

Streets "Going Through Hell"

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Do it

It's not the size of the dog in the fight
But the fight and the dog
Let's surprise and take a slog
And if you get a knife from behind there
Know you're nice and in front
Do it, do it

I wouldn't say a word 'til I've walked a mile in your
shoes
But once a mile from you
I'll utter what the fuck I choose
Wearing nice new shoes
Do it, do it

If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
Keep going

Fall down five times, rise up six
Give the good news by way of fists
The mind plays tricks on the fighter who wishes
Kindness is right and both sides win

Push the limits of stubbornness to
Finish up above the stubbornness of silly limits
Run the ring around your finger
And build the ring around to bring it, bring it

If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
Keep going

If you can't join them, beat them
If you won't 'roid up, be friends
The joy of the fight is the fight in the boy
I'm making this up now, finding a point

Is it if you can't win, then run
The coming two fists is the fun of the thing
It's all just lads and the normal ambiance
For a stabbing, call an ambulance

I can resist anything but temptation
Lead me not into that place
I can find it myself

I can resist anything but temptation
Lead me not into that place
I can find it myself
Found it

Your hero is only ordinary
Is just a hero, a moment more than you and me
You have nothing to lose but your chains

So it maybe might rain
And yeah, maybe slight pain
Or a day light slain
Do it, do it

At the end of the tunnel
There is always light
It just might be a train
Beefy

If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
If you're going through hell
Keep going

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