

Dead Poetic

"Hell Yeah"

Visit "[Hell Yeah](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking]

Holden Street

Dean Street

Click clack, Presidents

Nostrand Ave

DP's, Orange Ave

RBG's, T-Town

Who Wanna Ride, Brooklyn

Come on, Come on

[Rapping]

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 fiend in 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
southside

One weapon to the four of us, hidin' in the corridor

Til' we see the Domino's 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 probly shitted in his clothes

You know what this is a 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 lets ride then) 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 face is me
Now it's yo' turn take my paperwork
Like 1,2,3 let's make it work
Then fill out out the credit card application
Then it's gonna be about three weeks of waitin'
For American Express, Discover card
Platinum Visa Mastercard
'cause when we was boothed 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 laundrymat
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
[x2]

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

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
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

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
[x2]

Visit [Dead Poetic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.