

## 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-