

# Life In the City

## The Mother Hips

Some say you only get so many breaths  
When they're gone, you'll meet your maker  
Some people always try to cheat their death  
But when it comes, you just can't shake it  
Some people try to make a deal  
To get a little bit more but they try to take it  
Some of them end up in debt  
When their called they try to fake it  
But one morning the clock will chime  
And no more birds come flying by  
And temperature's keep rising higher  
16 bullets come flying by  
Ai, yi, yi put your hands up high  
'Cause you never know  
How long you're gonna live 'til ya die  
They hit you with a missile, hit you with a bomb  
Hit you with the law, try to take your home  
Break into your house in the middle of the night  
Track you on a cell phone by satellite  
Stopped any time you're in your car  
Search your body, search your home  
And listenin' in on your phone calls  
Still no politician got enough balls  
Lining the people up against the wall  
When the truth comes out all hell will call

And someday Guantanamo will fall  
Until that day we all will ride on  
Ai, yi, yi, put your hands up high  
'Cause you never know  
How long your gonna live 'til ya die  
That's life in the city  
That's life in the city yeah  
That's life in the city  
Mad world in the city  
Some holdin' on, so damn gone  
Their whole lives livin' with their TV on  
Then radio play the same 10 songs  
Set your clock by which ones on

An' watching the news try to see what's wrong  
Find somebody else to blame it on  
Hope they never come and research you  
'Cause your grandmother was an immigrant too  
So if you love somebody better tell them so  
'Cause you never ever, ever no when they gonna go  
If they love you back, just give thanks  
Can't keep love like money in the bank  
You never know, you never know  
Its gonna get you

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