

K-Rino**"Raised in the Dead End"**

Visit "[Raised in the Dead End](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Yeah, your boy K-Rino man
I got love, for ery'body
But I'ma tell y'all, a little some'ing
Bout where I come from, listen

[Hook]

I was raised in the Dead End, the Park is my hood
K-Rino, South Park Coalition
I was raised in the Dead End, the Park is my hood
It don't matter where you from, if you real it's all good
I was raised in the Dead End, the Park is my hood
K-Rino, South Park Coalition
I was raised in the Dead End, the Park is my hood
Esperad's or King Scape, Orleans Summerwood

[K-Rino]

I represent one of the realest hoods, that you'll see
Where we sleep a hour a day, and hustle for 23
When it's plex we don't get mad, we just get even
And if paper ain't on your mind, you must not be
breathing
We ain't tripping spring fall, summer winter we grind
And police, be hating ninety-nine percent of the time
You can find what you need, pills weed or powder
And bring your gal around these playas, you might
leave without her
If it's some dirt to get done, we done already did it
In whatever way it can get got, that's how we gon get it
Matter fact was in the back, but we earn the lead
We learned how to throw them thangs, before we
learned to read
Don't slip, or you could lose a ride that you just got
Might get cussed out, by a lil' mama posted up at the
bus stop
We'll click up, but we don't mind standing alone
And don't come here on vacation, cause you might not
make it home

[Hook]

[K-Rino]

You got a pistol and you broke, all you need is a mask
Got a car some conversation, then it's easy to smash
Grind for 26-9, chunking G's in a stash
You come around here acting hard, we put them beads
on your ass
Use to skip school, to pick up street knowledge from
G's
Making millions, without diplomas or college degrees
Everyday some gun fire, penetrated the air
You might get set up by the same chick, that braided
your hair
If you know about some dirt, then you bet not tell it
The whole hood is like a Flea Market, you need it we
sell it
Put a stunt behind some paper, you might get hid
If we don't know you and you come around, you might
get slid
Young hustlers trying to get it, cooking work in the
kitchen
And if the police is your partnas, then you must be
snitching
95 percent, of my hood ain't no punk
Can buy some clothes or c.d.'s, and some weed out the
same trunk

[Hook]

[K-Rino]

Every man for his self, don't expect no favors
The dope dealer and the preacher, might be next do'
neighbors
It ain't hard to get swallowed up, your girl'll get jacked
One day she innocent, and the next day she working
the track
You ain't got no real stripes, if you bringing in mail
And you ain't sending in no paper, to your homies in jail
They say you ain't promised tomorrow, it's worse where
I'm from
If it's twelve o'clock, you ain't promised twelve-o-one
We ain't tripping on your money, we ain't tripping on
your ride
We ain't trying to knock your hustle, we ain't plexing
with your side
We ain't hating on your come up, we just trying to make
our own
And ain't gon let no out-of-towners, disrespect us in our
zone
Run the streets all night, bust without no warning
Hit the club the after hours, and then church the next
morning

Haters dissing our region, like we some newcomers
If you don't likes us then you leave us, stop trying to eat
from us

[Hook]

Visit [K-Rino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.