

# Grandma's House

Killer Mike

This is a story of a boy  
This is a story of a boy who became a man  
This is a story of a man who endured a struggle  
This is my story

I don't give a fuck I do a thou-wow then I'm up and down  
To break that shit and weigh that shit distribute shit out Grandma's house  
Everyday at the block with the chop in my coat  
Always been always be all my life, always dope

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I know how real it is ho  
That's why I make people feel the hook, man  
Where would we be without our Grandmas?  
A lot of our Grandma's was our Mamas

Close your eyes and imagine the south  
Little black boy at his Grandma's house  
Count stacks for a quarter of an ounce  
Trying to get the brand new Jordans came out  
Trying to get the candy paint Chevy up out  
Bills paid shop say it cost three thou  
It'll be worth it when I hit the block  
Haters gonna hate, but the women gon' jock  
Barely sixteen with a dope man dream  
Since thirteen with a flea market ring  
Me and my brother buying fake-ass gold  
Trying to impress them fake-ass hoes  
Y'all niggas know y'all seen it before  
Up real late with your Grandma's plate  
Praying to God she don't hear that scrape  
Praying to God that she don't wake  
-If she catch me serving hard  
It's gon' break my Nana's heart  
So I take them nicks  
I cut 'em quick and hit the boulevard-  
That yay and a K on MLK  
Hail from the four but I'm known in the trey  
Killer from the 'Ville in a Chevrolet  
Bumping 'Pocket Full of Stones' by UGK  
That was my life circa nine trey  
You should see the fat black boy today  
Wear more Polo than Kanye  
Marry me a big booty cutie like Jay  
Hood boss, nigga, do shit my way  
Fuck I care what a critic got to say?  
Fuck they know about Atlanta though?  
Fuck they was at in '94?

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Close your eyes and imagine the south  
Couple new cars at my Grandma's house  
Everything I wear tailor-made or Ralph  
Every woman on my team is stout  
Every nigga on my team about  
Getting to the money  
Getting to the paper  
Getting out the west side into Decatur  
We pumped base like Cerwin Vegas  
We rolled trees in a car I'm seeing Vega (?)  
Nineteen the street king took trips to Vegas  
Served 18 before I hopped that plane  
Landed in Vegas and copped that Jane  
Rented a Benz and switched that lane  
My Cali bitch she broke that brain  
Hit her from the back and bent that frame  
My life dope -Straight Cocaine-  
Hit the town my pockets fat  
Seven hours later lost seven stacks  
Left the dice alone did Black Jack  
A few 21s brought the seven back  
But luck is a lady we know that  
And sometimes that ho hold back  
When I needed her most that bitch got ghost  
I lost them seven plus four back  
-Staring at heaven like I lost eleven you should have seen your nigga's faaa  
ce  
The OG was with me and he dropped fifty we laugh about it to this daaay-  
Told the young 'un, "I knew you would grow to be a G in this game  
Because the next day your wife came with thirty bands on a plane"

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Close your eyes and imagine the south  
Bentley GT at my Grandmama house  
Ain't worried about what the law talk about  
Because I went legit, the game I'm out  
Built my own company like Eazy-E  
We Ruthless my nigga, the G to the T  
-Grandmama told me to slow my roll  
Stack my money pay child support  
I smiled and said, "Look Mama, I know  
But them women are still gon' be at my throat.-  
No matter what Mama they gon' want some more  
Mad they can't have a nigga no more"  
Disturbing my life, threatening my wife  
One of them tried to stick me with a knife  
Knocked her ass out and threatened to kill her  
My Grandmama told me the devil was in her

She told me, "Young 'un just stay away from her  
Don't talk to her brother, don't talk to her Mama  
Let her get her mind right really quick"  
I kicked her ass out like 50 did  
Huh... I'm still the shit  
99 problems and not one bitch  
Will ever take a young player off his grind  
When I grab my dick, see my pinkie shine...

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