

From the bottom of the ash I rose, yeah
To the top I go Where I'm from its cold
But I don't need this coat, keep my sleeves rolled
Got my city's area code on my shoulder, 216 forever in my soul
Swear to God every single night its gets colder
No heat so we all around that stove like

"Fuck this broke shit", petty ass hustlin
Couldn't even sell one zone
Slim still workin at the store and the only time
We ever get to eat is when he brings something home
Everydays dark here, prayin for a rainbow
To lead us to that pot of gold
And exchange those nights on a concrete floor
For a bottle of Rose to pop that bitch off like we suppose to

Never gave a fuck if we went gold
I just wanna be able to say that I made it
Cause' real EST mufuckas don't fold
Real EST mufuckas dont break up
Real family grows old, Real EST mufuckas representing
For the city where they came even when they gone

And Fuck this throne, ain't no kings
No pretty princess, ain't no queen
No fairy tale endings on the Eastside
Just these broken bones and those screams
Broken bones underneath these jeans
Broken bricks cover up my streets
Fiends outside trying to get their fix
While my first born in here trying to get sleep

Muthafuck this rap shit
Try burying your boy 6 feet let me show u bout real
Try telling me that u can't make it up
Out the city 26 dollars to multi-mill's
Face inside of the XXL
Then try coming back to the Eastside still
Well bitch I did, and its still the kid
Labelled a Bad Boy before this deal

What up Slim, Dub, Xplo, Dre, Swirv, Ash, my boy BK
And everybody from the beginning that
Bled with me knowin I would be here one day
So as I roll through all the hoods that raised me
Looking at the house of pain
I'ma runaway from the ones that pay me hopin
I'll stay the same

Can't you save me?
Can't you save me?
Can't you save me?
Can't you save me?