

# Rising Of The Ghetto

[Ryan Bingham](#)

Can you hear the sound, of footsteps gather round?  
Loud and clear, been going round here for years  
From land to the sea, from shackle to city streets  
They struggle and strike, troubling through day and night  
Two colors of skin, who stand here to all join in  
Among the crowd, say all loud  
The time is now, for the rising,  
Of the ghetto  
For the rising, of the ghetto

There's no turning around, we will never be put down  
Alive and well, we have not the time to fear  
It's here and it's real, for all who can see and feel  
To speak up for truth, to speak up for me and you

Time and again, it ways for us to join in  
Among the crowd, say out loud  
The time is now, for the rising,  
Of the ghetto  
For the rising, of the ghetto

Well it's been a long time, here on the wrong side  
Running from flashlights, in alleys on dark nights  
Watching the home team,  
And keep us at arm's reach, in case there's a war to feed in  
And it's been the same around here, for years  
And everybody's tired of the fellows  
Who try to make it hard, to live, around here  
Get ready for the rising of the ghetto, whoa.

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