

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  
Tune into channel zero  
Tune into channel zero  
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?