

# Y.B.P.

Danny Brown

Let me change the channel with the pliers  
Wet clothes on the porch, we ain't have a dryer  
Spending food stamps, wait 'til ya leave the store  
Too many in the bed, had to sleep on the floor  
'Cause my cousin always pee, getting whipped in the morning  
Every night can't sleep, got me tossing and turning  
Late night in the kitchen, here I'm always fussin'  
Got my ass beat, I ain't even do nothin'  
Seen her crying in the kitchen and I don't know why  
Caught my aunt smokin' crack and she got a black eye  
Living on Focus: HOPE and we tryna get by  
Sippin' on WIC juice, wash it down with chili fries  
Homie shot at the Coney, hope he survive  
Only go to church when someone die  
Kids raisin' kids, all tryna be grown  
Things never fix when we come from broken homes

We was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit (Raised in Detroit)  
You can never learn what a nigga been taught  
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit (Young, black and poor)  
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Detroit city, that's where I live  
Feels like "Poetic Justice," you get killed at the drive-in  
Who gon' front you some work? Who gon' front you some work?  
We was fresh from the dirt, put you on a t-shirt  
Wanna run like Barry, shoot like Zeke  
But in the hood with a nine on me like Rodney Peete  
Motor city, the Motown, the Fab Five  
Police violence, that's how Malice Green died  
Coleman Young, Dennis Archer, Kilpatrick  
Pissy mattress in the alley doing backflips  
Uh, these hoes ratchet, daddy's absent  
But, the kids see us doing wrong  
Ayy, they wanna be us when they grown  
But ask them why be high like Rich Jones  
My city show no love  
It's hard to fit in the murder mitten like OJ glove

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Stuck in the middle between Bladee and Dilla

Surrounded by killers, couldn't see the big picture  
From a bird's eye view, we ain't had no clue  
Didn't know what was true, had nothing to lose  
"Home where the heart is"? But where is the love?  
Feeling lost in the world, they don't care about us  
Back to the world, we ain't had no plan  
Everything about the city made me who I am  
You can make it here, yeah, yeah, you know the rest  
Everyday was like a test, if you fail, it's death  
Or a trip to Wayne county, hope you don't get sent to Jackson  
Middleman taxin', to the story just a fraction  
How the system made division but it don't add up?  
Take away from the hood, never giving back to us  
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Take away from the hood, never giving back to us

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