

# Hell Yeah (Pimp the System)

## Dead Prez

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Holton Street  
Dean Street, click clack  
President, uh huh  
Nostril out, DP's  
Orange AI, RPG's  
T-Town, who wanna ride?  
Brooklyn, come on, come on  
Sittin' in' the livin' room on the floor  
All the pain got me on some migraine shit  
But I'm gonna maintain  
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name  
And my homies in the same boat goin' through the same thing  
Ready for a cake, better plot 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 caper  
Nigga get the phonebook look up in the yellow page  
Lemme tell you how we fin' to get paid  
We gonna order take out and when we see the driver  
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face  
Let's ride, steppin' outside like warriors  
Head to the notorious Southside  
One weapon to the four of us  
Hidin' in the corridor until we see the beam from 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 probably shitted in his clothes  
You know what this is, it's a stick up  
Gimme the do' from your pickups  
You ran into the wrong niggaz  
We runnin' down the block hot with these stacks of 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 starvin' my nigga?  
Hell yeah, well let's 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 your turn take my paper work  
Like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work  
Then, fill out the credit card application  
And it's gonna be 'bout 3 weeks a waitin' For American Express, Discover Card  
Platinum Visa, Master Card  
'Cause when we was spooked as shit then 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 things  
Po po never know who to true blame Sto' after sto' you know we kept rollin'  
Wait two weeks, report the car stolen  
Repeat the cycle like a like a laundry mat  
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch Comin' out the mall with the shoppin' bags  
We can take it right back then get the cash  
Yeah, get a friend and then do it again  
Damn right, that's how we paid the rent Hell yeah  
Time to get this paper  
I'm down for the caper  
Please steady on It's a deadly struggle  
We all gotta hustle  
This is the way we survive Time to get this paper  
I'm down for the caper  
Please steady on It's a deadly struggle  
We all gotta hustle  
This is the way we survive I know a caper  
We can get some government paper  
You know food stamps, can we really do that?  
Hell yeah, right there for the takin'  
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. Case Worker 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  
Gettin' over on the regular tax free money out of the register And when I'm workin' late nights  
Stockin' boxes I'm creepin' they merchandise  
And don't put me on dishes I'm droppin' them bitches

And takin' all day long to mop the kitchen shit  
We ain't gettin' 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 doin' 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 woman need money and things my nigga?  
Hell yeah, well let's ride then  
Hell yeah  
If you claimin' gangsta  
Then bring on the system  
And show that you ready to ride  
'Til we get our freedom  
We got to get over  
Please steady on the grind  
If you claimin' gangsta  
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