

# Growin' Up in the Gutter

## Rittz/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 drops 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 there's 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 songs  
No place like hell, no place like home  
Growin' up in the gutter, black and white, in a frame  
Dead we are, guns, no aim  
Growin' up in the gutter And you aint gotta live in the projects, to deal with this non-sense  
Living this suburbia, someone will murder ya  
Open up and leave your body..  
Violence is a hard pill to swallow and digest  
But time is full of jobshot in the process  
Hussle he took the bitch to his apartment  
Let him down used to what you know of that  
my lyrics are proof of growin' up in the gutter  
You think you can define how hard you got it  
by what neighbourhood you live in, motherfucker?  
Wake up in the gutter!....no more, fairy tales and songs  
No place like hell, no place like home  
Growin' up in the gutter, black and white, in a frame  
Dead we are, guns, no aim  
Growin' up in the gutter Slumerican I can't and  
Was a child who was  
I'ma go again at 8, somebody's life to wait given to the  
beast by fate (i am)  
a voice for the cold in the dark, I am  
from a family torn apart, I am  
A soul that don't run from shit, I am

met a ghost and he said (i am)  
In the basement and read (i am)  
Dead cause the ouji board said...  
I...A....M....Growin' up in the gutter, no more, fairy tales and songs  
No place like hell, no place like home  
Growin' up in the gutter, black and white, in a frame  
Dead we are, guns, no aim  
Growin' up in the gutter.

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