

# Hell Yeah

dead prez

Holden Street  
Dean Street  
click clack, Presidents  
Nostrand Ave  
DP's, Orange Ave  
RBG's, T-Town  
Who Wanna Ride, Brooklyn  
Come on, Come on

Sittin' in the living room on the flo' hunger pain  
got me on some migraine shit but I'ma maintain  
Nigga got two or three dollars to my name  
and my homies in the same boat goin' through the same thing  
ready for a 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 25 automatic added to the gamble  
nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page  
lemme tell you how we'll fend to get paid  
we gon' order pizza and when we see the driver  
we gon' stick the 25 up in his face, let's ride  
steppin' outside like warriors into the notorious southside  
one weapon to the four of us, hidin' in the corridor  
til' we see the dominoes 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 probly shitted in his clothes  
you know what this is a stick up  
gimme the dough, from the pick up  
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 lets ride then) 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 yo' turn take my paperwork  
like 1,2,3 let's make it work  
then fill out the credit card application  
then it's gonna be about three weeks of waitin'  
for American Express, Discover card  
Platinum Visa Mastercard  
cuz when we was boothed and shit then 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 thangs

Po Po never know who to true blame  
store after store ya' know we kept rollin'  
wait two weeks report the card stolen  
repeat the cycle like a laundrymat  
like a glitch in the system thats hard to catch  
comin' out the mall, with the shopping bags  
we can take 'em right back and get the cash  
yeah, get a friend and do it again  
damn right that's how we pay the rent

Hell yeah

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

I know a caper  
we can get some government paper  
ya' know food stamps, can we really do that  
hell yeah right there for the takin'  
fuck welfare we say reparations  
Ya' know the grind  
get up early get on the line and just wait  
everybody on break  
that's part of the game and when they call your name  
Miss caseworker lemme state my claim  
I'm homeless, jobless, time is hard  
about hopeless, but I gotta eat regardless  
no family to run to I'm 22  
now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do  
my sad story made her feel close to me  
I made her feel like it was in emergency  
and when I came to the crib niggas couldn't believe  
I came back with a big bag of groceries

Every job I ever had I had to get  
on the first day I find out how to pimp the system  
two steps ahead of the manager  
gettin' over on the regular tax-free money out the register  
and when I'm workin' late night stockin boxes  
I'm creepin' their merchandises  
Don't put me on dishes I'm droppin' them bitches  
and takin' all day long to mop the kitchen  
shit, we ain't gettin paid commission, minimum wage  
modern day slave conditions  
got me flippin' burgers with no power  
can't even buy one off what I make in an hour  
I'm not one to kiss ass for the top position  
I take mine off the top like a politician  
where I'm from doin' dirt is a part of livin'  
I got mouths to feed dog I gotsa' get it

Hell Yeah  
You down to roll my nigga  
Hell Yeah  
You ready to get your hands dirty my nigga  
Hell Yeah  
Your momma need money and thangs my nigga  
Hell Yeah, Well let's ride then, Hell Yeah

If you claimin' gangsta  
Then bang on the system, and show that you ready to ride

Til' we get our freedom  
We got to get over, we steady on the grind