Growin' Up In the Gutter (feat. 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 drop 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 is 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 so
No place like hell, no place like home
Growin' up in the gutter
Black and white, in a frame
There we are, safe and sound
Stray guns, no aim, yea!
Growin' up in the gutter!And you ain't gotta be from the projects
To deal with this nonsense
Cuz even in suburbia somebody will murder ya
Over nothin' leave your body slumpin'
In the parking lot of your complex
Violence is a hard pill to swallow and digest
My town is full of drug dealers
Most of them get shot in the process
Hustlin' and stackin' up profits
They robbin mutherf*ckas like they havin' a contest
Shit, he took a b*tch to his apartment to brag
A week later he tied up on the carpet and gagged
Cause he showed her all the pills he had for sale for the low
She told her cousin then her cousin grabbed a glock and a mask
Kicked in his door laid him down
Then he shot him and dashed
Ran off with all that he had
He used to be ballin' now he got a colostomy bag
What you know about that

Middle class white b*tch slangin' her body for crack
Mexican drug cartels, you hear the buck shot shells
And then the blood clot fails, there ain't no healin' the wounds
Biggest meth bust on the east coast right here in Duluth
My lyrics are proof of growin' up in the guttaYou think you can define how hard you got it?!
By what neighborhood you live in muthaf*ckerWake up in the gutter!
No more, fairy tales, and so
No place like hell, no place like home
Growin' up in the gutter
Black and white, in a frame
There we are, safe and sound
Stray guns, no aim, yea!
Growin' up in the gutter!Slumerican indeed, I am
Drug through the mud like a weed, what I am
Was child who was beat, I am
Leather belts that made me, I am
Home alone again at 8, I am
Somebody's life to rate, I am
Given to the beast by fate, I am
The one who did escape, I am
A voice for the cold in the dark, I am
The one who sold his heart, I am
From a family torn apart, I am
A target for your dart, I am
Sick again from the whips, I am
Head to the gun and click, I am
A soul that don't run from shit, I am
Exposed to the g.o.a.t.s. of sin, I am
Met a ghost and he said, I am
In the basement in red, I am
Dead cause the Ouija board said, I-A-MGrowin' up in the gutter
No more, fairy tales, and so
No place like hell, no place like home
Growin' up in the gutter
Black and white, in a frame
There we are, safe and sound
Stray guns, no aim, yea!
Growin' up in the gutter!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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