

Masta Killa f/ GZA, Inspectah Deck

"Street Corner"

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[Intro: sample (Inspectah Deck)]

Looking on various street corners

I'm sure you've seen it yourself

Standing on the corner, is an alleged brother

Dressed in blue, or green, red and black

And, starting the news, that the revolution is coming

And you better get ready, sort of like (I feel you son)

The end of the world is coming, unfortunately (I got you, though)

The world is just gonna drag on and on (I know how it is)

And we have a poem that we've written particularly (I said I know how it is)

For the brothers on the street corners

[Inspectah Deck]

When the revolution come, you can see me on the front line

Firing my gun, standing right beside my son

If I go, it's understood that I stood for something

When my whole life, they told me, I was good for nothing

I was raised by the stray dogs, blazed off, layed off

Breaking laws, graveyard shifting every day war

Focus now, notice how, things change, soldier

I remain the same, I'm older now, I embrace the pain

I blame the struggle, nearly drove me insane

Thought I lost my head, til my brethren told me the same

No tears for the reaper, I've buried bout a thousand

In graffiti, "rest in peace" sprayed off throughout the housing

I tried to stay civilized, the hood's a prison inside

The only difference is the doors don't slide

Still we trapped in the animal cage, cuz we got animal ways

So we react, with the animal rage

And my sex is real, weapons peel, cheddar's the deal

Seen the depths of hell, now I stare, death in the grill

From the slave ships, to today's bricks, same shit

I'm awake, to the wickedness, and one, with the

pavement

[Masta Killa]

The all great mind stays divine, my hands remain
deadly
We shine without the hung jewelry, produce light
That'll travel through mics, now as the time riping
We took words that we nourishing, encouraging
A nation to awaken, those who were sleeping
Can you conceive the thought? Transatlantic import
Slave and bought, cheaper relations between blacks &
jews
Might set a fuse off in the head, many dead
Lynch hung, swung from trees
Brothers in the struggle together, eat from one pot
Hold each other down to the sneaker, nothing come
between us
Fast money and chicks, did it to the best of flicks
It's sickening... huh

[Chorus 2X: Masta Killa]

It's me and you son, forever in the struggle
No doubt, we hustle, survival is the motto
Will you soon follow, a better tomorrow... for a better
tomorrow

[GZA]

I catch a few flashbacks about, going through the
struggle
How we used to make dollars, from all the snow we
shoveled
In a broke neighborhood, where the kids often dream
About a leverage life, that is mostly seen in the screen
Where some dreams are quickly cut short, due to gang
violence
From loud guns, that kept witnesses, in deep silence
Was it bad timing, jealousy from too much shining?
Or a set up, from a girl that he wined, kept dining
It's a known fact, they will attack, cuz it's like that
And depending on the, kind of impact, that strike back
In a town where the talk is cheap and, beef is brief
A mother sobs uncontrollably, and exhibit the grief
Large holes in the front door, of a housing tenement
Allows room to retaliate, so conflict is imminent
This hate in the brain, destroys the cells like cancer
Even experts are stuck with more questions than
answers

