

## Equinoxe, Pt. 4

Jean-Michel Jarre

Guys, you have to be more gangster, more blood  
more gun talk, more people dying, more hardcore  
Enough, come on, I'm not feeling it man  
More, more, man (I got you)  
Alright, come with it  
The million dollar question is, the million dollar question is...  
S. s. street corner...

(this is what he said)

Have you ever heard the sound of a .44, at your door?  
(this is what I said)  
You got guns (you got guns), I got guns (uh-huh)  
Meet me at the corner store  
(this is what he said) (what does it all mean?)  
After school, wild wild west  
Even the teacher got a vest (this is what I said)  
You can ask, on the block,? (what does it all mean?)  
Street Jeopardy... (here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo)  
Have you ever played Jeopardy...  
(here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo)

Not me, it could never happen to me  
Professor says what you wanna do? Sell drugs or get a degree?  
Looked at him and smiled with 32 gold teeth  
And said what you make in a year, I make it in a week  
Elementary at the time, I don't think of gettin caught  
Sellin with degrees, pickups at the seaport (come on)  
Once caught, you know the drill, it's military  
I can't lie, it gets scary, you screamin' for your mommy (come on)  
Truth or dare, beware, the game is never fair  
I'm fallin and I can't get up, like a dead hare  
You stare like you seen me before  
Yup, you put the gat to my gut, stuck me up in the truck  
And said, "Don't nothin move but the goods"  
Caught an arrow in your back fuckin wit Robin Hood

This street life'll get you if the hustle don't fit you  
Paranoid crews don't choose, nigga stick you  
Arms and foldin macks to ya back tryin'a vick you  
Belief in my crew wishin' foes never get through  
And if so, Shalom, bless my soul, I'm home  
I lived my life to the fullest, neighborhoods now known  
A stone face is outta place when discussin B.I.  
If I have a second thought, you ought not reply  
I fought hot and sticky summers when the game started heatin  
Competition, mega jail, and the well, who was eatin (oh well)  
And every cell in the bang had a tenant  
With each of them regrettin they was in it

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Street Jeopardy... (here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo)

(it's a shame in the game when you lose, son, they probably stoned ya today)  
Have you ever played Jeopardy...  
(here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo)  
(money doubles for your troubles though you lose some  
in the end it's all pain)

Yeah, yeah  
I got up, sunny day, hood callin my name  
Strange, I feel nauseous, memories of a pine cauffin  
Seemed to me that I was dreamin  
I'd been struck by a crazed fan after the concert, damn  
Slugs form and I hurt, hopped up, checked my physical  
But the pain was all mental, I slipped into  
The shower, hopped out, got dressed, hit the blocks  
Swarmed with cops, mad shots, hot shells dropped  
You ever heard the sound of a .44 at your door?  
Before, many times, I answered back with a milli  
Now what? Now give me mine  
It ain't no games like B.D.P.  
My 9-meter go da-da-da-da-dang-hey hey

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