

Rodriguez "Hate Street Dialogue"

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Woman, please be gone.
You've stayed here much too long.
Don't you wish that you could cry,
don't you wish I would die.

Seamy, seesaw kids.
Childwoman on the skids.
The dust will choke you blind,
the lust will choke your mind.

I kiss the floor, one kick, no more.
The pig and hose have set me free.
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree,
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree.

I kiss the floor, one kick, no more
The pig and hose have set me free
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree,
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree.

The inner city birthed me,
the local pusher nursed me.
Cousins make it on the street,
they marry every trick they meet.

A dime, a dollar, they're all the same
when a man comes in to bust your game.
The turnkey comes, his face a grin,
locks the cell, I'm in again.

I kiss the floor, one kick, no more.
The pig and hose have set me free.
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree,
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree,
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree,
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree.

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