

## **Freshh Boy "Young & Getting It"**

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Chorus:

Okay it all started,  
With my state of mind.  
Pockets full of money,  
Dedicated grind.  
So turn on the lights,  
It's my time to shine.  
Why you hating on me?  
I'm just living my life.  
(I'm just young & imp getting it,)  
[Young & imp getting it](x3)

Verse 1:

Hell on earth "that's my life,  
Dead at birth "that's my life.  
Dive in first,  
Stay on sight.  
Let the fire burn,  
Through my windpipe.  
They seen me come from that pit,  
Slanging all those bricks.  
No money in my pockets,  
So I'm tryna hit-ah-lick.  
Contract on my pillow,  
Ink pen in my hand.  
Maybe I should sign it,  
Or feed it to my trashcan.  
Don't need a record deal,  
Yo pockets look like midgets.  
I'm tryna rack up millions,  
Now I'm young & I'm getting it.  
Rubber bands I'm popping,  
Violence I'm stopping.  
Streets what I'm locking,  
Drama is what I'm causing.  
Heavy sac like linebackers, stacked up "no  
ritzcrackers.  
Young & I'm getting it,  
Same book "different chapter.

Chorus:

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Dedicated grind.  
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(I'm just young & imp getting it,  
[Young & imp getting it](x3)

Verse 2:

2 Chainz & Meek Mill,  
I look up to them like role models.  
Can't forget about Ace Hood,  
I see him as my God father.  
They seen me playing in that sand,  
Now I'm swimming in that beach.  
Tryna by my land,  
10 thousand square feet.  
Ciroc by the case-load,  
Swisher by the boxes.  
Young & I'm getting it,  
Red lights won't stop me.  
Hemingway my hometown,  
Columbia my next.  
Johnsonville my partner's dem with all due respect.  
No food on the table,  
My brother stomach hurting.  
I know God is able,  
But it feels like he aint working.  
So I slang rocks for bankrolls,  
Hustle hard till Death Row.  
Money spread like strep throats,  
I'm counting bread with my kinfolks'.

Chorus:

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[Young & imp getting it](x3)

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