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