

Buck 65, Year Zero

[HARD]

...to the core, battle scarred & still standin'
I'm workin' the technics, the newborn's abandoned
Instead of demanding to clock a thousand just to
Rock the house and shit, walk the miles in my shoes
Kiss my ass in the middle, say pretty please
And see for yourself that I should get fi'ty Gs
Heads to bed over a thousand blown
I got skills to satisfy until the cows come home
Yet and still, getting dissed by dead presidents
For as long as the random house is my residence
Run down to the point where some say it's an eyesore
But at sundown, the neighborhood will see some shit to die for
Restoration of the classic spectacle and proud as hell
'Cause we can all share in something more respectable
Shouts out to those who voted "yes" in the comittee
And acid in the face for those who want to treat the city
Like a firing range... in the land of make-believe
You're gonna suffocate when it's time for you to take a breather
So drop the bomb that breaks the world in two pieces
You'll see the bonfire kindled with the pages of your thesis
Faces of the damned are seen in pictures
To be burned in the square where they used to burn witches!
The path is made with broken glass to crawl across
All is lost... destination: HOLOCAUST!