

## Chante Moore

### "Hell Yeah"

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Holton Street  
Dean Street (click clack)  
President (uh huh)  
Nostril out (DP's)  
Orange AI (RPG's)  
Tee Town (Who wanna ride?)  
Brooklyn  
Come on, Come on

Sittin' in the living room on the floor  
All the pain got me on some migraine shit  
But I'm gonna maintain  
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name  
And my homies in the same boat going through the  
same thing  
Ready for a cake  
Better plot for the paper  
We been living in the dark since April  
On the candle  
Gotta get a handle  
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the camper  
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page  
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid  
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver  
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face  
Lets ride, stepping outside like warriors  
Head to the notorious Southside  
One weapon to the four of us  
Hiding in the corridor until we see the dominos car  
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 probably shitted in his  
clothes  
You know what this is  
It's a stick up  
Gimme the do' from your pickups  
You ran into the wrong niggaz  
We running 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 starving my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (well lets 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 DMV  
And get a ID  
The name says you but the fates is me  
Now it's your turn take my paper work  
Like 1, 2, 3 lets make it work  
Then, fill out the credit card application  
And its gonna be bout 3 weeks a waiting  
For American Express  
It's cause we card  
Platinum visa, master card  
Cause we was spooked as shit like we's was targets  
Now we just walk right up and say charge it  
To the game we rocking brand names  
Goin on out the park store chains  
We even got the boys in the crew a few things  
Po Po never know who to true blame  
Sto' after Sto' you know we kept rolling  
Wait two weeks report the car stolen  
Repeat this like a like a laundry mat  
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch  
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags  
We can take it right back then get the cash  
Yea, get a friend and then do it again  
Damn right that's how we paid the rent

Hell yeah  
Time to get this paper  
I'm down for the caper  
Please steady on  
It's a deadly struggle  
We all gotta hustle  
This is the way we survive  
(repeat)

I know a caper  
We can get some government paper  
You know food stamps can we really do that  
Hell yea, right there for the taking  
Fuck welfare we say reparations  
And, uh, you know the grind  
Get up early get in the line and just wait  
Everybody on break that's part of the game

And when they call your name  
Ms. Case Worker let my state my claim  
I'm homeless, jobless, times is hard, I'm 'bout 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 an emergency  
When I came to the crib niggaz 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 on the system  
Two steps ahead of the manager  
Getting over on the regular tax free money out of the  
register  
And when I'm working late nights stockin' boxes I'm  
creepin' their merchandise  
And don't put me on dishes I'm dropping them bitches  
And taking all day long to mop the kitchen shit  
We ain't getting 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 the one to kiss ass for the top position  
I take mine off the top like a politician  
Where I'm from doing dirt is a part of living  
I got mouths to feed I gots to get it

Hell yeah (you down to roll my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (you ready to get your hands dirty my  
nigga?)  
Hell yeah (your woman need money and things my  
nigga?)  
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)  
Hell yeah

If you coming gangsta  
Then bring on the system  
And show that you ready to ride  
Till we get our freedom  
We got to get over  
Please steady on the grind  
(repeat)

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