

# Grits

RZA

When I was small  
We had nothing at all  
We used to eat Grits, for dinner  
It was pain  
Almost drive a man insane  
What we could find for  
To survive another day  
But I said nah...(RZA)

An old killa bee once hummed me a tune  
Stay up at night, don't sleep on ya moon  
Four seeds in the bed, eight seeds in the room  
Afternoon cartoon, we would fight for the spoon  
Old Earth in the kitchen, yell "it's time to eat"  
Across the foyer, ya hear the gather of stampeding feet  
One pound box of sugar, and a stick of margarine  
A hot pot of Grits got my family from starvin'  
Loose with the welfare cheese, thick wit' the gravy  
Used to suck it, straight out the bottle as a baby  
Steamy hot meal serve less than five minutes  
Big silver pot, boilin' water, salt in it  
House full of brothers and sisters, the pop's missin'  
Pilgrim on the box on the stove in the kitchen  
(Masta Killa)

Young shorties in my hood started hustlin'  
Packin' bags at the neighbourhood associate  
Growin' up, not as fortunate to have that fly shit  
I'm too young, no jobs'd hire me legit  
You walkin' down the street with ya gun in ya hand  
Drinkin, thinkin' of a masterplan  
Your Old Earth can't afford what ya friends got  
So you roll up to the spot, with ya thing 'pon cock  
And it seems worth the takin', stomach achin'  
Morning star veggie bacon go good with the Grits  
Now let's take it back for real

When we used to build at ghetto big wheels  
With the shoppin' cart wheels, and wood to nail the seat on  
Girls skippin' rope in the street  
The Summer heat, left the jelly prints stuck to they feet  
Skelly chief, flippin' baseball cards for keeps  
Momma said it's gettin' late, and it's time to come eat  
(Hook)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>