

# Tryna Get Me One (feat. Pusha T)

## Gillie Da Kid

Yeah

You don't know how I was raised nigga  
You wouldn't understand  
Not at all (North Philly)

Six of us in a two-bedroom apartment  
Figure it out I'm just a nigga on a mission  
Started out a kid lotta ambition

On my birthday never got what I wishing for  
Daddy wasn't there, shit I didn't miss him though  
Didn't blame either it was the norm to us I mean  
None of us my friends had daddys either  
I was raised by Erie Avenue

We young niggas carry burners they'll bury you  
So at a young age I learned to fight for mines  
Cause, I wasn't gon be that scary dude

Getting picked on  
Getting fucked with  
It happened one time  
I was like fuck this

I went to zeddys house got his brother 38  
Ran back around the corner set them niggas straight

I tell ya from that day on  
I'm on here sitting sayin he ain't the nigga to be prayed on  
Turned 18 shit

I would walk up on the corner and none of them niggas stay long  
Night lion kid

I had that iron cig

And my heart fuckin bigger than a lions is  
From a city where they kill you, you don't mind your biz  
Never trust a nigga who asking you what time it is  
Understand the rules, that's a jammy move  
Act a fool I got this tool that I plan to use

They don't know what I be

They don't know what I've done, done

Running through the city on a mission tryna get me one

They don't know what I've seen

They don't know where I come from, from

Running through the city on a mission tryna get me one I played the hand I was given

I'm a Muslim I give turkeys out on thanksgiving

Wasn't to celebrate the holidays

Just didn't want to see bunch families starve that day (Nah)

Doing what my heart told me

I ain't really know my art that's when God chose me  
To do this biz  
Be the hood voice  
Spokesperson for this ghetto shit  
I be doing what I'm doing man I gotta live  
I be doing what I'm doing just to feed my kids  
I would never of thought this rap in this movie biz - Huh?  
Whatever accept this Gillie Kid  
Come from nothing to somethin  
Man it took limits  
Your only get out of it what you put in it  
Hustle hard, twenty-four seven  
365 boy man I'm always on my job  
Yeah, I ain't got your average rapper story  
Came up with both parents they was clappin for me  
High school graduate college course dabbled with  
Still not a enough to save a nigga from the savages  
Yeah, you could blame it on my blood line  
How my uncle sold cold crack and heroin  
Yeah, my eldest brother still a user  
Mama still cry but keep faith in that loser  
God, the truth hurts but it's my saving grace  
Niggas cut they nose off just to spite their face  
Niggas get they bros up just to dodge a case  
I was knockin O's off through my Jordan phase  
High school with a pistol like it's high noon  
Ransackin stash spots like a typhoon  
They flood niggas with they work like a Monsoon  
I weigh coke on that scale in my moms room  
Push!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>