

# Growin' Up in the Gutter

Yelawolf

Once upon a time in an apartment home  
Lived a little girl with a heart of stone  
Cause part of her heart was partly gone  
Rarely seen and hardly known  
Treated like a mat on a boxing ring  
Blood drop stains on the twin box springs  
Daddy came to visit it's not a dream  
She thought to herself what is happening?  
Above her head is a crucifix  
But Lucifer loosens up his wrist  
Lays her down with an open fist  
And all that was left was hopelessness  
Little girl, where's your loving mother?  
Under the covers, under the covers  
Little girl what have you discovered  
She stuttered...

Growin' up in the gutter  
No more, fairy tales, and so  
No place like hell, no place like home  
Growin' up in the gutter  
Black and white, in a frame  
There we are, safe and sound  
Stray guns, no aim, yea!  
Growin' up in the gutter!

(And you ain't gotta be from the projects  
To deal with this nonsense Rittz)  
Cause even in suburbia somebody will murder ya  
Over nothin leave your body slumpin'  
In the parking lot of your complex  
Violence is a hard pill to swallow and digest  
My town is full of drug dealers  
Most of them get shot in the process  
Hustlin and stackin up profits  
They robbin mutherfuckas like they havin a contest  
Shit, he took a bitch to his apartment to brag  
A week later he tied up on the carpet and gagged  
Cause he showed her all the pills he had for sale for the low  
She told her cousin then her cousin grabbed a Glock and a mask  
Kicked in his door laid him down  
Then he shot him and dashed  
Ran off with all that he had  
He used to be ballin now he got a colostomy bag  
What you know about that  
Middle class white bitch slangin her body for crack  
Mexican drug cartels, you hear the buck shot shells and then the blood clot  
fails  
There ain't no healin the wounds  
Biggest meth bust on the east coast right here in Duluth  
My lyrics are proof  
Of growin up in the gutta

You think you can define how hard you got it?!  
By what neighborhood you live in muthafucker  
Wake up in the gutter!

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Slumerican indeed, I am  
Drug through the mud like a weed, what I am  
Was child who was beat, I am  
Leather belts that made me, I am  
Home alone again at 8, I am  
Somebody's life to rate, I am  
Given to the beast by fate, I am  
The one who did escape, I am  
A voice for the cold in the dark, I am  
The one who sold his heart, I am  
From a family torn apart, I am  
A target for your dart, I am  
Sick again from the whips  
I am  
Head to the gun and click, I am  
A soul that don't run from shit  
I am  
Exposed to the g.o.a.t.s. of sin, I am  
Met a ghost and he  
Said, I am  
In the basement in red, I am  
Dead cause the Ouija  
Board said, I-A-M