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The Clipse "Young Boy(feat. Pharrell"

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[Chorus - Pharell]

(You out of line), mmm I'ma tell you what I'm talkin bout

(You out of line), when I was a young boy

(You out of line), my mama always told me don't take no shit

(You out of line), motherfucker hit you then you better hit 'em back

(You out of line), so when I hit the nigga he quit playin' The nigga out of line, (You out of line)

[Verse 1 - Malice]

Back when I was 'bout Big Wheels and race tracks (You out of line)

Pops pushed a Tornado and rolled to a-tracks

Never stood a chance, exposed from way back (You out of line)

Lyin' to the baby sayin its Ajax

I was 'bout 4 when I walked past that door (You out of line)

That should a been closed where I first witnessed the raw

See in my household it was quite unique (You out of line)

Playin hide and seek, you might find a ki

Car glimpse accidentally, branded my mental (You out of line)

Pals my role model in that Lincoln Continental

Bought all my friends Icees, it was 'bout 6 (You out of line)

And when he pulled off I was like, See told ya we was

How I turned out let it be no surprise (You out of line) When they speak of cousin Ricky it brings tears to my eyes

See, my family got a history of hustlers (You out of line) Lil' brother, big brother, mother to grandmother, its tradition

[Chorus - Pharell]

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(You out of line), motherfucker hit you then you better hit 'em back

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The nigga out of line, (You out of line)
I said, the motherfucker out of line (You out of line)

[Verse 2 - Pusha T]

My mama didn't see it comin, my daddy was there What's my excuse, cartoons were the root Started with Yosimite Sam with the gun in Palm of the hand, what couln't I demand See, thirteen, studied the gangsta's lean (You out of line)

Low brim, no smile, lotta cash meanwhile
Daddy had the Chrysler Fifth Avey (You out of line)
Hustlers on the blocks cars were aero-dynamie
With ghetto paint jobs, Mango M threes (You out of line)
Seventeen inch B-Bs ridin' tough
Tha bike was Huffy, attention was froze (You out of line)

In a twenty five cent frozen cup laid my soul Tha streets had me to mold (You out of line) Since fourteen holdin, Pusha T was chosen Rebel like Shake Rivera (You out of line) Tyco RC versus Carrera, peak

[Chorus - Pharell]

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(You out of line), motherfucker hit you then you better hit 'em back

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[Verse 3 - Malice]

I think of grandma and the way she would foot 'em She kinda remind me of Madam Queen and Hoodlum Sport the grandkids, each one she would treasure (You out of line)

Said she kept two guns and to do so was a pleasure
The cigarette dangle forty-five degree angle
Sitll every bit a lady but you don't wanna tangle
Let that explain me and how I got involved (You out of line)

Young'ns hustlin in the creep, me, Jon-Jon and Jamal

[Pusha T]

Age fifteen, walkin through the hallway
Plate the new Jordans, first ones on the scene
See I could afford 'em, livin out a dream
Hustler on the rise, laces untied
Slid past young'ns, couldn't break my stride
Didn't know I was knotted in street ties
Teachers askin' how and why (You out of line)
Bitches passin' by, oh my, he's so gangsta

[Chorus - Pharell]

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[Thanks to eddie014@hotmail.com for these lyrics]

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