Grits

RZA

When I was small
We had nothing at all
We used to eat Grits, for dinner
It was pain
Almost drive a man insane
What we could find for
To survive another day
But I said nahAn old killa bee once hummed me a tune
Stay up at night, don't sleep on ya moon
Four seeds in the bed, eight seeds in the room
Afternoon cartoon, we would fight for the spoon
Old Earth in the kitchen, yell "it's time to eat"
Across the foyer, ya hear the gather of stampeding feet
One pound box of sugar, and a stick of margarine
A hot pot of Grits got my family from starvin'
Loose with the welfare cheese, thick wit' the gravy
Used to suck it, straight out the bottle as a baby
Steamy hot meal serve less than five minutes
Big silver pot, boilin' water, salt in it
House full of brothers and sisters, the pop's missin'
Pillsbury box on the stove in the kitchenWhen I was small
We had nothing at all
We used to eat Grits, for dinner
It was painYoung shorties in my hood started hustlin'
Packin' bags at the neighbourhood associate
Growin' up, not as fortunate to have that fly shit
I'm too young, no jobs'd hire me legit
You walkin' down the street with ya gun in ya hand
Drinkin, thinkin' of a masterplan
Your Old Earth can't afford what ya friends got
So you roll up to the spot, with ya thing 'pon cock
And it seems worth the takin', stomach achin'
Morning star Reggie makin' go good with the Grits
Now let's take it back for real
When we used to build at ghetto big wheels
With the shoppin' cart wheels, and wood to nail the seat on
Girls skippin' rope in the street
The Summer heat, left the jelly prints stuck to they feet
Skelly chief, flippin' baseball cards for keeps

Momma said it's gettin' late, and it's time to come eatWhen I was small
We had nothing at all
We used to eat Grits, for dinner
It was pain
Almost drive a man insane
What we could find for
To survive another day
But I said nah

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/