

Street Corner

Masta Killa

[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 x2: 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