

36 (feat. Joey Vantes, Torey D'Shaun & nobigdyl)

Rockstar Jt

[Chorus: Joey Vantes]

I grew up on that 36
Old school chopping that top
Two 12s on max for when that beat hit
Felt like DMX, ruff ridin' my city you know how we get it
Tellin' my dawgs I'm putting them on
When I win you know we win
Yeah, yeah, boy we on
I grew up on that 36
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[Verse 1: Rockstar Jt]

Young Rockstar, yeah
I grew up on that Boosie, set it off Rick Ross, I'm the boss neva'
Take a loss, get green gotta floss, came up pay the cost, fly high Randy Moss
Hold up, wait, and I'm back on go
Came in the game unpredictable flow
Covered in ice like I fell in the snow
I step in the spot everybody like woah
Yo, linked up with the misfits
Worried bout me need a mind your business
Self-made I don't really need no witness
And I gotta really play my position
Uh, 'cause I'm up right now
I'm feeling like I can perform in the clouds
Everybody really wanna jock my style
So high up and I won't come down
Uh, now you like my sound
Whatever I got I built up from the ground
You ain't from the block this ain't yo' side of town
I say what I want ain't no shutting my mouth
I see it I want it I gotta go get it
Ain't no turning back like I'm tryna get fitted
Comparing to me boy you gotta be kidding
Your hands going up like you catching the spirit
[Chorus: Joey Vantes]

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 Yeah, yeah, boy we on[Verse 2: Torey D'Shaun]
 I grew up on that S-N, Double O-P D-O-DOUBLE G, Kanye, Kendrick
 Ridin through the City, good kid, m.A.A.d city bumpin' in the 4-seater, East Side come visit
 Grew up in a church hut, spiritual Cold Cut
 Preacher could've helped me but he wasn't really sayin' much
 Feet to the pavement, lookin' for a fight though
 Lookin' for the wrong word, trying to find a typo, uh
 Got everybody thinkin' you a gangster
 Real recognize cap
 Until you really run into some gangsters
 God have mercy on that
 Thou shall not conform, into the image of somebody that you ain't
 I won't quit until I paint the picture that if you a heatseeker then you might just faint, you hear
 me?[Chorus: Joey Vantes]
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 Yeah, yeah, boy we on[Verse 3: nobigdy1.]
 Ever since I can remember I been poppin' my collar
 They didn't like me in the holler 'cause my skin look like T'Challa
 Gettin' dollars with my partners, I was caught up in the profit
 'Til the contact with the father through apostles and the prophets
 Mama said I was a target, they would follow me at Target
 Now I'm dropping knowledge to they sons and to they daughters
 Any problem pop up you should probably play a possum
 'Cause my God he say He got 'em, just don't look back down at Sodom
 Thinking bout the rhyme scheme like how long can Dyllie ride it
 Prolly long as terms in office for a Clinton or a Rodham
 I don't prophecize for prophet I just call 'em how I see 'em
 Was a Tennessee titan before they bought the Colosseum[Chorus: Joey Vantes]
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