

# 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 me  
Pants hangin', talkin' slang kid and all that  
I never seen you in the projects or black  
Ya never won no Grammy  
Ya whites gave Elvis a stamp  
But what ya plan ta give my man, Sammy?

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