

## Hudson Falcons, The "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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