

Elzhi f/ A.B.

"Growing Up"

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[Intro - Elzhi - talking] Yeah, this goes out to all the hoods in the D Glen Street, 7 Mile, Coney Gardens, School Craft Just thinkin back on how crazy that shit was Roamin the block, makin somethin out of nothin This is my story niggaz [Verse 1 - Elzhi] Yeah, g-growin up on 12th Street, Rosa Parks Was a young prodigy who had flows to spark Surrounded by killers, thieves, pimps, hoes and narcs Dead bodies in the allies, back roads and parks My life counted out before I memorized the number chart In the cold, the block was hot before the summer start And I was lookin up to Chris Bud and Black Bill And Curtis for whom I let the yak spill Heard somebody got knocked but hate chose his path How the fuck he turned snake like Moses' staff? Huh? Got to switchin and started snitchin On everybody in the kitchen, down to the ones' pitchin You know that go against the code, so they beefin Where the homeless lookin for something to stick their teeth in And you could say I was a thief then, stealin out of corner stores Gettin mines, while ignorin yours Up in my cousin's tree house, puffin squares Thinkin about how life ain't easy and nothing's fair My talent for writtin songs here while hangin with the wrong kids who later would live short lives or do long bids I guess you could say I was saved by hip hop Young, recitin "+Fuck The Police+", I got my lip popped Who'd thought I'd rise from the bottom and to the tip top Rip shop, chillin, while the ceiling on my whip drop Yo yo, went from hand me down shit to Polo From Polo to Louie Vuitton, I'm a don And since my biological left, my mom is gone All I got is my brother and step father So I'm a rep farther [Chorus - A.B.] - w/ ad libs Life's in our hands, from there we got to make decisions Either advance or stay inside the Devil's kitchen Divided we stand, no one can act up the story It's up to the man to rise and try to find the glory, glory [Verse 2 - Elzhi] Yeah, yeah, yeah, ha I made it bitch, get the cock and balls I'm from a block where niggaz go through rock withdrawals Poverty debts, folks with a lot of regrets Blowin smoke, goin broke, off of lottery bets You got fatherless sons Lookin up to ballers, when they was smaller they got they dollars in ones Now you

see 'em in they old school Impalas with guns That go
"pop!" but rather pop their collars for fun 'Cause it's
wild as a mug (mug), somebody's child is a thug That
can't even show they proud with a hug Though they
help around the house movin thousands of drugs
(thousands of drugs) Just as quick as movin crowds
with a slug (movin crowds with a slug) The reverends
say that we headed for Hell With the same literature
read or put on a bed of a cell Police say we'll be dead
or in jail But like July 4th, I bust up like the lead in a
shell From the same place where niggaz get murdered
and became trace And even if you not a player, got to
keep your game face I'm an example for the youth on
the city blocks That want a nice car, rich fur and pretty
rocks, don't stop [Chorus] - 3X - w/ ad libs until the end

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