

# Poverty's Paradise

Tha Alkaholiks

[female singer harmonizes in background for 22 seconds]

[voice over singer]

Just another day in the hood  
Let's good

[male singer]

I plan out my hustle for the day then take a shower  
When your {?} dope, everybody jealous  
When you come up short, everybody tellin you 'bout  
who got that dope to sling tonight, who got the music  
And the song uncut, everything you tellin  
You the ghetto symphony (believe it)

[Chorus: male singer]

Poverty.. is paradiiiise.. ask me how I know (how you know)  
You see the niggaz on the corner and you know they smokin wood  
Chasin dollars and Impalas, it's the same way in yo' hood  
Poverty.. is paradiiiise.. ask me how I know (how you know)  
I see the ladies on they hustle, makin dollars in the club  
Feedin babies, her Mercedes, came from niggaz stolen drugs

[Alkaholiks]

I know what it feels like to wake up broke  
And face another day wit'cha back against the ropes  
And I also know how to survive the struggle  
When shit gets tough you gotta up your hustle  
Set some new goals, raise your self-esteem  
Don't let nothin intervene or get in between  
If you gotta push weight, keep your money clean  
And if you gotta strip girl, be the best you can be  
If you gotta run scams then, cover your trail  
Cause it's hard feedin babies when you locked in jail  
If you cain't hold a job cause you just got out  
Try another route, you know what I'm talkin about  
And when you do make it big give back to the hood  
So when you gotta go back it's still to the good  
Stay loyal to your people, show 'em that you care  
Cause in the end you know they be right there, just remember th  
at

[Chorus] - (how you know)

[female singer ad libs harmony to fade]