

# G. LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE, This Ain't Living

This town's so hype it's got sould  
As a Philly cat  
I'm with the roll  
And the swing of my things  
How they work like clockwork  
Tick tock tick tock  
Times always lurking in your head  
Got to go to work and get fed  
That man didn't eat but he goes to sleep  
Gets up at dawn not to see the sunrise  
But because it's too damn cold outside  
Underneat the bridge they punp the city's bilge  
Into the alley they sweep the city's filth  
The flowers wilt the flowers wilt  
Don't tell me about no game  
Cause that is a man  
And his family  
Revolution family  
Look at the family  
Dig the family  
They're living the wrong way  
Can't get nothing  
Don't get nothing all they wanted was  
Something like a job - mercy mercy  
But its robbed - mercy mercy  
And there's so many street side  
Beggars and disabled veterans  
Glass-eyed and peddling  
Drunk and just meddling  
So you conclude it's their fault  
They like the street they must like the asphalt  
But that is man woman and children  
The system has stalled shelter's home  
That's not what I call it  
I call it bad health  
Some say help themselves  
Yo if you you gots it  
Every hundred people a dollar in change  
Every hundred people a dollar in change  
This ain't living  
This ain't living  
Oh no  
You know it's rough, had enough of holding a  
Cup full of spare change  
The doctor diagnosed me as a  
Dome full of bad brains  
So, toe to toe with employers  
Cause they're telling me no  
Hooked on prescription drugs  
So I stay broke, I'd run away  
But you can't run away from  
Yourself or your health so  
I deal with the cards that I'm dealt  
Tweet-a-leet-leet  
The morning bird sounding sweet  
Though I sleep on the streets  
I have a feeling I'm free  
From society's hand picked hypocrisy  
Mercy mercy don't give a damn for me  
Mercy mercy now what am I going to eat  
Peek through the windows of the restaurant  
People eating caviar fifty bucks on lunch  
A hand-me-down meal  
Full of god knows what

Put it away in my gut  
Quick and then I wonder  
Why I'm sick, brick for brick  
I know the city like my hand print  
Just a pit in the gutter  
Of a skid-row ditch  
But I'll survive the pain  
Let me know I'm alive  
But I still feel that  
This ain't living  
Check my beat dig they rhythm  
Me belly full but me hungry so I fill it  
Once I start gaining taxes start taking  
Cause the governments perfected funk faking  
Breaking me down striking me down  
What goes around comes around but  
I keep rising seeing through the lies and  
The surprise comes when I see myself  
The music I felt  
I'm on  
This ain't living  
This ain't living  
Oh no