

Year Zero

Billy Woods

I quit lookin' for solutions (No offense)
Bought a pistol and learned how to use it
You can't fix stupid
Apes stood and walked into the future
March of progress end hunchbacked in front the computer
Sooner or later it's gon' be two unrelated active shooters
Same place, same time
Great minds, Tesla and Edison
Selling pussy 'cross state lines, they veterans
Hangman, one look all it take to take they measurements
My taxes pay police brutality settlements
Quicksand every direction so go ahead and step on in
Kickstand for the weapon, tumor pressing on his brain
But ya man wasn't forgetting to adjust for the wind
Dead hand reach from the past to guide events
The document is undead
Common sense says my ancestors was the worstest of men
First sign of trouble, motherfuckers shimmy right out that human skin

Kids, you and your friends gon' have to start again
It's nothing you can do with us, we're fucked up
We're fucked, poison everything we touch
Withered and died, burn it down with us inside
Burn it to the ground, make sure don't nobody survive
Kids, you and your friends gon' have to start again
It's nothing you can do with us, we're fucked
We're fucked up, poison everything we touch
Withered and died, burn it down with us inside
Burn it to the ground, make sure we don't survive

Check!
Low vibration, moral high ground
You slippin' at night like a old bitch nightgown
I ain't tryna hear about later, this is right now
These niggas ain't got shit, like it's Niketown
Danny Brown back like skinny white girls
Workin' out, 'bout to get the money like curls
Pull up, get ripped, nigga deadlift
Sit up, push up, bicycle kick
Not for nothin', I'ma leave with sumthin'
If not, bitch, then it's Good Will Hunting
You ain't gotta worry 'bout if we coming
Niggas slidin' on you and this ain't Cool Runnings (Step)
No pun intended, I'ma step on business (Yeah)
Got it for the low, like the day after Christmas (Uh-huh)
Niggas illiterate, can't read the room we in
So get your cameras out, it's a movie then
Shit, I'm about to flip the script
Like they just cut the budget
Wilin' out, showin' my ass out in public
La, la, la, can't tell me nothin' (Nah)
Nights like this, bitch, David Ruffin (Step)
Who you thought it really was?
What you thought, that it wasn't?
Niggas lyin' like ya cousins
When you know his ass wasn't
Tell 'em drive through, like twenty-piece nuggets

Broke like the ice cream machine
You niggas rubbish, ah-ha-ha-ha
I'ma drop the low, 'til that ho come through
Sorrento paint a house at the Fontainebleau
Everything I dreamed for, it done came true
I did it my way, ain't play by your rules
You the typa nigga to get lipo
I'm the typa nigga that caught work on a iPhone
If I lose weight, I get caught in a drug zone
I ain't worried 'bout the hate, I just wonder where the love gone