

Tha Alkaholiks, Poverty's Paradise

[female singer harmonizes in background for 22 seconds]

[voice over singer]

Just another day in the hood
Let's good

[male singer]

I plan out my hustle for the day then take a shower
When your {?} dope, everybody jealous
When you come up short, everybody tellin you 'bout
who got that dope to sling tonight, who got the music
And the song uncut, everything you tellin
You the ghetto symphony (believe it)

[Chorus: male singer]

Poverty.. is paradiiise.. ask me how I know (how you know)
You see the niggaz on the corner and you know they smokin wood
Chasin dollars and Impalas, it's the same way in yo' hood
Poverty.. is paradiiise.. ask me how I know (how you know)
I see the ladies on they hustle, makin dollars in the club
Feedin babies, her Mercedes, came from niggaz stolen drugs

[Alkaholiks]

I know what it feels like to wake up broke
And face another day wit'cha back against the ropes
And I also know how to survive the struggle
When shit gets tough you gotta up your hustle
Set some new goals, raise your self-esteem
Don't let nothin intervene or get in between
If you gotta push weight, keep your money clean
And if you gotta strip girl, be the best you can be
If you gotta run scams then, cover your trail
Cause it's hard feedin babies when you locked in jail
If you cain't hold a job cause you just got out
Try another route, you know what I'm talkin about
And when you do make it big give back to the hood
So when you gotta go back it's still to the good
Stay loyal to your people, show 'em that you care
Cause in the end you know they be right there, just remember that

[Chorus] (how you know)

[female singer ad libs harmony to fade]