

# 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"