

Zip Zero

Slaine

I come from nothing zip zero
The bottom where it get so
Difficult we tip toe through the struggle
We hustle just to cut that check
The upper edge want another respect
You feel the neglect
Say wh-uh oh
Pound and respect
Youngsters so stressed
Watching them detects
Let me hear you say wh-uh oh

Ketchup and french fries
Chocolate milk and grilled cheeses
My grandmother's kitchen
Statues of killed Jesus
Neighborhood felons with bulges from loaded pieces
Out the window hang in front of the problems
I can see this
So who's the gangstas and corrupt polices
Who grew up the street with both sides you cuss and eat with
Yeah you caught between the friction
But addiction's just a secret
We speak in codes, no one outside us can't peep it
I went to church at sixteen looking at his coffin
His last thought was that his dope habit hadn't caught him
I stared at the stain glass
Apologize for that abortion
My soul is not for scorching
I'll adopt an orphan
When I grow up I promise honor on the church steps
On almost the same spot Percosets
It wasn't on before the heroine schemes
'Cause I'm a blue collar hood in these American dreams

That's on my mama and my papa
Full of drama man it get worse
Nanna and my grampy started psycho wasn't rehearsed
They birthed a motherf*cking genius, is he cursed
Yes sir was extra extra extra nigga-ish
Bitch don't kill my vibe
Chris don't give no flies
f*ck you when love of your lives

Daddy died barely knew him, barely cried
Belly of the beast, belly full of hard times
Rhyme in new times crimes is usual times
I'm unsuitable for this f*cked up design
Through the I'm gonna go to college talk
Did the hip-hopper walk, sip the alcohol
f*ck the law naw I don't f*ck with ya'll
No need to discuss it all
Large balls in a small pond
Pebble from a rebel, uh
Brother here, he gon' try to mourn what's been destined
Ignore no more books on my lessons
Listen

We come from nothing zip zero
This is where we come from
My grandma and my mama smoke so much they got one lung
My man just got three years in jail
He only had one gun
His BM got another man changing his daughter bum bum
When your eyes are full of tears
Pouring molly in your beers
And you party every year
'Cause it's part of your career
And you hardly open your mind
'Cause you blinded by them parasites
Using drugs and alcohol adding strife to your damaged life
Me I must survive my block was hotter than lava
As a minor I barely see my father so what's the karma
'Cause we never kicked or pitched a ball
Pissed I'm missing my dogs
The pedophile that lived upstairs from me was scary as all
Hell is what we going through
Let me get a loan or two
I'll pay you back when I get my taxes
My rent is overdue
I represent the struggle, the poor and the misfortunate
So you can keep the bottles, them crumbs and all them whores