

I spit it for my block, it's an ode I admit it  
here the city cold as lock and load  
any minute it's rock and roll  
and then you rock and roll  
and feel your soul leavin'  
it's just the wrong glance that'll leave you not breathin'  
I'm not particularly proud of this predicament but,  
I'm born and bred in this tenement I'm sentimental what,  
plus it's only right to represent my hood and whatnot  
so I'm about to do it in the music and the movies cut,  
to the chase pan across to the face I'm right there  
freeze-frame on the street name, oops wait a minute  
this is where the streets have no and the drain of sewage,  
you can see it in this boy how the hate is brewin'  
'cause when his tummy tucks in fuck the pain is fluid  
so what difference does it make entertaining through it?  
some get high mixin' coke and gun powder sniffin'  
she got a gun but coulda been a model or physician

so what you know about the pirates who terrorize the ocean?  
to never know a simple day without a big commotion?  
It can't be healthy just to live with such a steep emotion  
And when I try and sleep, I see coffins closin'

Yeah, yeah we used to take barbed wire  
mold em around discarded bike tires  
and race 'em down the hill on foot blazin'  
now that was our version of mountain-bike racin'  
daaamn . . . do you see why it's amazin'?  
when someone comes out of such a dire situation  
and learns the English language as to share his observation  
probably get a grammy without a grammar education  
so fuck you school and fuck you immigration  
and all you who thought I wouldn't amount to constipation  
and now I'm here without the slightest fear or reservation  
they love me in the slums and their native reservations  
the world is a ghetto administerin' deprivation.  
But mommy didn't raise no fool, did she hoyo?  
I promised I would get it and remain strictly loyal,  
'cause when they get it they let it all switch and spoil,  
but I just illuminated it like kitchen foil.  
A lot of mainstream niggas is yappin' about yappin'  
A lot of underground niggas is rappin' about rappin'  
I just wanna tell you what's really crack-a-lackin'  
before the tears came down this is where it happened