

# Turk "Growing Up"

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**(feat. Mickey And Christina)**

*[Mickey]*

I ain't nothin but a hustler, I raised like that  
Pumpin gas or pumpin crack, we was paid like that  
Ol' G's taught us game, we was made like that  
Cross tha family, ya get sprayed wit a mac  
Laid flat  
My uncle was sellin crack, my father was smokin  
Me and brother didn't like tha way my mother was (?)  
So we promised to get my momma out  
Betta car, betta house  
And if daddy ain't gettin shit togetha, fuck it, a betta  
spouse  
I know what this ghetto bout, I live that life  
No heat, no light at tha crib at night  
Stay strapped , gat attached next to my ribs at night  
Cause them fiends'll try to steal yo life  
Muthafucka this Chicago  
Everything I live for, I die for  
Cash Money tha click I'll ride for  
Yeah, they showed me love when them label wasn't  
fuckin wit me  
Now tha whole workld in love wit Mickey  
Cash Money Millionaires nigga

*[Hook(Turk)]*

Growing up was hard in them project bricks  
I ain't gone even lie dawg I ain't neva had shit  
It was hard dawg wit out a father figure  
Give it up to my mom cuz she stood tall nigga

*[Christina]*

Nigga I'm from city where niggaz gang bang and shit  
Up on tha corner drinkin henny, tryna hang and shit  
I tote em quick and make chickens get over  
Tha first bitch in my gone get knocked tha fuck over  
Shit I'm not playin, them bullets gone start sprayin

Start prayin, cuz gats gone start sprayin  
Stop panicin, stayin calm to I bomb out this ghetto  
Leg, back, arms, ice up to tha elbow

Rock Fenni, bitches envy me up in tha ghetto  
Slimmy's pack simmy's, squeeze 50 in tha ghetto  
Tote Gucci coats, toast toast in they thoart  
Hit tha roach, don't smoke, it'll have u senseless in tha  
ghetto  
Cuz niggaz will beat u senseless in tha ghetto  
I'm glad I moved my mom to tha ponds, out tha palms  
of tha ghetto  
True divas neva settle for tha ghetto  
Come on, and that's real Cash Money nigga

*[Hook]*

*[Turk]*

Three sons and a momma, growin up was hard  
Couldn't keep up wit tha Jones, cuz we didn't have  
funds  
In tha summer it was hot, cuz we didn't have air  
Daddy wasn't even around like he didn't even care  
I ain't gone lie, sometimes you to get pissed off  
At my momma like it was her fault but ir wasn't at all  
Used to keep a pair of tenny's for atleast 6 months  
When they got scuffed up, we just ploished em up  
Had to be inside early, yeah i punched tha clock  
Didn't have no telephone or no cable box  
Just my momma and my brother gettin how we live  
One thing fa sho dawg we kept a meal  
Livin on welfare and my momma's pray  
Wishin that one day we gone get outta this hell  
Thinkin to myself this shit all fucked up, times was  
heard for me dawg growin  
up

*[Hook]*

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