

Hate Street Dialogue

Rodriguez

Woman please be gone
You've stayed here much too long
Don't you wish that you could cry
Don't you wish I would die

Seamy, seesaw kids
Childwoman on the skids
The dust will choke you blind
The lust will choke your mind

I kiss the floor, one kick no more
The pig and hose have set me free
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree
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The inner city birthed me
The local pusher nursed me
Cousins make it on the street
They marry every trick they meet

A dime, a dollar they're all the same
When a man comes in to bust your game
The turn key comes, his face a grin
Locks the cell I'm in again

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