

Look at all those people  
Living in those places  
The look of desperation  
Written on their faces

No escape no way out  
Trapped in a cycle of doubt  
Are they happy I don't know  
Pockets are empty nothing to show

Living, just living  
Hyped out on this  
Crapped out on that  
I'm tired, give me something  
Is that all there is, is that all there is?

Not much hope for any future  
No desire to recall the past  
Lower standards of education  
Hard to think when your stomach is empty

Pro-creation, no conscience, no caution  
Another one look what you've done  
Soon another mouth to feed  
Babies for income, you can't tell me that's

Living, just living  
Hyped out on this  
Hyped out on that  
I'm tired, show me something  
Is that all there is, is that all there is?

Walls of many colors  
Look at what they're saying  
Territorial frustration  
There's a war zone inside this nation

A young man stands accused  
Street life is nothing new  
Filled with anger, filled with hatred  
The situation is understated