Intro

clipping.

The bulb in the streetlight flickering a little bit
I hope the bitch don't burn out
It's the last beating heart in the city in the darkness
It's something you don't want to know about
When it hits there is no turning back
And so, better act like you have no doubt, don't speak
Just run motherfucker cause the gun's in the gutter
Gonna bust till it ain't no grout
And it's heavy when the walls come down
Fuck a levee, living underground
Look around, it ain't no lost and found
You find yourself lost, you're drowning
And if you can't swim then you're back in
With the rats in the cracks in the foundation
And the fact that you're down doesn't matter make a sound
Effort shatters everything you ever knew you're bound
To find a way out, gotta find a way out in a hideaway
You 'bout it 'bout it or bouncin' the night away
Ounces and grams are the make of a man
And they sayin' the maker is making the plans
So you better get in where you fit in
You finna do what, motherfucker?
You not
You right in the bucket with all of them
Trying to crab your way up to the top
Where the loneliness kills 'bout as much as the pills
Everybody is waitin' to pop
And everyone feels up on all they thrills and still be a fiend for a drop
And if you been here before you know that really this all that it is
And next to the lunch in the backpack you pack a brand new strap for the kids
It's clipping., bi-

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