

Dead Prez.-Hell Yeah

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Holden Street, Dean Street
Click clack, Presidents, Nostrand Ave
DP's, Orange Ave or DG's, T-Town
Who wanna ride, Brooklyn, come on, come on

Sittin' in the living room on the flo' hunger pain
Got me on some migraine shit but I'ma maintain
Nigga got two or three dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat goin' through the
same thing

Ready for a caper, steady plottin' for the paper
We been livin' in the dark since April
On the candle, gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the gamble

Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fiendin' ta get paid
We gon' order pizza, when we see the driver
We gon' stick the 25 up in his face, let's ride

Steppin' outside like warriors into the notorious south
side
One weapon to the four of us, hidin' in the corridor
'Til we see the beam from the car's headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time

Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probly shifted in his clothes
You know what this is st-stick up

Gimme the dough, from the pick up
You ran into the wrong niggas
We runnin' down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

Hell yeah, yo ain't you hungry my nigga
Hell yeah, you wanna get paid my nigga
Hell yeah, ain't you tired of starvin' my nigga
Hell yeah, well let's ride then, hell yeah

Hell yeah
I know a way we can get paid
You can get down but you can't be afraid
Let's go to the D M V and get a ID
The name says you but the face is me

Now it's yo' turn take my paperwork
Like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work
Then fill out the credit card application
Then it's gonna be about three weeks of waitin'

For American Express, Discover card
Platinum Visa Master card
'Cuz when we was booted and shit then we was targets
Now we just walk right up and say charge it

To the game we rockin' brand names
Well known at department store chains
Even got the boys in the crew a few thangs
Po po never know who to true blame

Store after store ya' know we kept rollin'
Wait two weeks report the card stolen
Repeat the cycle like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system that's hard to catch

Comin' out the mall, with the shopping bags
We can take 'em right back and get the cash
Yeah, get a friend and do it again
Damn right that's how we pay the rent

Hell yeah
Got to get this paper
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind
It's a daily struggle
We all gotta hustle, this is the way we survive

Got to get this paper
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind
It's a daily struggle
We all gotta hustle, this is the way we survive

I know a caper, we can get some government paper
Ya' know food stamps, can we really do that
Hell yeah, right there for the takin'
Fuck welfare we say reparations

Ya' know the grind get up early get on the line and just
wait
Everybody on break
That's part of the game and when they call your name

Miss caseworker lemme state my claim

I'm homeless, jobless, time is hard
About hopeless, but I gotta eat regardless
No family to run to I'm 22
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do

My sad story made her feel close to me
I made her feel like it was in emergency
And when I came to the crib niggas couldn't believe
I came back with a big bag of groceries

Hell yeah
Every job I ever had I had to get
On the first day I find out how to pimp the system
Two steps ahead of the manager
Gettin' over on the regular tax-free money out the
register

And when I'm workin' late night stockin' boxes
I'm creepin' their merchandises
And don't put me on dishes I'm droppin' them bitches
And takin' all day long to mop the kitchen

Shit, we ain't gettin' paid commission, minimum wage
Modern day slave conditions
Got me flippin' burgers with no power
Can't even buy one off what I make in an hour

I'm not one to kiss ass for the top position
I take mine off the top like a politician
Where I'm from doin' dirt is a part of livin'
I got mouths to feed do I gotsa' get it

Hell yeah, you down to roll my nigga
Hell yeah, you ready to get your hands dirty my nigga
Hell yeah, your mama need money and thangs my
nigga
Hell yeah, well let's ride then, hell yeah

Come on, come on
If you claimin' gangsta
Then bang on the system and show that you ready to
ride
'Til we get our freedom
We got to get over, we steady on the grind

If you claimin' gangsta
Then bang on the system and show that you ready to
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