Harlem Streets

Immortal Technique

[Verse 1]Yeah.... Harlem streets stay flooded in white powder
Like those mother fuckers runnin' away from the twin towers
Gun shots rock the earth like a meteor shower
Bowling For Columbine, fair, giving the media power
Innocence devoured like a chicken spot snack box
Government cocain cooked into ghetto crack rock
Corrupt cops false testimony at your arraignment
Check to check, constant struggle to make the payments
Working your whole life wondering where the day went
The subway stays pakced like a multi-cultural slave ship
It's rush hour, 2:30 to 8, non stoppin'
And people coming home after corporate share croppin
And fuck flossin, mothers are trying to feed children
But gentrification is kicking them out of their building
A generation of babies born without health care
Families homeless, thrown the fuck off of the welfare
[Hook]Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
[Verse 2]It's like Cambodia the killing fields uptown
We live in distress and hang the flag upside down
The sound of conservative politicians on television

People in the hood are blind so they tell us to listen
They vote for us to go to war instantly
But none of their kids serving the infantry
The odds are stacked against us like a casino
Think about it, most of the army is black and latino
And if you can't acknowledge the reality of my words
You just another stupid mother fucker out on the curb
Trying to escape from the ghetto with your ignorant ways
But you can't read history at an illiterate stage
And you can't raise a family on minimum wage
Why the fuck you think most of us are locked in a cage
I give niggaz the truth, cause they pride is indigent
You better off rich and guilty than poor and innocent
But I'm sick of feeling impotent watching the world burn
In the era of apocalypse waiting my turn

I'm a Harlem nigga that's concerned with the future
And if your in my way it'd be an honor to shoot ya
Up root ya with the evil that grows in my people
Making them deceitful, cannibalistic and lethal
But I see through the mentality implanted in us
And I educate my fam about who we should trust
[Hook]Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
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