

Zero St.

Slaine

I'm a ill son of a gun, a raw dum-dum
You motherfuckers, come and get your 411
'Til motherfuckers gotta call the 911
While I'm some lunatic giant gun
High on something; rum, some coke, kush - don't push my button
Little faggot maggot, punk pussy, you're nothing
'Cause we gon' stomp a hole in your ass
Douse you with gas and light you 'til you roll in the grass
You ask what the fuck is wrong with me
And why the fuck do these sick kids sing along with me
I'm from sicker aves where nickel bags are doping up
Fourteen track dimes roping it up
Churches on the corner talking 'bout the Pope and stuff
Kids never saying that you're doing coke enough
I'm trynna scheme 'cause I'm broke as fuck
What are my chances? Tell me I should go for what?

Ayo, things ain't going so right when you're living on Zero Street
Where the villains and the thieves and the heroes meet
And the kids are keeping leaned up the wall
('Cause I'm dirty like the corner in the bathroom floor)
No, things ain't going so right when you're living on Zero Street
Where the villains and the thieves and the heroes meet
And the corner's filled with disillusionment
(I'm drunk again, I'm high again)

Guns they have 'em in school, drug habits and cruel
Faggots and fools in a zone done stabbing a dude
Hookers and maggots with tools eating Chinese food
Back to the neighbourhood where it's grimy too
Where police roll the streets like they 9"10
Get strung out, you can eat at the Pine Street end
Don't come out at night if you ain't willing to fight
Ain't ready to brawl, you're not really the type
Not really at all, you just hang in the mall
I speak with a accent, you talk with a drawl
I offer the raw march for the law
Sucker punch me, I'll cut your oesophagus off
Guess a thief is a thief and a cop is a cop
'Til the roles get reversed, dudes cock it and pop
Just as long as there's a profit from a clock and a rock
A Glock and box cutter, this is not gonna stop

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