

Ducky Boys, White Slum

There's white slums down on Medford street
A fire hydrant on to beat the heat
A pit bull dog 'aint got no leash
On the corner where the kids all meet,
A junkie in the doorway that knows what he needs
A bottle of booze, and a bundle of weed
People look around but don't like what they see
A white trash ghetto, but it's home to me!
A broken window at the corner store
Boarded up tight with a lock on the door
A harbor view that resembles a sewer
Another day in the life of the poor
What are these people living their lives for?
But a drink and a fix and nothing more
I'm jealous of the rich down to the core
Pissed on, broke, now hear me roar!
The rich that live on the side of town
I head that way when I'm feeling down
Feeling destructive burn it to the ground
Rip it to the floor, kill it pound by pound
I'm proud of my life, my work, my toon
'Aint nobody gunna bring me down
I may not have a throne or crown
But I love that dirty water and the shit on the ground
I love that dirty water and there 'aint no gettin' out!