or stay broke  
Oh no, back then money was slow  
Wasn't cool to be bold, believe it I know  
Wasn't no field of dreams, couldn't get no sleep  
When cops popped the pistols, in the street  
Now let's see, the ghetto's been shooting at me  
Tell me to freeze, before I can stash my cheese  
Some of us get caught, some make it out  
Day in and day out, on a paper route

[Chorus]

[Yung Redd]

Waking up with the roosters, can't do what I use to  
Like wasting time, fucking with losers  
This is what goes on, way down here  
Tell it like it is, we stay round here  
All my niggas, get paid round here  
Sometimes, people get sprayed round here  
Hey, days and nights, nights and days  
I use to dream of ways, to get paid  
So now I'm, looking around to see what's shaking  
Opportunity knocked, but my spot was vacant  
Boys on the country, locked up for hustling  
Game over, we just got time for nothing  
You might see niggas yelling, always fussing  
Around the way, this what happens everyday  
So just put up your guards, times is hard  
Live from the backyard, from the backyard

[Chorus]

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