

Brand Nubian, Still Livin' In The Ghetto

(feat. Starr)

Yeah (yeah..)

Yo this goes out (this goes out..)

To all the ghettos around the world (all the ghettos around the world..)

If you strugglin (you strugglin..)

And your surroundings are shitty (surroundings are shitty..)

It's a good chance that's where you live

[Chorus x2: Starr]

Still livin in the ghetto

After all this time, through all the climb

Still livin in the ghetto

Don't let it take your mind

{"raised in the ghetto singin songs called survival"}

[Lord Jamar]

Yo I was born here, my momma was born here

Her momma was born here, my father was born here

And his father was born here, and we all here, livin in fear

My peers are either dead or in prison for years

How many generations, get caught, in a perpetuation

of poverty, robbery becomes a occupation

Look around, it's pure desolation

And desperation, feel the sweat, from the persperation

See it's hot in hell's kitchen, a lot fell victim

Everyday we in a fight, how can we beat the system?

All this time got out mind conditioned

We find solace in religion, Muslim or Christian

We bow down on our knees and hope somebody listenin

But all we promised for narcotics is a drug conviction

Every day is like Russian roulette

It's the next century and we ain't got shit yet y'all

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]

Uhh, when will it go away, when will there be a day

That we all got paper just to throw away

When will the tables turn, when will the devils burn

When will the time come when seeds be the main concern

A hungry man is a angry man

Gotta freak some type of plan to get some {?} up in the hands

See life is like a hustle and it's colder than a whore's heart

But when you comin from the ghetto that's a rough start

By the time you 12, you know the street life very well

Stuck in hell, neighborhoods are one big holdin cell

The hood life nevertheless been a good life

But should life constantly consist of stress and strife

They don't play us, cause they know we represent peace

And they don't no peace, they want us killin with a piece

Or up North with some grease, with a photograph of some peeps

Just lettin us slug it out, 'til we all become deceased

[Chorus]

[Sadat X]

Jean the dopefiend who keep all her cars clean

And Mr. Mack who smoke cracks on the weekend

That music upstairs is comin from the Puerto Ricans

Arabs sellin guns in the store

Nigerians pump the diesel yo, that's so raw

Cornerbound Dominicans play the block in the daytime

With names like Jose, Plantano, or Reyes

Me and you grow or as a result stay as, a
victim of block day, an hour earlier
he fought with his fists now the nigga layin twisted
Swirlin smoke your girl and coke and guns
The Sherling coat, that you bought for you and your sons
can be replaced, but you could get laced
Oh they hit him in the face, it was awful, terrible for his family
to see him laid like that, said he was comin right back
It was fast, seen the fire, heard the blast

[Chorus x2]