

Hell Yeah

Dead Prez

Fulton Street
Dean Street (click clack)
President (uh huh)
Nostrand Ave(DP's)
Orange Ave (RPG's)
T-Town (Who wanna ride?)
Brooklyn

Come on, Come on Sittin' in the living room on the flo' hunger pain
got me on some migraine shit but I'ma maintain
Nigga got two or three dollars to my name
and my homies in the same boat goin' through the same thing
ready for a caper, steady plottin' for the paper
we been livin' in the dark since April
on the candle, gotta get a handle
my homie got a 25 automatic added to the gamble
nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
lemme tell you how we fiendin ta get paid
we gon' order take out, when we see the driver
we gon' stick the 25 up in his face, let's ride
steppin' outside like warriors into the notorious southside
one weapon to the four of us, hidin' in the corridor
til' we see the dominoes car headlights
white boy in the wrong place at the right time
soon as the car door open up he mine
we roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
by the look on his face he probly shitted in his clothes
you know what this is a stick up
gimme the dough, from the pick up
you ran into the wrong niggas
we runnin down the block hot with these stack of pizza boxes
so we split up and met back at the apartment
Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)
Hell yeah, Hell yeah I know a way we can get paid
you can get down but you can't be afraid
let's go to the DMV and get a ID
the name says you but the face is me
now it's yo' turn take my paperwork
like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work
then fill out out the credit card application

then it's gonna be about three weeks of waitin'
for American Express, Discover card
Platinum Visa Mastercard
cuz when we was boostin shit we was targets
now we just walk right up and say charge it
to the game we rockin' brand names
well known at department store chains
even got the boys in the crew a few thangs
Po Po never know who the true blame
store after store ya' know we kept rollin'
wait two weeks report the card stolen
repeat the cycle like a laundrymat
like a glitch in the system thats hard to catch
comin' out the mall, with the shopping bags
we can take 'em right back and get the cash
yeah, get a friend and do it again
damn right that's how we pay the rent
Hell YeahGot to get this paper
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind
It's a daily struggle
We all gotta hustle, this is the way we surviveI know a caper
We can get some government paper
You know food stamps can we really do that
Hell yea, right there for the taking
Fuck welfare we say reparations
And, uh, you know the grind
Get up early get in the line and just wait
Everybody on break that's part of the game
And when they call your name
Ms. CaseWorker let my state my claim
I'm homeless, jobless, times is hard, I'm 'bout hopeless
But I gotta eat regardless
No family to run to I'm 22
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do
My sad story made her feel close to me
I made her feel like it was an emergency
When I came to the crib niggaz couldn't believe
I came back with a big bag of groceries (hell yeah)Every job I ever had I had to get on the first
day
I find out how to pimp on the system
Two steps ahead of the manager
Getting over, on the regular, tax free money out of the register
And when I'm working late nights stockin' boxes I'm creepin' their merchandise
And don't put me on dishes I'm dropping them bitches
And taking all day long to mop the kitchen shit
We ain't getting paid commission, minimum wage, modern day slave conditions
Got me flippin' burgers with no power
Can't even buy one off what I make in an hour
I'm not the one to kiss ass for the top position

I take mine off the top like a politician
Where I'm from doing dirt is a part of living
I got mouths to feed dawg I gots to get it Hell yeah (you down to roll my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you ready to get your hands dirty my nigga?)
Hell yeah (your mamma need money and things my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)
Hell yeah If you claimin gangsta
Then bang on the system
And show that you ready to ride
Till we get our freedom
We got to get over
We steady on the grind
(repeat)

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