

Evolution of the Kid

Slaine

How's it feel to be overlooked, underrated and hated,
Stomach pains in the belly of a city hungry,
If one of us made it to prominence is a mentality
Of crabs in the barrel of reality, it's pretty ugly.
Well back up cause my story ain't a fairy tell, it's really real,
Ain't had a chance I ain't have nothing I could barely feel,
All I have is these neighborhoods I know very well,
In a fiery will, some pages in my diary I would spill,
Lyrics on my paper, violence around me, it's on me
I blindly look through these books like a zombie,
Measuring these stories with these bare hands, pictures of this grimy game,
I stall it like a pilot in a kamikaze plane
A decade of pain, dudes know I'm a grown man
I live my life holding death inside my own hand
The kids that I grew up with, locked up, are inside a box
There ain't no one in here, the only choice is fight or box
The music pushed me through the ghosts in the hall,
The toasters and the dope sickness and ferociousness and all,
The hopelessness of watching overdoses in the horror
Suicides and murders, I can't take this shit no more
I have these posters on my wall and this music in my room
It took me out my world, it would shoot me to the moon
Yous' a fire burning, I'm determined from this hard learning
Put me on a different road, engine revving, tires turning
Ever since I'm 7 I just know where I got to go
Trapped in this vicious dome, but I'm back, this is home
They said I coulda been a star but I lost my logic
My heart is harder than the bricks in the Boston projects