

STREET LIVIN'

Black Eyed Peas

Streets, streets
Livin' in the streets

Street livin', caught in the trap
Guns or books, sell crack or rap
Be like kings or be like pawns
They called us coons, now they call us cons
Street niggas be packing pistols
Terrorists be blasting missiles
Crips and Bloods and retail thugs
CIA planes bring Colombian drugs in
Don't push me 'cause I'm close to hell
The teachers in my neighborhood can hardly spell
And compared to them, prison guards get paid well
Ten years no bail is four years at Yale
So, forget about the statue of General Lee
Because the status of blacks are generally
Gonna end up in some penitentiary
Systematically, that's how they made it to be
Listen, they derailed the soul train
And put a nightmare in every Martin Luther King
And privatized prisons are owned by the same
Slave masters that owned the slave trade game
And racists no longer have to be racist
'Cause niggas kill more niggas than the KKK did
Now, every time I hear a new def jam
Niggas killing niggas like they Ku Klux Klan
I understand what's a nigga to choose?
Be the killer or be the dead dude in the news
I get it, what's a nigga to do?
No education in the hood got a nigga confused

Street livin', tough conditions
Brainwashed by the television
We lost in the world we live in
Double cross love lost no religion
Street livin', oh my gosh
Another brother got shot by the searge
Another cop got off with no charge
If you black in the hood, you at large
You're guilty until you prove you're innocent
If you're ivory, they treat you different
If you're ebony, they assume your temperament
Will be vigilant and they call you militant
And you'll get shot and they'll say the incident
Is 'cause you're belligerent, what a coincidence?
Born and bred but you're still an immigrant
And if you ain't dead, you gon' see imprisonment

There's more niggas in the prisons than there ever was slaves cotton picking
There's more niggas that's rotting in the prisons than there ever was slaves
cotton picking
So, how we gon' get up out the trap?
Guns or books, sell crack or rap
Street livin', hustle or hoops
Guns or books, get shot or shoot

Street livin', ain't no rules
Break the law, make the breakin' news
The life you choose could be the life you lose
Niggas getting stuck for them Nike shoes
Street livin', ain't no joke
It's a cold world, better bring your coat
Revoke 'cause the streets are broke
And now they wanna take away our dreams and hopes
Street livin', no economics
No way out of the Reaganomics
Infected by the black plague, new bubonic
No comprende, we speak ebonics
Street livin', what's your position?
You can take action or take a dick and listen
You can get fucked by the system
Or you can say "fuck the system"