Channel Zero

Lost Boyz

Ayo, yeah 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 shitBustin' at niggas, murderin' niggas
Gettin' bullshit ass money
What if that was your breed was you murderin' clown?
It's wackShout 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 peaceKnow I'm sayin'
Everybody wanna live the ill life, know I'm sayin'
But yo we tryin' ta live it like love, peace and happiness
You know I'm sayin', word upI'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 doughMan 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 packYou 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 liveMotherfucka [unverified]
'Cuz everyday on the street
The black man is gettin' beat
Police line us up on the concreteNow people look at me
And always see wrong
A new problem everyday
I'm tryin' ta be strongNow 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 payAnd in my closet lays an AK
The new [unverified] is found dead
Plus when he killed the girl

He put the gun to his own headYa 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 canNow everyday I need ends
New [unverified] my nigga weed
St. Ides is my best friend
Pa's is brokeNo 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 loudI got clothes on the floor
(Pick em up)
She doesn't understand
I'm cruisin' in the fast laneI'm fresh outta nerves
Ma, you're workin' on my last vein
Now how can I explain
That I don't wanna take her outBut that's stuck in my brain
We're havin' fight after fight
Because I leave when it's bright
And comes home the next nightBut 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 zeroEverybody in the world
Everybody uptown
Everybody in Queens
Tune into channel zeroEverybody in Brooklyn
Everybody in the Bronx
Everybody in the world
Tune into channel zeroI live in Queens, New York
(What you do?)
I twist a cap with my niggas
Smoke a blunt let's start to talkAbout this ill situation
That us blacks is in
It's time we build a better nation
Motherfuck them police
Some whites talk about peace [unverified]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 MarkFrontin' 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 mePants 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?

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