

The Other Side Of Town

Masta Ace

Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen. Sorry to bother you today. My name is Joe. And, um, I'm not on crack, I don't do drugs, I'm just trying to get something to eat. If you can give just a penny, a nickel..a dime, a quarter..anything will be greatly appreciated. Thank you for your time... and have a nice day.

How do you do?
I'm from the other side of town
The place where the only skin you see is the color brown
The sun never shines in this place where I live
And it's hard to do right when you feel negative
I have no compassion
I only know aggression
And there is nothing great about this oppression
People I see on TV, in there towns live the good life
But I live out of bounds
Where nobody comes unless they're forced to come
In school, they call me the bum from the slum
But they don't know
My sista has no food to eat
And her hand-me-down shoes are too tight for her feet
The way I see things, life isn't fair
So I never learned how to share or to care
But to hope - and hope
Instead of feeling down
And that's how it is
On the other side of town

I live on the other side of town

Pardon me, brotha
As you stand in your glory
I hope you don't mind as I tell the whole story
Some people livin life like fun in the sun
But yo, others are givin strife, and that's all they know
I feel no comfort in talks from the President
So put back on Cosby
A shack is my resident
I think if I ever die, it might be a blessin
Some say I never try, but why are they stressin
I'll never get ahead; my raps have a better chance
I'm livin on Wonder Bread with holes in my leather pants
I'm not on the drug scene; they call me a crack head
I just had a bugged dream that I was a black man
Workin in the hospital
Then in came in a half-dead rich bitch
Yo, they must be insane
You think I would save her?
Yo, she wouldn't save me
I asked for a quater once, and guess what she gave me

A fuckin penny
A ?quarter? costs half a mill
If it's up to me, yo, she's pushin up dafodils
In a casket
Payback's a female dog
Yo, send her ass to the morgue
Then I woke up, and I sat with a frown
Damn, I woke up
But on the other side of town

The other side of town

My teacher's a fat man
Yo, how can they tempt me so
Fuck geometry, my stomach is empty, yo
Can't you teach me to win this crazy game?
You and I are in so many ways the same
People tell me, but I don't believe that shit
Why do you sell me a dream, then leave me spit?
The truth is bare, and so is my cupboards, too
I wonder what could even L. Ron Hubbard do
Because my mind right now is on the brink of breakin
Yo, look how I think
I think I'll stick up the store with the Arab guy
I'm sick of him anyway; his prices are too high
Or maybe I'll start sellin Avon door-to-door
Then pull a jammy, and make a bigger score
Nah, maybe I'll start sellin dope for my cous
Then I could drive the same car he does
The life of a poor man
Consider me desperate
I sleep in a cold room
And wish I could just get
A piece of the pie
Is that asking too much?
I can't even reach what others have in their clutch
I wish I could go on, but I have to end this
And get back to livin a life that is winless
There's no use swimmin, so I might as well drown
In my sorrows
Cause tomorrow's the other side of town

The other side of town
The other side of town