

Fame Soundtrack

"Tyrone's Rap"

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Don't need no rich bitch, to tell me which
Fork to use, I paid my dues
In a rap-trap building called New York
Livin' off beans, greens, and pork
In a basement, tenement,

no one's got to tell me what it meant
To be black, jack
Ace of spades
All the car-wash washers and day-work maids
Can't wash it off, it never fades,
It's who you are until you're dead
Now ain't that a kick upside the head?!

Yeah, I know about Pryor and Portier,
Can't get higher than Sugar ray
Muhammed Ali and Doctor J
And 90% of the N.B.A
Reggie Jackson, Jesse Jackson
Michael and Mahaliah Jackson,
Now what's that got to do with me?
On the street the only thing I see is:
Crack dealers, pocketbook stealers,
Coke snorters, Times Square daughters,
Eight year olds who dance for quaters,
And tokes and two-line blows
New Adidas and stereos!
That's us! Thats it!
So don't be tellin' me all that shit!

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