

Jim Jones f/ Max B, Rell, Dr. Ben Chavis & Noe

" Concrete Jungle"

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Yo, it definitely is a concrete jungle
And yet, there's more to life than misery
We have to have unity in our community
We have to work together brothers and sisters (I'm
from the ghetto)
Yeah this is Dr. Ben, I'm with Jim Jones (Lord knows, I
was on the run confused)
DipSet forever (shit)
We're talking about a concrete jungle (yeah it sure is a
jungle)
Life or Death, you have to choose life (I done seen it all,
at least I think I seen it all)

[Verse 1]

I'm with my concrete jungle, no Tarzans and Janes (no
swinging from vines)
Diesel by the bundles, and the hard grams of 'caine
(we on our grind)
D's when they come through; it's hard to get some
change
Smoking weed getting drunk, in the car for a flame
(slow down nigga)
Yeah I see the traffic, but we dipping on the shoulder
(break laws)
Winter start to set in, it's only getting colder (dress
warm)
And I miss you all my political soldiers
Most are doing life for moving bricks or doing hold-ups
Damn I know we caught up in the fast life
Some life a fiend when they caught up on the glass
pipe (we pookie out here)
Me, I'm still caught up from last night
Same clothes from the club, on the block getting cash
right (I'm on my G though)
Damn, you know this world full of misery (pray for me)
Some get tore up 'til they hurl off the liquor B (gettin
twisted)
Somebody told me that the girls need the chivalry (fuck
a bitch)
That's why I cop ice 'til they ass get the shivers B

[Chorus]

Ain't nothing sweet living in this ghetto (ain't nothing
sweet about it)
Been there, done that, running in the streets (running
wild)
Now put your lighters to your head, nigga ride
I'm trying to make the most of my hustler (I gotta
hustle)
Been there, done that, so I can live out all my dreams
(live out my dreams)
Now put your lighters to your head, nigga ride

[Verse 2]

For the coke I would sleep hard
But the game drove me nuts, in the streets, I'm a full-
fledged retard
Was the city block overseer
Man your life is Chuck E. Cheese, mine is a pizzeria
How many pies I done flipped?
I lost count
How many guys I done gave shit?
I lost count
Holding, but I can't ignore cheating
Any day your life could be the hot topic at that board
meeting
They discussing who'll stretch you for your trees
For your thievery, you living, you breathing for no
fucking reason
That's how it is when you make a man
That's why your man's gotta learn to make himself
Then you shake his hand
Man, I'm into catching heavy clams
And when Dezzy cans when it comes to dumping I got
heavy hands
Ain't gonna be right for your picking jet
This is ours, the square is where we eat, this our
kitchenette

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I let my temper hit the floor
I be staring through the mirror as I serenade my halls
I'm fond of the juices that marinate they drawers
My shorty, she bank a carrot with the four, cause
If you take us out, the streets will evolve
Some niggaz they live to eat, some niggaz eat to
survive
And my conscience keep disturbing me, fucking with
my energy
Niggaz that I thought was friends, really the enemy

Dear Lord please grant me the serenity
To accept the things that I cannot change
Locked up for eight years and ain't join no gangs
Been converted to true nigga, I'm as real as they come
And any moment I have you staring the barrel of my
gun
Put my dick up in the streets, but I'm married to the
slums
Put the chips up in the ante and tally up the sum
I'm having fun, hitting the fiends in the allies with some
jums

[Chorus]

Alright, yeah but in choosing life, you got choices (oh
yeah)
The jungle is full of everything
It's the mother and the father of creation (ain't nothing
sweet about it)
But listen up, you have to choose something for
yourself
Do something for yourself, make something of yourself
That's what time it is (don't let go)
Go strong, be strong, stand for something in life (all
my young soldiers)
Yeah, concrete jungle
I can feel it, I can smell it (sometimes it gets hard)
Jim Jones is spitting truth, the power (don't let 'em pull
your car over)
Now and forever more
Making life the way it should be

Ain't nothing sweet about it
Make me want to scream and shout it
But I know I got to hold on, and just roll on

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