

The Hudson Falcons "Jersey City Streets"

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Bringin a gun to a knife fight will get you killed
Walkin out the back door
Morals and rules only exist in the street
And the bids to buy them are going fast and large
Survival, Jackson, is a full time job
You have to keep in step with the city's heartbeat

The guys that hung out at Tippy's back in the day
Have all split up and gone their separate ways
But once in a while you can still catch some of the crew
At a shot and beer joint up in the Heights
Longin for the days of running numbers and starting
street fights
With those who didn't play by the rules

In the shadow of the Apple and a swamp away from
Newark
People's hearts beat straight but their souls always ring
truer
You gotta back it with some muscle and think fast on
your feet
On the Jersey City streets

Part of the city's been ruined by gentrification
Other parts are off limits cause it's a gangland's nation
But mostly its just workin class folks tryin to get by
They'll help you if you're in a jam
What you do with your private life they don't give a
damn
But if someone's trouble, news spreads like wildfire

Patchwork congregation goes down to White Mana
nightly
The cops go down there to relax, cause they're wound
so tightly
From keepin the hookers and hitters in line but out of
sight
The guys there can mix it up in the ring, or throw down
in the street
But they're all real friendly and make you something to
eat
Sometimes its just an oasis in the middle of the night

In the shadow of the Apple and a swamp away from
Newark
People's hearts beat straight but their souls always ring
truer
As tough as Hell's Kitchen if you can't take the heat
On the Jersey City streets

A 40 ounce, a vial, a dime bag or two
Anything to get you make you feel better or at least get
you through
I may be hurtin, but I'm feeling no pain
And to those who left us before their time
We raise our bottles to you when we're drinkin our wine
Cause a little bit of you comes down from the heavens
or up from the gutters when it rains

In the shadow of the Apple and a swamp away from
Newark
People's hearts beat straight but their souls always ring
truer
The girls down there are real tough, but they taste
awfully sweet On the Jersey City streets

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