

Diamond D

"Bad/Good"

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[Diamond D] Yeah, yeah Uhh, try to watch your neck
C'mon, growin up in the X We used to play manhunt,
and steal your bike Fight off the older dudes who tried
to steal your Nikes Don't matter if you're outnumbered,
still you fight Put a nigga in the yoke, let him feel your
bite Livin in the devil's reach, fuckin girls on the roof
and call it Pebble Beach (yeah) and even though we
were kids, we still knew right from wrong That's the
premise, for me to even write this song And laugh
about who ran Stick-up kids waitin outside of Jew-man
(yeah) And we idolized the neighborhood block stars At
night, throwin rocks at the cop cars Shoot a fair one,
you might get lumped But fuck a fair one, you might
get jumped Knuckle up, or you might get chumped Or
in a car seat you might get slumped { *BLAM BLAM* }
Listen [Chorus 4X: scratched samples] "Shit is real!"
"Growin up in the hood" "Done some things bad, done
some things good" [Diamond D] Yeah, I used to, run
the streets but always got good grades Reminiscin on
this shit, blowin on good haze We used to dumb shit,
growin up in the 'jects Gettin head at Yankee Stadium,
up in the decks You couldn't hop at one-sixty-first And
how we race each other, bettin who could push one-
sixty first It wasn't always like that We was broke and
my father always liked smack - what could you do? So
my moms did the best she could for dolo (yeah) Workin
in midtown for next to no dough I know I put her
through shit So I'ma smile when I put her in the new six
(yeah) It's only right cause I know I used to be a mess
Did I deserve all the beatings or was it stress? Cause I
put a few kids up in the EMS I laugh about it now,
cruisin in the CMS [Chorus] [Diamond D] Yeah, it's all
funny when I think back Sippin Private Stock, but now I
don't drink that (nope) Now I'm into mango juice and
crushed grapes (yes) We used to fiend for them clear
Cold Crush tapes (yes) And I went from hoppin trains
and snatchin links To ridin around with bombshells in
matchin minks This is not rhetorical innuendo (yeah)
At house parties throwin leathers out the window,
smarten up I can tell you a dummy (uh-huh) You look
soft, niggaz sell you a dummy You come back and get

wrapped like a mummy (a mummy) So you should
always keep a pound by your tummy And I possess a
+Dangerous Mind+ like Phifer From listenin to the
Gods in the cipher Seen a few dudes get a universal
There's cameras in the 'jects, live no commercial Listen
[Chorus] {*scratching: "growin up in the hood" to
end*}

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