

Immortal Technique "Caught In A Hustle"

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[Verse 1]

They say the odds against me, are crooked and impossible
Like I was born with a hole in my heart it's an obstacle,
or left to die by the doctors, in the childrens hospital
But I never lose hope, success is psychological
The world is volatile and the street is my education
Shaping the nation, like the blueprint of a mason
While Shawshank record deals get you raped on
occasion
So I'm Focused on my Economic Situation
I'm Like the little kids on T.V. That dig through the trash
I hustle regardless of the way you talk shit and laugh
A lot of niggaz drop SIGNS but they don't know the
MATH
'cus their mind is narrower than the righteous path
It's funny how 'on the block' niggaz will kill you for cash
But never raise their gun and cry out "Freedom at last."
The cold war is over, but the world is still gettin colder
Atlas walking through the projects with the hood on my
shoulders
I would like to raise my children to grow to be soldiers
But then the general, would decide when their life
would be over
So I work hard until my personality split
Like the black panthers, into the bloods and the crips
They said I'd never be shit, but now I sit and reminice
Like Yeshua, Ben Yousef flippin through Genesis
Ignorance is venemous, and it murders the soul
SPREADING LIKE A VIRUS RUNNING RAMPANT, OUT OF
CONTROL

[Hook]

So if I should ever fall and get caught in a hustle
Let them know that I died while I fought in a struggle
From the hoodrats to rich kids lost in a bubble
Spray paint it on the streets and in the subway tunnels
Write it down and remember, that we never gave in
The Mind of a Child is where the Revolution Begins
So if the solution has never been to look in yourself,
How is it that you expect to find it anywhere else?

[Verse 2]

Immortal Technique in the streets, back on the hustle
cause three strikes will get you life for stuffin cracks in
a duffle

Upstate behind steel gates, attacked in the scuffle
Razor blades stuck on the side of pencils, hacked to
your muscle

But the emptiness is what bleeds you to death when it
cuts you

And its the lawyers, not the inmates scheming to fuck
you

Trying to fight the system from inside, eventually
corrupts you

But thats what you get when you put a corporation
above you

And it's the people that love you that seem to hurt you
the most

Sometimes when they die, you find yourself cursing
their ghost

But you make success, nobody delivers your fate
Sometimes you give and you take

Since Prehistoric Vertibrates, crawled out of the lakes
And thats the truth about life

Or to do it to ghetto and your car, rims, and your ice
'cus even though we survived through the struggle that
made us

We still look at ourselves through the eyes of the
people that hate us

But I'ma make it regardless of these trumped up
charges

And semi-automatic barrages, that empty the cartridge
Post-Tramatically scar kids that try to be brave

'cus niggaz backstab each other just to try to get paid
Turn cannibal like knights during the crusades

Afraid of responsibility; Addicted to greed
Beating their girl purposefully losing a seed

As if we were bound to the destiny we used to recieve

[Hook]

So if I should ever fall and get caught in a hustle
Let them know that I died while I fought in a struggle
From the hoodrats to the rich kids lost in a bubble
Spray Painting on the streets and at the subway tunnels
Write it down and remember that we never gave in
The Mind of a child is where the revolution begins
So if the solution has never been to look in yourself
How is it that you expect to find it anywhere else

I used to wonder(I used to wonder) why people don't

believe in themselves
But Then I saw the way they portrayed us to everyone
else
They cursed us, to only see the worst in ourselves
blind to the fact the whole time we were hurting
ourselves

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I used to wonder {*echo*, fade out)

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