

## Killah Priest

### "Growing Pains"

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(Hook) Growin' up in the ghetto It's a lot I had to let go  
And Officer Murphy always told me on the ground and  
in the century There's a whole lots of gangstas The  
huslters and the playas This is the hood where I came  
up Look around ain't shit changed much We all in the  
struggle wit the same luck Lemme get some of that  
aimed at ya puff The new cup of brown now ain't tough  
My big homie Tank said watch me call his bluff [Killah  
Priest] We gotta do somethin' I mean I'm tired the way  
they treatin' our women Women tired of the way we  
treatin' our men Gotta a good job now and you ain't  
fuckin' wit him Cuz of yo black ass that's why he's up in  
the pen He was there for you and all you had to do was  
be loyal Instead you let the lies' of boss spoil No  
morals, so awful and unlawful And I'm sincere when I  
said I spilled the tears For real niggas that ball Cuz of  
dudes who act like broads They pretend they're real  
but really frauds Light up another philly dawg Let me  
kick it wit y'all A double minded man is unstable in  
most of his ways It hosts in the grave, it ghost in the  
cage He stores most of his rage, hides it wit a smile  
But on the inside he frowns Waitin' for ya luck to go  
down You clowns, you workers of evil deeds Children  
of mischief, coulda had a blessing but you missed it  
It's so unrealistic, come feel lyrics My tongue heals  
spirits wit the realness And to you dead-beat fathers  
that wanna be street martyrs Straighten up ya posture  
You're not worth the streaks of my marker No murals,  
he shoulda been sterile Maybe next time that girl you  
slept wit will be careful We need an earful (Hook)

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