How many days we gonna live our life struggling on the streets How many days we gotta live our life searching for a way to eat You gotta stay down stay down just to see a brighter day Stay down stay down just to live a better way Stay down stay down just to live a brighter day Stay down stay down just to live a better way

How many blacks gotta die by the hands of another Don't you understand that man's the same color so that man is your brother That's what happens when that man is from the gutter And that man is a hustler trying to survive, moving grams of that butter See, his momma was a dope fiend, poppa was a rolling stone he never knew what family was he grew up in a broken home Ever since twelve years old he was known as grown 'cause ever since twelve years old he was on his own And even though it seemed like school was the best plan his only choice was distributing the rock like Def-jam While everybody else was getting diplomas he graduated from the middle of the strip to the corner But I don't knock him cause he tryin to bubble there's no food on the table, the rents past due and that's why he hustles and I ain't sayin that its right to be dealin All I'm sayin is I feel him I guess I just see eye 2 eye wit his struggle you know

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Now baby girl's got a promising future

But her moms passed away while she was younger and her father's a loser

He'd always abused her but what else you expect from a coward

He wasn't even proud when she got accepted to Howard

And even though she loves college everyday it would stress her

but it wasn't cause of exams or she hate her professor

it was her financial situation here she couldn't pay a semester

And the only means of making it better was totally reversing the role

lap dancing working that pole even though deep down its hurting her soul

And even if it meant taking off her clothes

she was down for what ever to help her accomplish her personal goals

And I ain't trippin off a-how shortie livin

She gotta pay her tuiton put food in the kitchen and that's why she strippin

and I ain't sayin I agree with her job but shit times is hard

I guess I just see eye to eye with her vision you know

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Now see the moral of the story is this if you ain't tryin to help stop our troubles then don't knock our hustle

cause really at the end of the day its not ya'll struggle but you always got something to say well hear this fuck you Yeah that's right I'm talking to you come try to sleep in our beds eat off our plates, take a walk in our shoes look at the world from our view try to live by our rules drink the same water we do, put your kids in our schools I guarantee you won't maintain your health you'll probably try to end it all and hang yourself or bang yourself You couldn't possibly understand all pain we felt and without folding your hands play the games we dealt I'm being real I ain't tryin to be evil Look how we live, look how ya'll live c'mon be serious how is we equal Matter fact I feel I'm wasting my time I'm finished writing this rhyme Ya'll never gonna see eye to eye with my people you know

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