

Rich The Kid, Grew Up In The Streets

I been in and out of jail I grew up in these streets
I be juuging for for real I grew up in these streets
I be flexing on these hoes I grew up in these streets
I ain't never had a job I grew up in these streets
I grew up in these streets, I grew up in these streets
I grew up in these streets, I grew up in these streets
I been in and out of jail I grew up in these streets
I be juuging for for real I grew up in these streets

My parents all the way from Haiti, I was born in Queens
Smash 'em then I toss 'em like some chicken wings
Now I'm getting money everything is foreign
If it ain't foreign then it ain't important
Now I'm pulling up in Ashton and the Maserati
When I'm on the scene you better tell some body
Came down from the N-Y
To the A yeah, a nigga so fly
Can't lie cause the hold hood fuck with me
Got your girl rolling on a molly
Straight up, just met your ho, now she trying to fuck

You see this Rolex on my wrist I got this shit from juuging
I ain't no chef but I'm steady cooking
Young rich nigga straight up out them bricks
In a foreign whip, with a foreign bitch
Now I'm rocking all Versace with the Prada shoes
If you try me nigga you up on the news
Have your baby mama singing the blues
A hundred thousand dollars stuffed in my Tru's
Rapping on some hundred thousand dollar beats
Young rich nigga straight up out them streets
And I got them goons for your ass
They gon' blast, just for cash, leave you dead real fast