

DANNY BROWN, Y.B.P. (feat. Bruiser Wolf)

Let me change the channel with the pliers
Wet clothes on the porch, we ain't have a dryer
Spending food stamps, wait 'til ya leave the store
Too many in the bed, had to sleep on the floor
'Cause my cousin always pee, getting whipped in the morning
Every night can't sleep, got me tossing and turning
Late night in the kitchen, here I'm always fussin'
Got my ass beat, I ain't even do nothin'
Seen her crying in the kitchen and I don't know why
Caught my aunt smokin' crack and she got a black eye
Living on Focus: HOPE and we tryna get by
Sippin' on WIC juice, wash it down with chili fries
Homie shot at the Coney, hope he survive
Only go to church when someone die
Kids raisin' kids, all tryna be grown
Things never fix when we come from broken homes

We was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit (Raised in Detroit)
You can never learn what a nigga been taught
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit (Young, black and poor)
You can never learn what a nigga been taught
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit (Raised in Detroit)
You can never learn what a nigga been taught
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit (Young, black and poor)
You can never learn what a nigga been taught

Detroit city, that's where I live
Feels like "Poetic Justice," you get killed at the drive-in
Who gon' front you some work? Who gon' front you some work?
We was fresh from the dirt, put you on a t-shirt
Wanna run like Barry, shoot like Zeke
But in the hood with a nine on me like Rodney Peete
Motor city, the Motown, the Fab Five
Police violence, that's how Malice Green died
Coleman Young, Dennis Archer, Kilpatrick
Pissy mattress in the alley doing backflips
Uh, these hoes ratchet, daddy's absent
But, the kids see us doing wrong
Ayy, they wanna be us when they grown
But ask them why be high like Rich Jones
My city show no love
It's hard to fit in the murder mitten like OJ glove

We was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit
You can never learn what a nigga been taught
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit (Raised in Detroit)
You can never learn what a nigga been taught
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit
You can never learn what a nigga been taught
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit
You can never learn what a nigga been taught

Stuck in the middle between Bladee and Dilla
Surrounded by killers, couldn't see the big picture
From a bird's eye view, we ain't had no clue
Didn't know what was true, had nothing to lose
"Home where the heart is"? But where is the love?
Feeling lost in the world, they don't care about us
Back to the world, we ain't had no plan
Everything about the city made me who I am
You can make it here, yeah, yeah, you know the rest
Everyday was like a test, if you fail, it's death
Or a trip to Wayne county, hope you don't get sent to Jackson
Middleman taxin', to the story just a fraction

How the system made division but it don't add up?
Take away from the hood, never giving back to us
How the system made division but it don't add up?
Take away from the hood, never giving back to us

Young, black and poor
You can never learn
See, we was young, black and poor
You can never learn what a nigga been taught
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit
You can never learn what a nigga been taught
See, we was young, black and poor being raised in Detroit
You can never learn what a nigga been taught