

## **Makromad**

### **"Young Fun"**

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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 murder (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 liquour 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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