

# Dead Prez, Hell Yeah (Pimp The System) (Remix)

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Jay-Z]

We together on the same track now, baby!  
Whatchu gon call us now?!

[Intro]

Holton Street, Dean Street (click clack)  
Prezident (uh huh) nostril out (DP's) (Marcy)  
Orange AI (RBGs) T-Town (Who wanna ride?)  
Brooklyn, Come on, Come on

[Verse: stic.man]

Sittin' in the living room on the floor  
Hunger pain got me on some migraine shit  
But I'm a maintain  
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name  
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing  
Ready for our cake, steady plottin for the paper  
We been living in the dark since April  
On the candle, gotta get a handle  
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the gamble  
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page  
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid  
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver  
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face  
Lets ride, stepping outside like warriors  
Head to the notorious Southside  
One weapon to the four of us  
Hiding in the corridor until we see the Dominos car headlights  
White boy in the wrong place at the right time  
Soon as the car door open up he mine  
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose  
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes  
You know what this is, it's a stic up  
Gimme the do' from your pickups  
You ran into the wrong niggaz  
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes  
So we split up and met back at the apartment

[Chorus]

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)  
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

[Verse: M-1]

I know a way we can get paid  
You can get down but you can't be afraid  
Let's go to the DMV, and get a ID  
The name says you but the face is me  
Now it's your turn take my paper work  
Like 1, 2, 3 lets make it work  
Then, fill out the credit card application  
And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks of waiting  
For American Express, Discovery Card  
Platinum Visa, Master Card  
Cause, when you was spooked as shit then we was targets  
Now we just walk right up and say charge it  
To the game we rocking brand names  
Well known at Department Store chains  
Even got the boys in the crew a few things  
Po Po never know who to true blame

Store after store you know we kept rolling  
Wait two weeks report the car stolen  
Repeat this cycle like a like a laundry mat  
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch  
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags  
We can take it right back then get the cash  
Yeah, get a friend and then do it again  
Damn right that's how we paid the rent (hell yeah)

[Bridge x2]

Got to get this paper  
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind  
It's a daily struggle, we all gotta hustle  
This is the way we survive

[Verse - Jay-Z]

As long as there's - drugs to be sold  
I ain't waiting for the system to plug up these holes  
I ain't slipping through the cracks  
So I'm at Portland, Oregon tryin to slip you these raps  
The first black in the suburbs  
You'd think I had extasy, percocet, and plus syrup  
The way the cops converged, they fucked up my swerve  
The first young buck that I served  
I thought back to the block  
I never seen a cop when I was out there  
They never came out there  
And out there, I was slinging crack to live  
I'm only slinging raps to your kids  
I'm only trying to show you how black niggaz live  
But you don't want your little ones acting like this  
Lil Amy told Becky, Becky told Jenny  
And now they all know the skinny  
Lil Joey got his durag on  
Driving down the street blasting Tupac's song (Thug Life baby!)  
But Billy like Sue, got his blue rag on  
Now before you know it, you backing em  
Now the police, got me in the middle of the street  
Trying to beat me blue, black and orange  
I'm like hold up, who you smacking on?  
I'm only trying to eat what you snacking on

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

Hell yeah (y'all don't like that do you?)  
Hell yeah (you fucked up the hood nigga right back to you)  
Hell yeah (you know we tired of starving my nigga)  
Hell yeah (let's ride) hell yeahhh (let's ride)

[Bridge x2] [w/ Jay-Z ad-libs]

If you claiming gangsta  
Then bang on the system  
And show that you ready to ride  
Till we get our freedom  
We got to get over  
We steady on the grind