

Inner City Kids

Phora

Pops is out working, mommas with this new dude
I'm out roaming the streets leaving my print like it was blues clues
Made some bad moves, simply cause there's nothing to do
Friends and enemies, i could never tell who's who
But i'm still roaming through your city though
If ya'll niggas don't believe me check the video
Shoutout to my nigga good grades up in [?]
We tryna make a dollar of a fuckin' penny bro
yeah, i'm on some penny for your thought shit
Tryna figure out what led me to this nonsense
People come and people go, but what i really wanna know is will my people forget me in a coffin
It's a never ending cycle on the block
Another baby born, another mans shot, another man living, another mans not
Inner city kid, i'm just tryna paint a spot wussup

Inner city kid, in the city living, tryna make a dollar of this penny i was givin'
Ever since a youngin' fantasize the street life, but it's hard to stay awake when i can't sleep right
Inner city kids, in the city livin' tryna make a dollar of this penny i was givin'
Ever since a youngin' fantasize the street life, and my only guidance was the street lights

[Hands]

I got to stop smoking ~ i'm losing breath control
outside and i'm living like an animal
cats is livin' abstracts i'm tryna keep it factual, i keep it actual fresher than vegetables at whole foods
Ya'll cats is screwed, we either powering til we makin' power moves ya'lls is acting foul like double dribb
keep it connected like the fam and siblings
never simple things complex like vitamins and minerals
Never stressing face like city minimal i lost my job today, i hope the agency calls opening doors like [?] stalls
filled with foundations like the [?] that i be making the walls for me to be breaking the law
[?] i heard they saying hands is soft but ya'll be the real [?] we tsunami, ya'll microwaves like [?]

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[Phora & Hands]

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[Phora]
Haha, Fuck it foo

Lyrics Submitted by TheTrueJasonC

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