

Binocular

"Failed Territory"

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Inner city strugglin', motherfuckin' rat race
Condemned pressure cooker, that explodes in your
face
Another neighborhood gets destroyed by the drug deal
Staking a claim on an estate that is real
Pay the mob's price for your own protection
Half a wise guy makes the wrong connections
Flooding our streets with your wanna be bullshit
Who whacks who, don't matter who gets hit
The space between the death of our friends is so close
This month it was neglect, our boy died of an overdose
Last month a gunshot, a typical story
That's just the way it goes in a failed territory
No hope, just dope, and your chances are slim
To grow up and get out 'cause you're already in
The vacuum of the street so powerful
Sucking you in it drains your mind by the hour fool
Still smoking dippers our friends are all dusted
Slave to a bottle of juice, fucking disgusted
Can't you see the neighborhood's black hole
And the odds are that we'll never grow old
Young guns scam running on a get ahead quick tip
With your pretty ass crimes, you're on a blind road trip
Day to day death, wish we all carry inside
Welcome to your suicide
So you call yourself a part of the avenue crew
Living here doesn't offer much else to do
But get into beef and take each other's back
Kid of eighteen, broke his skull with a bat
Always changing with the trends like a fucking
chameleon
Live for yourself 'cause you're one in a million
A rebel 'cause you weren't born into wealth
But the only thing holding you down is yourself
On the road we get phone calls breaking our hearts
When they find someone we love in the trunk of a car
Nothing you can do. just another sad story
Wake up, break out
An epitaph from your own self doubt

