

# Rent Control

Billy Woods

Fucking bullshit man, yo, you seen Andy - the fucking super - you seen him?  
Hey Andy! How the fuck I always gotta come find you man? What the fuck is the deal?

I told you two weeks ago, my ceiling in my bathroom 'bout to fall the fuck in

We got a leak, I'm scared to take a shower in there, man, damn! And the fucking heat ain't on, it's goddamn December nigga - we freezing up there! I got my baby up there!

State-side bank got the right to raise

Fight the Power? Niggas'd rather light the haze

Pipe the powder - these days there's no such thing as cowards as metal fling after hours

Radio Raheem did it, trying to get TV sets and the whip tinted

Ain't finished 'til its rims around the world

Spin the wheel of fortune, tell your girl, ain't gonna be no abortion

Finally getting out the slums, kingdom come

Hell or high water, gentrification

Word of the day, here comes that court order

Move 'em in, move 'em out

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Forget old man, glory's young

We got our own grass, waving in the wind, in the picnic save the sails of the slave ships

Like jailhouses rock on some back in the day

Some conglomerate stole it away

We want it today, in our own names

Before they condemn our cribs with that eminent domain

Have you living at number 37 gentrification lane

And the way words went they laughed when they say your name

On the courthouse scrolls of those who can't pay

Evicted on birthdays and anniverserariums

Now little ghetto kids think that repo men are the scary ones

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... And I seen a rat come up motherfucker; man I'm not playing withchu, you better come up there and fix this shit man, the window won't even close properly man! I can't even lock my shit!"

From my greasy window I watch the wrecking ball swing slow-mo

Erupt white clouds, roach pulling so slow but it ain't dead

Summer time's long gone - dark days ahead

From my frozen window I watch the building grow

Mexicans moving bricks by the wheelbarrow

Cement mixer flow, po-po jumping out beating niggas in the head

Line 'em up like "Tell all you peoples this block is dead (dead understand?)

"

Coming back every night

City Hall rolls up the sleeves for street fights

Overhand right got niggas confused by that bright light at the end of the tunnel

Bet your ass it's a train  
Caught off guard cause they live off cocaine  
Thought they wrote the rules but the game done changed  
I see my landlord shaking hands with someone strange  
Let me find out -  
So much winter heat I don't leave the house and when I do  
Faces are new, houses is gone  
Like a twister came through and dropped dust in Kansas  
Rent hike outlandish; I need a brew  
Throw the hoodie on tough, trooper past construction sites  
And the shell of a walk-up that caught fire last night  
Just like the one a block over, nah mean?  
That dope money dried up, half the niggas I walk past smell like gasoline  
Walk in the bodega like  
"Gimme the regular: newspaper, woods, and Starburst - nah, Now and Later"  
Papi laughed, said "It's all half price," smiling  
"We sold the store, whole family moving to Long Island!"

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