

Jay Rock

"They Say"

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growin up i was a knucklehead, boy you never listen to me! thats wat my momma said

im from the projects, i aint never had shit, me and my older brother, we had to share a mattress

no heat, no lights, had to keep them candles lit, my daddy left me at 8, in an out my life and shit

gang bangas dope dealers replaced my father, neighborhood hustlas taught me to get them dollas

thats when i became a problem, product of my environment, its hard to grow up be a doctor or a fireman

when you constantly seein that g ride tires screechin and them shots firin all the time it happens frequently

the hood inspired him to be a G, i bled for the game did it all for the letter B

the big homie gave me the name jay rock, this aint no rap gimmick its a real life story on watts livin nigga (chorus)

you can take, me out the hood, but you cant take the hood out me, and thats the way it forever gon be, but i cant help it im gutta, i shoulda changed out, but all my life i been gang banged out

that project shit run deep in my veins now, and i cant help it, ooh who am i losin i cant help it

and all my life i been gang banged out that project shit runnin deep in my veins now

let me take you on a detour, eastside watts, niggas will go in projects follow me home to my black n white appartments, police roll thru with caution, scared to death

the homies got tats across them, capitol BH over they necks, since birth bangin the set, even the hoes bangin the set, some aint, but most is hood rats lookin for that buck

them trash cans lay in the street ghetto technique for drive bys, for the low them 5 dollas will get u high dice games, white Gs, fist fights, six fo's, el co's, g rides, and mini bikes

might see a couple of zombies late night, off what? off pipe membrane dead right, no lie

somethin in the bushes, either the AK or the .45, no lie
raised in the ghetto, wit rats and roaches, smokers on
porches, gettin high off yola its colda norther but my
city's the coldest

where we aint bond is the city of mornin??

(chorus)

you can take, me out the hood, but you cant take the
hood out me, and thats the way it forever gon be, but i
cant help it im gutta, i shoulda changed out, but all my
life i been gang banged out

that project shit run deep in my veins now, and i cant
help it, ooh who am i losin i cant help it

you could take me out the hood but the hood will never
leave me

im still bangin, im still hangin, the only difference is im
not slangin nickles and dimes more like slangin these
rap lines

verse is the truth when i step in the booth, niggas know
i pour my soul out for the strugglin youth

for that fatherless son who needed love so he ran wit a
crew, grew up before his older brother did

gin and juice, replaced the pain i knew, carryin them
thangs to school

them niggas was trippin i wasnt bangin the blue, but
they had to respect me i never ran from who? nobody
put my faith in god its amazin how i overcame them
odds

on my momma this past year my life has slightly been
revised, but notice i said slightly

cuz me bein absent from where i came from, thats
unlikely

(chorus)

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