

# Tricky, Ancoats 2 Zambia

Go as a luxury pass on to the middle class  
While the poor play in parks filled with broken glass  
And as we point our fingers we turn our backs  
We can't accept each other and that's a matter of fact  
Indoctrinated you since you were a boy  
Ever since the day you've seen the rich kids  
Told within a year you'd be a part of them  
Broke away from the grape and this all started it  
So you won't stay or take a drug at all  
'Cause you know you're so susceptible  
They turn against you, now you're full of hate  
You can't accept it, now you're in an irate state

This is Wrecks-N-Effects and i shake up their flex  
They got techs break their necks  
And their building their reps  
Who the Boos  
Who to choose how they wearin' the shoes  
In army I enlist and takin' a piss  
Certain things I have seen  
So i'm lookin' to grieve  
Powers usually runnin'  
They're buyin' the buildings  
And then they sell  
At least a bell and they're breakin' 'em down  
My life to the rocks  
Livin' in a shoebox  
Social security  
They like the poor in me  
Bring out the whore in me  
Then knock the door on me  
Cheap tricks don't like chicks  
And I'm rubbin' their hips  
Who the Boos  
Who to choose how they wearin' the shoes

It was a long time ago and started to grow  
Forest fire earned and sent me afrocentric negroes  
So i juxtapose  
This goes out to those  
Who turned up their nose a long time ago  
Now i flex upon a rhythm cushion tempo  
I flex upon a rhythm cushion tempo  
So open your mind  
If you feel you could go  
Clean out your ears well  
While i clear my throat  
The vital ingredient, the antidote  
Willy Wee flex like some other one

It's a feelin' that I get sometimes  
When I'm lyin' in my bed sometimes  
Black cloud in my head sometimes  
Intoxicating my mind, my mind  
It's not that I wanna die  
Baby just that I wanna fly  
But this feelin' that I get sometimes  
I could sever all ties, all ties

Hate the color of my skin sometimes  
Hates to see what I see sometimes  
So how can i ever win my time  
I was sold on the other side

'Cause a wasted life is no such thing  
There's no such thing as a wasted life  
'Cause life is death and death is life  
And these here thoughts are not a crime  
One day is forever, forever is a day  
It's so f\*\*king easy to throw it all away