

# The Way I Was Raised

E-40

It's the way I was raised  
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It's the way they raised me  
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Put up yo' dukes and put down yo' guns  
Eatin' soup with a fork, crackers and crumbs  
Livin' in the ghetto with the hustlers and bums  
Sellin' dope to my best friend, daddies and moms

Life in the slum, in the gutter, and in the sewer  
In the bottomless pits, where they say we ain't got no future  
Po-po empty they clips, rifles and Rugers  
Local law enforcement, FBI, state troopers

I was just lookin' at the news  
Some people ain't got nothin' to lose  
Then one of my dudes say  
"God take care of babies and fools"

He grew up poor, shoes too little  
Corns hecka sore, I seen this movie before  
Keep your faith, say your prayer before you go to sleep  
Get on yo' knees and thank God you on yo' feet

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My potna's broad been messin' around on him, but I'm scare to tell him  
Cause he might turn on me, thought we was family  
Why peoples be takin' they anger out on people that go they back  
Fallin' out over dumb stuff, somethin' as simple as that

Be careful on the phones, they might be hot as heater  
You never know when they tapin' or got you on the loudspeaker  
In real life, not a trailer or a teaser  
This ain't Netflix for no actors right here

Who got a beer? I'm stressed out  
When I was 12 years old, I had a paper route  
Raised in the soil, you can't be a little hussy  
Or a powder puff, gotta be thuggy

Money on my mind, grew up eatin' swine  
Never talk or tell, never drop a dime  
That's what the ave always woke me to  
I guess the ave never spoke to you

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I remember in the day  
I had to walk all the way home from school  
That's the way I was raised  
And look here, I recall  
Sometimes, we had nothing at all to eat  
And mama worked it out  
That's the way I was raised

Respect your elders, talkin' back will get you took  
My mama will give you certain looks  
That's a warning when you going a little overboard  
Back then, mamas would whoop you with extension cords

But I don't hate her for that  
Cause she the sweetest thing to her grandchildren, and that's a fact  
And they wanna rap  
My suggestion is let 'em do that

So many mothers lost they sons to the streets  
It's sad when they get that phone call or knock on the door from the police  
It's bad when our loved one's deceased  
We glad when we know they're at peace

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
Too many of us be trippin' off small stuff  
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