

# Rodriguez, Hate Street Dialogue

Woman please be gone  
You've stayed here much too long  
Don't you wish that you could cry  
Don't you wish I would die.

Seamy, seesaw kids  
Childwoman on the skids  
The dust will choke you blind  
The lust will choke your mind.

I kiss the floor, one kick no more  
The pig and hose have set me free  
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree  
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree.

Instrumental

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The inner city birthed me  
The local pusher nursed me  
Cousins make it in the street  
They marry every trick they meet.

A dime, a dollar they're all the same  
When a man comes in to bust your game  
The turn key comes, his face a grin  
Locks the cell I'm in again.

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