

Hell Yeah (Pimp the System)

dead prez

We together on the same track now, baby
Whatchu gone call us now

Holton street, Dean street
Prezident, Nostrand Ave, Marcy
Orange Ave, RBGs T-Town, who wanna ride
Brooklyn, come on, come on

Sittin' in the living room on the floor
Hunger pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm a maintain
Nigga got two or three dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing
Ready for the caper, steady plottin' for the paper
We been livin' in the dark since April
On the candle, gotta get a handle
My homie got a twenty-five automatic added to the gamble
Nigga get the phonebook look up in the Yellow Page
Lemme tell you how we finna to get paid
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the twenty-five up in his face
Let's ride, steppin' outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hidin' in the corridor until we see the Dominos car headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes
You know what this is, it's a stick up
Gimme the dough from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggas
We runnin' down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

Hell yeah, yo ain't you hungry my nigga
Hell yeah, you wanna get paid my nigga
Hell yeah, ain't you tired of starvin' my nigga
Hell yeah, well let's ride then
Hell yeah, hell yeah

I know a way we can get paid
You can get down but you can't be afraid
Let's go to the DMV and get a ID
The name says you but the face is me
Now it's your turn take my paper work
Like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work
Then, fill out the credit card application
And it's gonna be bout three weeks of waitin'
For American Express, Discover Card
Platinum Visa, Master Card
Cause, when we was boostin' shit we was targets
Now we just walk right up and say charge it
To the game we rockin' brand names
Well known at department store chains
Even got the boys in the crew a few things
Po Po never know who to true blame

Store after store you know we kept rollin'
Wait two weeks report the card stolen
Repeat this cycle like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch
Comin' out the mall with the shoppin' bags
We can take it right back then get the cash
Yeah, get a friend and then do it again
Damn right that's how we paid the rent

Got to get this paper
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind
It's a daily struggle, we all gotta hustle
This is the way we survive

As long as there's, drugs to be sold
I ain't waitin' for the system to plug up these holes
I ain't slippin' through the cracks
So I'm at Portland, Oregon tryin' to slip you these raps
The first black in the suburbs
You'd think I had ecstasy, percocet, and plus syrup
The way the cops converged, they f*cked up my swerve
The first young buck that I served
I thought back to the block
I never seen a cop when I was out there
They never came out there
And out there, I was slingin' crack to live
I'm only slingin' raps to your kids
I'm only trying to show you how black niggas live
But you don't want your little ones actin' like this
Lil' Amy told Becky, Becky told Jenny
And now they all know the skinny
Lil' Joey got his doo rag on
Driving down the street blastin' 2Pac's song (Thug Life baby)
But Billy like Snoop, got his blue rag on
Now before you know it, you back in 'Nam
Now the police, got me in the middle of the street
Trying to beat me blue, black and orange
I'm like hold up, who you smacking on
I'm only trying to eat what you snacking on

Hell yeah, y'all don't like that do you
Hell yeah, you f*cked up the hood nigga right back to you
Hell yeah, you know we tired of starvin' my nigga
Hell yeah, let's ride, hell yeah, let's ride

If you claimin' gangsta
Then bang on the system
And show that you ready to ride
Till we get our freedom
We got to get over
We steady on the grind
Holton Street
Dean Street, click clack
President, Nostrand Ave
Orange Ave
Tee Town, who wanna ride
Brooklyn, come on, come on
We got to get over
Please, steady on the grind