

Channel Zero

Lost Boyz

Intro:

Ayo, yea niggas
I'm talkin to all y'all hard rock niggas
Let y'all niggas know that I understand
What niggas is really goin through ya understand?
Motherfuckin down to they last cent
Smoke the looseys
Thinkin up shit to do, doin stick ups and shit
Bustin at niggas, murderin niggas
Gettin bullshit ass money
What if that was your breed was you murderin clown?
It's wack
Shout out to grandpa, you know what i'm sayin
Shout out to grandpa kelly
My man ralou's brother little Deven
Ya know I'm sayin, Freaky Taliq's moms, rest in peace
Know I'm sayin
Everybody wanna live the ill life, know i'm sayin
But yo we tryin ta live it like love, peace and nappiness
You know I'm sayin, word up

Verse 1

I'm growing up in the ghetto
And there was nobody happy
And my head is mad nappy and
I'm thinkin up a way that I can get some dough
Man I'm tryin ta blow
But yet this record shit is so slow
I got the whole family on my back
All I do is eat and sleep
Run the street with that steel pack
You know the lost boyz got
With timbs and jeans
Field jackets, and hats coverin the eyes
But listen, that's how it is
If you don't dig how I live
Motherfucka (???)
Cuz everyday on the street
The black man is gettin beat
Police line us up on the concrete
Now people look at me
And always see wrong
A new problem everyday
I'm tryin ta be strong
Now how strong can a nigga be
When the blacks is locked down
And the white man's got the key
It's gettin harder day after day
Somebody got ta pay
And in my closet lays an AK
The new (???) is found dead
Plus when he killed the girl
He put the gun to his own head
Ya never hear it on the 6:00 news
When my niggas get killed in the street over tennis shoes
It's hard enough for us blacks to earn cash man
The homeless keep warm by settin fire to a trash can
Now everyday I need ends

New (???) my nigga weed
St. Ides is my best friend
Pa's is broke
No calls comin in on my phone
And money I'm down to my last stone
My mom dukes is always bangin on my door
My music's too loud
I got clothes on the floor (pick em up)
She doesn't understand
I'm cruisin in the fast lane
I'm fresh outta nerves
Ma, you're workin on my last vein
Now how can I explain
That I don't wanna take her out
But that's stuck in my brain
We're havin fight after fight
Because I leave when it's bright
And comes home the next night
But that's the life that I live understands me
It's bad enough that Po-Nine tried ta can me
Ayo my lifestyle is rough
I got three sisters, four brothers
Man, ain't this enough?
But yet I gots no hero
But I got the 411 on the ghetto
Tune into channel zero
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Chorus:
Everybody in the world
Everybody uptown
Everybody in Queens
Tune into channel zero
Everybody in Brooklyn
Everybody in the Bronx
Everybody in the world
Tune into channel zero
Verse 2:
I live in Queens, New York (what you do?)
I twist a cap with my niggas
Smoke a blunt let's start to talk
About this ill situation
That us blacks is in
It's time we build a better nation
Motherfuck them police
Some whites talk about peace
(?????)
But they ain't ready for the planet
Marky Mark be talkin that slang
But he don't even understand it
Yea I said Marky Mark
Frontin like the buddarist punk
I never saw you in the park
You give it all to your bullshit skills G
A white boy actin black, that shit kills me
Pants hangin, talkin slang kid and all that
I never seen you in the projects or black
Ya never wons no grammy
Ya whites gave Elvis a stamp
But what ya plan ta give my man Sammy?