

## Gil Scott-Heron

### "Angels"

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This place of plastic  
Where the fakes are so real  
This toxic wasteland  
Where the real is unreal  
The dirt, poverty, and loneliness  
Where the movies come true  
Thinly shrouded by the extravagance  
Of the privileged few, haughty elitists  
We'll never be like them  
We'll simply rise against  
We're the struggling masses  
Where we come from is how we will live  
Beauty in chaos, not the Hollywood bullshit  
Where we come from is how we survive  
It's in our blood, don't you ever forget it  
A concrete jungle where we rest our heads  
In the midst of the madness  
This is where we live  
And this is where we'll die  
Our birthplace, our burial site  
This is where we'll die

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