

Chumbawamba F/ Elvis Costello

"Dirty Hustle"

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[Hook]

Better wipe your tears away, better put your fear aside
Put one hand up in the sky, let me know if you down to
ride

This one for those that died, and survived thru the
struggle

It don't matter your damn color, whole world's a dirty
hustle

Better wipe your tears away, better put your fear aside
Put one hand up in the sky, let me know if you down to
ride

This one for those that died, and survived thru the
struggle

This for my sisters and brothers, this world a dirty
hustle

[E.S.G.]

Now I don't care where you at, you find a Martin Luther
King

Just like every hood and ghetto, got a damn dope fiend
Rich kids crack jokes, on those who reside in the
projects

But be in them same projects, tryin to buy some weed
or some X

But it ain't no disrespect, cause I just spit how I'm living
Ask Andrea Yates, how can she drown five children
If you feelin like I'm feeling, put ya hands in this
direction

Or black or hispanic, but they got the lethal injection
Get caught up on the grind, sending a dime trying to
shine

Third crime get 99, child molester get less time
Mr. President are you blind, you see what bill I was
doing

Oh I get it, y'all trying to see who Jesse Jackson
screwing

This one for my Aaliyah's, Notorious Bigs and the
Marvin Gayes

The 2Pac's and Bob Marley's, we lost along the way
I pray for Cascious Clay, should I say Muhammad Ali
They find a cure for his disease, as well as HIV you feel

me

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

The reason I say the world a hustle, er'body tryin to get rich

The radio and T.V., better believe it's politics

Better get all you can get, them contracts no joke

Can't ask Sammy Davis Jr., bout dying flat broke

Don't take a rope to hang yourself, this game can be deadly

Ask South Park Mexican, Michael Jackson or R. Kelly

Say Big Pun was too heavy, complications with his heart

Feel sorry for his family, his career was at a start

Same thang for Fat Pat, Big Steve and my partna Screw

They say an overdose on coedine, but his family know the truth

The weight of the world on ya shoulder, send to be a man

Lil' Curtis hung himself, Big George died in a van

Three years ago, I would of been in that same van

This ain't no tales from the hood, they true stories man

They send military men, to another land with a gun in his hand

To fight on the front-line, in a war I don't understand man

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now police pull me over, found a glock and a extra clip

Ask me who I rap with, do I know who shot Lil' Flip

I'm like no dog, turn my head I'm a grown man

Gotta watch my back from Arafat, and the jackas in my own land

The other day, the Klu Klux Klan had a rally

They gang is bigger than, the Crips and Bloods if ya ask me

The whole world is a hustle, home of the brave and free

With Penitentiary workers, modern day slavery

What kind of choices they gave me, play ball or stay in school

Convicted felons can't get jobs, who the hell made them rules

What about Basketball Bobby, won't make it to the pros

He averaged 24, but his SAT's were low

Imagine hearing a gun blow, seeing blood all over the bead

See Al had AIDS, so he shot himself in the head

Know sometimes we get scared, looking ahead pass
the trouble
The world a dirty hustle, Lord help us through the
struggle

[Hook]

(*talking*)
Ha mayn, Big Mello
Man, all my fallen G's

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