

G. Warren

"Young Fun"

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featuring Knee-Hi, Jayo Felony

He young, he young, he young, he young,

She young, she young, she young, she young,

He young, he young, he young, he young,

She young, she young, she young, she young

I hit the 21 blocks each and every day

niggaz peepin they shoulders in each and every way

no sweat, cuz if I sweat it

I stay true to the game, so I'm not gonna let it

take control of me, fool you can roll with me

from OG to OG you can reminisce with me

about the hutch, about the milk bowl,

two dee took a bank left knockin fools out on

it was me baby boppa and the homey tic

all my folks locked down, gotta make it legit

so I'm a spit, and keep my spittin straight real

I know that you can feel penitentiary steel

locked down all around for the homies touchin down

when my rags get out you walk a safe ground (walk a safe ground)

cuz I'm a let them ride killah

you betta stay inside and keep yo shit on yo side nigga

set trippin wit me

because what I see is greenery, and thats all I see

as the day gets older, dont tweak, take a look over your
shoulder

(Chorus) x2

Young, dumb, full of fun

dum diddy dum diddy you'll get done

[Knee-Hi]

Livin this life

I can't help but dis my dream

maybe since West anthems(?) I want to roll a beam

clean, but only had to be a mex

now hopefully that 850 lookin spiffy, will come next

I bounced to 120 and Figueroa

yeah, my house posted across from the store

just like that hit by the drive way and park in the back

1986 fools is known to jack

around this click of the hood you found no punks

many gang bangers, dope fiends and drunks

I learned, bunny hops, still rocks and cops

I ran out of boys with toys

and nights sees on hot days

just apple sticks on death

RC cola to break a sweat

now I bet that everybody's comin up

if you turnin the wrong street

lie you bout to get stuck

now what

(Chorus)

[Jayo Felony]

I ain't no muthaufuckin murderera (nigga) I'm a killah

cuz murderers get life nigga and killaz keep killin

I'd ratha die with my eyes open

so I can see how these muthafuckaz wanna do me

they set me free bullet loco head with the beat what

and these niggaz know they have to retreat when I
speak

the younger dumb wanna have some fun

and drinkin liqour way before the age of 21

so how you figure that'll never put in work for that hood
he love

you never paid him no attention so who should he love

and to keep a strap on him or a phat sack on him

and some bomb but be patrollin the hood

ran a hoe's name through the mud

and these crooked's stick a strap in your mouth,
without a doubt

thats the reason got lost and turned out

he shoulda keep patient

but you was still money chasin

a double life is what that young nigga facin

and all because he was

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