

Ill Bill f/ Hero, Slaine**"Too Young"**

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[Chorus] I found out that I was, too young, not grown I was, not ready for a world so cold I was, not prepared to make it on my own I was, not ready for what life unfolds And it was, too much, too soon I couldn't, tell if what I felt was false or true I didn't, think about what I'm about to do I'm on some, this couldn't be real this can't be true [Hero] I was, too young but these my people so that's ok though I was down for anything, I'd do it if they say so Look how they cookin' it up, I'd sit and watch their cake grow Wathchin' Robbie in the corner, he there snortin' yayo And everybody actin' cool like that right there's ok though So I walk over to him, and I'm like yo hey bro' what the fuck are you doin'? Get away from the table He like, this ain't nothin' but a little bit of the yayo I got it covered plus I make the profit from sales He actin like he hadn't heard not one of them tales The dopest brother, knocked him and they took him to jail There go another this hustler here was destined to fail Convicted, but the last I heard he tried to repeal And Eric he gone he wildin', bustin' his steel off at the popo These are the trial and tribulations, of kids tryin' to act like grown folks [Chorus] [Ill Bill] I was, too young to fall in love like Motley Crue Too young, I pulled a gun and I shot this dude It was over a girl, foolish pride, I was crucified Just another youth for juvenile, doin' time Forgive me mama, I never meant for you to cry Went to trial, I was sent to juvy two to five Handcuffed, a back of a bus, forty of us Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough And I ain't no punk, here you fix a face or get your face fixed Facelift credit keep colored you get you face ripped The'y'll bust your shit right open and make you leak You better chill out, before I birthday-cake your feet Not a bad guy, I don't wanna catch mantime So I chill with work-release in the back of my mind But the guy that I popped wasn't dead, he's locked up in here now too And wants revenge, I got shanked in my bed! [Chorus] [Slaine] I was too young to say no, too young to yell nope Old enough to taste anger, but not enough to smell hope Thirteen years old, my beloved mother had just passed I started puffin' grass, drinkin' forties,

cuttin' class My father always used to beat on me and
bust my ass repeatedly I couldn't wait to get a change
of scenery I never had a dream, nobody believed in me
These mean streets are the only thing I've seen defeat
I'm sixteen bein' free, chewing (vics?) and (purcs?)
Caught a OZ habit quick, and my life got worse Cuz'
now I'm sick unless I get a pill, so my head is filled With
deep schemes my tolerance I let it build But when
streetdreams and quick cash is difficult You find you
get the same high(?) from sniffin' dope Now I'm
shootin with the neighbourhood people nobody could
save me from evil, I'm a slave to the needle! ..I'm too
young! [Chorus x2]

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