

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes**"I"**

Visit **"I"** on MotoLyrics.com

I came from a place I forgot
I woke up in a parking lot
Far from a meal and a cot
On the corner
Where all the streets got the same name
Maybe my brains on the brink of insane
Pain between the papers while sleepin on the train
This the land of milk and honey
Know what I'm sayin
The invisible man times three
Black, down and out
Out standing on a corner no doubt
Now a nation of homeless
Sleepin in bus stations
Another win for the pilgrims
Who said no more haitians
As I proceed
Someone to feed me is what I need
Through three blocks of dealers
Tryin to hit me off wit weed
Avenue and boulevard hungry as a Motherfucker
Hope to get a ride from a trucker
Everybody know I ain't no sucker
Everyone used to drop 30 at the rucker
Away from crazy kids in generation wrecked
Dissin pyramids while praisin projects
Walk past old folks gettin no respect
Callin young folks a bunch a no good rejects
And I walk on

An eye for an eye
I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I, it is I now who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I've been waiting so long to get where I'm goin
An eye for a eye in this country tis of thee
Now how the hell can I be free
Who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I been lost so long without anybody knowin

So I move on and I walk on
Past the preachers and the pimps gettin their talk on

Now why do home gotta be where the negative roam
To be or not to be so I roll alone
I'm trapped within this skin and these bones
Temporary kings on cellular phones
Can I last as I walk past
Cigarette Billboards and Malt Liquor Ads
Walkin on broken bottles and potato chip bags
Everyone I see got the nerve to brag
Where they from what they got
And don't own squat
Disrespect where they from and ya might get shot
Zombies askin me what the latest Bomb Bay
Should shot the fuckin sheriff and the fuckin deputy
For ok in the drug trade and lettin it be
But I know prison for me is an industry
So I Walk
I heard the best things in life be free
Didn't god make the land the air we breathe
Not for the homeless don't give a damn about me
In the mirror somebody else is starin at me
Maybe prison is the skin I'm within
All this time I been sufferin can't fix it wit a bufferin
Plus they said I'll never work in this town again
Damn so I keep on walkin

An eye for an eye
I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I, it is I now who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I've been waiting so long to get where I'm goin
An eye for an eye in this country tis of thee
Now how the hell can I be free
Who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I been lost so long without anybody knowin

Lil day day is big day and just did time
Seen him standin on the unemployment line
Which collided wit the line of the health clinic
I seen Crazy Stacy her ass standin up in it
No more welfare cut her medicaid
Damn my mama used to do her braids
I keep walkin so they don't see me
But I doubt if they doin any better than me
So I walk on never take the planet for granted
I paved the concrete, asphalt and granite
I walk pastast three brothers sittin on the porch
Wit a yard of dirt and littered wit Newports
Talkin how they comin up while they sittin on their ass
As I walk past em I'm a target of their laughs
And one said lets get em for his fuckin stash
As I walked fast past the other yards wit grass
Had a lil cash tried to make it last

From a few deals I made from cleanin windshields
I ran like a rally they caught me in an alley
Can't get out the ghetto from New York to Cali
I thought I had nothin till I felt the knife
And now I ain't even got a life

Visit [Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.