Spit It

Non Phixion

Ayo I spit it at you, hit you up, ILL BILL, Brooklyn be the place where I re
st at
The foundation, the truth, the death trap
My Uncle Howie on the couch, high on dope
5714 Farragut Roathe 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 Phixion, y'all listening
Ear to the streets, it's like they got the sidewalk wired underneath our fee
t
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 tu
rn
I can't decide which way to burn
So I'ma 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 kitche
n
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, burn 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 [?], scoff 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'ma 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
Wigging 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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