

Gillie Da Kid

"Tryna Get Me One"

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[Intro: Gillie Da Kid]

Yeah

You don't know How I was raised nigga

You wouldn't undersand

Not at all (North Philly)

Six of us in a two-bedroom apartment

Think it out

[Verse 1: Gillie Da Kid]

I'm just a nigga on a mission

Started out a kid a lot ambition

On my birthday never got what I wishing for

Daddy wasn't there but shit I didn't miss him though

Didn't blame either it was the norm to us I mean

None of us my friends had daddys either

I was raised by eerie Avenue

We young niggas carry burners they'll bury you

So at a young age I learned to fight for mines

Cause I wasn't gon be that scary dude

Getting picked on

Getting fucked with

It happened one time

I was like fuck this

I went to zeddys house got his brother 38

Ran back around the corner set them niggas straight

I tell ya from that day on

I'm on sitting sayin he aint the nigga to be prayed on

Turned 18 shit,

I would walk up on the corner and none of them niggas
stay long

Night lion kid

I had that iron cig

And my heart fuckin bigger than a lions is

From a city where they kill you, you don't mind your
business

Never trust a nigga who asking you what time it is?

Understand the rules, that's a Jimmy move

Act a fool I got this tool that I plan to use

[Hook]

They don't know what I be

They don't know what I've done, done
Running through the city on a mission tryna get me one
They don't know what I've seen
They don't know where I come from, from
Running through the city on a mission tryna get me
one

[Verse 2: Gillie Da Kid]

I played the hand I was given
I'm a Muslim I give turkeys out on Thanksgiving
Wasn't to celebrate the holidays
Just didn't want to see bunch families starve that day
Doing what my heart told me
I ain't really know my art that's when God chose me
To do this biz
Be the hood voice
Spokesperson for this ghetto shit
I be doing what I'm doing man I gotta live
I be doing what I'm doing just to feed my kids
I would never of thought this rap in this movie biz,
Huh?
Whatever accept this Gillie Kid
Come from nothing to somethin
Man it took limits
Your only get out of it what you put in it
Hustle hard, twenty-four seven
365 boy man I'm always on my job

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Pusha T]

Yeah, I ain't got your average rapper story
Came up with both parents they were clappin for me
High school graduate college course dabal with
Still not a enough to save a nigga from the savages
Yeah, you could blame it on my blood line
How my uncle sold cold crack and heroin
Yeah my eldest brother still a user
Mama still cry but keep faith in that loser
God, the truth hurts but it's my saving grace
Niggas cut they nose off just to spite their face
Niggas get they bros up just to dodge a case
I was knockin O's off through my Jordan phase
High school with a pistol like it's high noon
Grand stackin stash spots like a typhoon
They flood niggas with they work like a Monsoon
I weigh Coke on that scale in my moms room
Push

[Hook]

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