

Pastor Troy "Boys to Men"

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Ayo this ya boy Pastor Troy checkin' in right, yuh
This from the soul
Ayo, on this joint right here man we
"Out to just break it down to you man
Just the transition to becoming a man, this from the
heart
That some of y'all gone have to go through man
Everybody on the sound of my voice, this from the soul
Everything gone be cool man, from boys to men

No one to guide me, I'm not here lonely
Childhood secrets still wid my homies
I recall days when I blazed up on the hill
Not knowin' wud the future would hold, just kept it real

We ridin' on the 'Lac with the boys to other schools
We catch 'em at dey football games and act a fool
And everybody know my name, it's Michael Troy
We made all them bullies respect Falcon Boy

I got my folks worried, I'm suspended everyday
Sometimes I ain't tell 'em and caught the train' to the A
The Fire Point Station, supreme location
I'm only 15, tho at the lil' scene

No one to guide me, I'm all alone
With no one to cry on
I need shelter from the rain, to ease the pain
Changing from boys to men

I've done seen stabbings, I've done seen shooting's
I've done seen a robbery, I've done seen two
But I ain't even 15, so when I turn 16
Im'ma get dat chrome thing wid da beam

My team was da wreckin' crew, like juice
The type of niggas on our side do, who was the truth
I bet them killaz on his side respect game
That other nigga from the southside, was lame

My name is Stone, Charlestown to the bone
Lil' Wayne and Scooby, we rocking MCM and Gucci

I'm nine years old, that nigga let me touch a Uzi
I wanted to kill, just like I saw up in the movie

No wonder one of my friend shot himself in his head
Playin' wid the gun from under his mothers bed
Don't wanna call his name too tough, we'll call him Fred
We watch my nigga while he bled, when we was young

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Lord, knows we be tryin' hard, God watchin' over us
Mama told me "baby dun be goin' to school cuttin' up"
Did I listen, hell naw, listen let me tell ya'll
Streets transform mamas only into eight-ball

Errywhere I go, niggaz know I speak that poetry
See my Chilouette like I'm Alfred Hitchcock and they
know it's me
Bottom line met a lot of niggaz on the grind
Getting them dimes

Murder they ass, escape the scene like I committed the
crime
A friend of mine, don't rap he doing illegal business
18-Wheeler, Fed, X, bricks, did wid killaz
He smoke and dipped'em drunk with Crys and get to
beating his bitches

Them bitches down though, come straight back
After they get through strippen
I'm outta' town, next to the church see his lil' brotha
cryin'
Told me his brotha killed himself, I said nigga you lyin'
He put the gun to his mouth and blew his brain' out
He couldn't handle this goddamn shit that we sang
'bout

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