

# Caught Between Worlds

Non Phixion

Ayo I spit it at you, hit you up  
ILL Bill, Brooklyn be the place where I rest at  
The foundation, the truth, the death trap  
My uncle Howie on the couch, high on dope  
5714 Farragut Road, the projects I grew up broke  
Used to read Spider-Man while my uncle burned holes in his clothes  
Nodding out mid-sentence, eyes closed when he spoke  
Coughing and choking the weed that he smoked (What!)  
Speaking in non-fiction, y'all listening  
Ear to the streets, it's like they got the sidewalk wired  
Underneath our feet  
Young Vader, Young Bill, bastard swordsman  
My mind is like the script from an Italian gore flick  
I'm caught between worlds  
I've seen light inside the darkness  
But I still can't decide which way to turn  
I can't decide which way to burn  
So I'm a light it up a both ends and watch it unfurl

Caught between worlds, non phixion  
So many people understand the same pain that I feel  
They feel the same way  
They think the same thoughts, though the names change  
Same love, same hate  
Same truth, same fate

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It started back in apartment buildings  
Poverty stricken, moms was sick  
But I still smelled the love from the kitchen  
Drugs in the hall, coalition, no pots to piss in  
My pops never gave a fuck if I ate or if I die in prison  
Survival's iffy, the city's gritty is in me  
Turning soap into fifties, burning coke like gypsies  
Frozen in time, a cold shoulder hope on the block  
I told you to stop, I feel like I was chosen to rock  
Grand-pops he caught a heart attack watching the news  
God forgive a motherfucker now for stopping my food  
I'm watching these dudes spit it out obnoxious and rude  
Hunt the green down, scarf it down, mafia food  
It's all Pelles, veal paw feeding their bellies  
Smoking wet blunts till we pass out and repeat the medley  
Emotionless blade to the wrist I'mma cease to exist  
For all my motherfuckers dead y'all could breathe through this

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I felt pain as a youth growing up in the hood  
On the train by the booth kids got stuck for they goods  
Spray painted sneakers, we took their chains and beepers  
A bad ass in math class I had to change teachers  
Feeling ruthless, useless like bulletproof caskets  
A loose bastard watching M.A.S.H. and Dukes of Hazzard  
Spastic like the son of Sam with a gun in hand  
Ain't funny man, I got high and did the running man, wiggling out  
Never had the bigger mouth, I was the silent type  
Living long days and violent nights  
My hood was filled with murderers, drug dealers and burglars  
Cold killers with burners kid, you ride up where the nurses live  
If you ain't play your cards right or spar right  
You got laid up in a bed seeing God's light  
I lived the hard life, looting, boosting Timbs and gear  
Cause I didn't care, I ain't have food inside the Frigidaire

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