

Dingees, The

"Escape To L.A"

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Ghetto fight yah don't wanna start a riot yet

No not alone or in these clothes

But they just won't listen to me

Maybe I'm too young or down right naive

Ain't got no time for your rigid rules

Ain't got no time for the gutter or to booze

I made the escape to L.A. I can't just run away

I got to think about tomorrow and the very next day

Ghetto fight yah don't wanna start a riot yet

No not alone or in these clothes

The old town wanted me to stay

But I knew that it's only gonna have its way

They scrub the streets 'cause they're filthy

Can't trust no one 'cause they're all guilty

So I sit and overheat surrounded by the sound of the
city street

Red light on the wall now it makes me think about

Who got the culprit and who got the shake

What you gonna do when you're thrown back in jail

Don't worry 'bout the rent now you gotta pay bail

There's that girl down on Nuclear Blvd.

Got a guy outside her window and he's beating up the
yard

He can't sleep on the street

Here come the HBT

They're gonna give him the sweep

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