

Anya Marina

"Down Here"

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How you doin' it s me again underneath the concrete sewage of the underworld where the fuckin' dead sleep creepin' and crawlin' with the stench of a rat you can here me when I'm comin' but you don't know where I'm at, never seen in the daylight only in the nighttime, hutin' for me somethin' that will increase my lifeline, I see it all, dead body's and such, ghetto gators goin' crazy when they haven't had they lunch, the more I kill the bigger they get, it's like two Hannibal, Cannibals in one biscuit who is to blame that my parent's hated me, and put me in the sewer because they knew I couldn't reach (Help) Seems like I was there for years, before I grew a little bigger and I gave them both to scare, now I'm addicted to payin' people back, sittin' underneath the sewer casually waitin' for you to pass.

(Chorus)

Down here!
There ain't no light might not be alright.
Down here!
In these sewers and pipes it's always dark.
Down here!
There's no sunlight I'm feelin'
Down here!
You have to crawl and find it all appealing;
appealing.

(Violent J)

Sometimes the tunnels get so small, I have to army crawl my way threw, can you relate to that? I can see up lady's skirts on they way to work, just for a second, I see they booty and neden, tell em' killa.

(Anybody Killa)

Come and visit us I know it's somewhere that you

wanna be, getting dirty life of no luxury, even though this road is so swervey, this place is still home to me.

(Chorus)

Down here!
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Down here!
In these sewers and pipes it's always dark.
Down here!
There's no sunlight I'm feelin'
Down here!
You have to crawl and find it all appealing;
appealing.

(Violent J)

It's always night time, in the pipe lines; I sit in the sewage way steep and write rhymes, I know these sewers and which ones are Manures or which ones be some underground transit movers we like (uh), swamp thing down here damn near they, pull homeless people in the step and cook em right there, I can eye-roll-summersault-tunnel crawl-spring, I've been bitten by so many fuckin' rats it ain't a thing, I love this, I crawl through you're house pipes, I'm hidin' in your shower nozzle pissin' on you're wife, people down here are hungry, they eatin' mother fuckers, everybody's alone, they always eatin' eachother, I keep crawlin' out the toilet into somebody's john, walked out and the family started screamin' it was on, I ran for the fridge and grabbed everything I could, and then dove into the kitchen sink and back to the hood, I met a hooker down here, you think they're bad up there? This bitch didn't even have a neder left anywhere, just a big hoe with nothin' in the middle, her ugly ass titties had a rat hangin' and chewin' off each nipple, runnin' threw the dark maze, I know my ways; I know no days only glowing rays, beamin' threw the sewer hole lids of the street in certain parts, but then parts certainly is for me.

(Chorus)

Down here!
There ain't no light might not be alright.
Down here!
In these sewers and pipes it's always dark.
Down here!

Thereâ€™s no sunlight, thereâ€™s no sunlight,
Down here!
You have to crawl and find it all appealing,
appealing.

Down here!
Thereâ€™s no sunlight, thereâ€™s no sunlight,
sunlight!
Down here!
Thereâ€™s no sunlight, thereâ€™s no sunlight,
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Thereâ€™s no sunlight, thereâ€™s no sunlight,
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